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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*



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## Articles of Timely Interest

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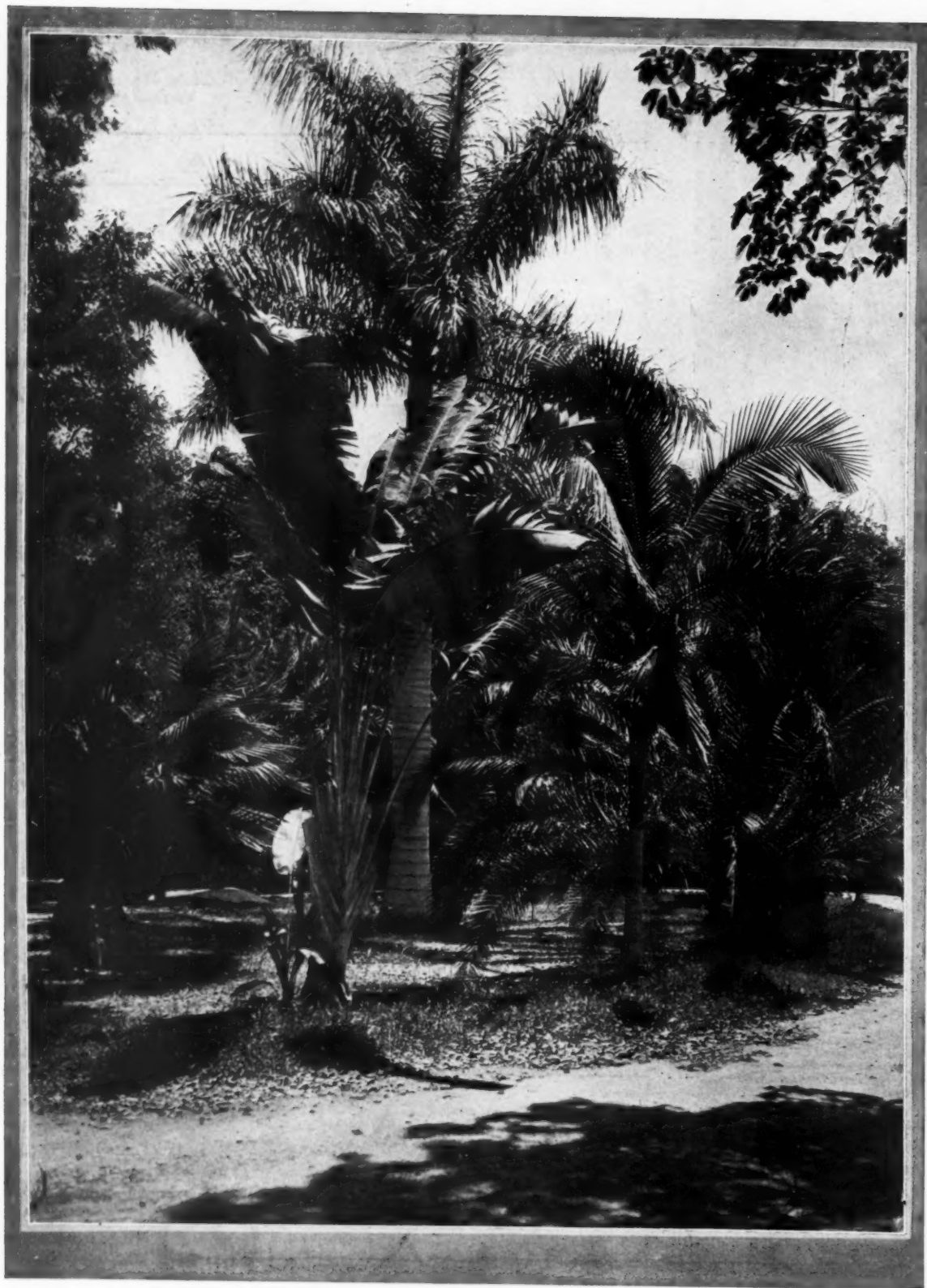


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Florida in Welcome Winter Time



# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



His friend Galileo remarked some centuries ago, the "world do move!" Calvin Coolidge, Radio President of the United States now has the record for campaigning motion. He appeared and spoke in person to scores of audiences hundreds of miles apart, in Massachusetts at the same moment. Through De Forest's talking pictures, he was heard and seen simultaneously over an area covering hundreds of miles. There was something familiar in the slight figure appearing on the silver screen with every gesture and tone perfectly synchronized with his moving lips. It was possible for a million people scattered from Cape Cod to the Berkshires to hear and see the chief executive of these United States, "before or after" the picture show without any extra admission with canned red-fire and band music that will add no extra tax on campaign funds. It was a real treat to the home-folks, while continuing his work in Washington. Who says that Calvin Coolidge is not a thrift president?

\* \* \*

OCTOBER has been a month of campaign activities in Washington. Nearly every member of the President's Cabinet went far afield like real crusaders, propounding and expounding Coolidge policies as far as they may relate to local conditions in a succession of campaign speeches. Much depends upon the political complexion of the next Congress if Calvin Coolidge is to round out his administration covering nearly six years of service to the satisfaction of himself and friends. Whether or not he is to be a candidate for 1928 is still a problem for the Sphinx to solve. He has friends who predict that he will not run again. They insist that there is nothing for him to gain in serving another four years—and his political career has indicated a fixed policy of always playing safe, knowing what not to say and what not to do. Should there be an imperative command from the people it would naturally appeal to his sense of conscientious patriotism. And yet Calvin Coolidge may live to enjoy the distinction of serving a longer time as President of the United States than any of his predecessors. If re-elected in 1928 his term will extend to within five months of a decade—ten eventful years of history which would exceed the constitutional limit of eight years. The tense interest in the World Series and Football is succeeded by the high tension preceding November elections. The results will furnish the main topic of conversation in Washington up to the first Monday in November which the Constitution of the United States declares the opening date for legislative action. The calendar for the months extending on to March is filled with curious weather signs. The battle of the ballots in November will likely determine the political complexion of the Sen-

ate and House and the fate of presidential aspirations born and yet unborn, a decisive turning point for the campaign of 1928. Betimes, the President remained close to his radio o' evenings, while Secretary Hoover was speaking in New York, Secretary Davis in Massachusetts, Wilbur and Worth in the West, New in the Midwest, a heavy artillery speaking campaign arranged by



President Coolidge delivering one of his many addresses to millions

Floor Leader Tillotson of Connecticut. The barrage covered the doubtful states and the strategic points on the political map.

\* \* \*

UNITED STATES Senators—distinguished and extinguished, have honors thrust upon them—others are born that way and some have earned a real fame. The cable carries us the current news that London is all agog over the "Borah Bob." The English maids and matrons are now trimming their hair a la Borah, perhaps a compliment in turn for the many compliments he has paid the British Empire on the floor of the Senate. A cushioned mat of hair at the Borah angle adds piquantly to the saucy shake of the head that nods approval to the Borah bob. Curtailed locks for womankind is completing a circle of the earth. It is even becoming common in

Egypt where Deliah reversed the order with Samson. Bagdad and Timbucto have joined the Broadway belles, while in Massachusetts the modern Priscillas wear a band to carry a superstructure in order to wear the combs of



Dry point etching made especially for NATIONAL MAGAZINE by Levon Fairchild West

*Alphonso XIII de Espana*

their colonial grandmothers. This last picture brings this hirsute paragraph to the point of an appropriate Thanksgiving day comment.

FOLLOWING a trip to Spain within a year, I have acquired an interest in everything Spanish that extends beyond shawls and guitars. Naturally I felt I must make my first call in Washington diplomatic circles at the Spanish Embassy, where Senor Alejandro Padilla has succeeded Don Diano y Gayangos as Ambassador. Soon after his arrival on the new Spanish Royal Mail liner, *Manuel Arms*, the prize ship of the fleet, he was received by the President in the blue room. The popular Spanish Embassy at Washington will be the center of interest to the society folk in Washington who have visited Sunny Spain. Washington Irving, while American Minister at Madrid in 1830, did his best literary work and helped to establish a friendly feeling for America in Spain that has never subsided, even under the stress of war declarations. His name is still honored in Espagna, where parks, streets, avenues, hotels, statues and schools bear the name of this illustrious author, expressing an appreciative memory of an American. The universal admiration of King Alphonso in the United States indicates that Spain is becoming one of the most attractive countries in Europe for our tourist legions. They seem glad to see us, and act like people whom we have never favored and who don't owe us money. The export of American goods to Spain is increasing by leaps and bounds, extending far into the millions. The prosperity of Spain under the Directorship of Primo de Rivera is significant, and presages ever closer relations with the United States and Spain than has ever been known be-

fore. The interest in things Spanish is here to stay, extending not only to Spanish architecture, but to manufactured products. Some of the beau brummels on Fifth Avenue in New York are even affecting the Basque cap as a new style of headgear. The Prince of Wales on his visit to Biarritz, wore a Basque cap and now even the modistes are much interested in how to build a Tam O' Shanter that can be distinguished from a vizorless Basque cap. When a Spanish holiday is to be observed in Washington, say Columbus Day, why not have everyone appear in a Basque cap in honor of the discovery motherland of America. I find my attic in the Waldorf already elaborately adorned with souvenirs of ancient Spain, including a monster poster in lurid colors announcing an event at the Plaza de Toros in San Sebastian, which monopolizes an entire wall of the room, to say nothing of an old guitar perched high in the corner. "Simpatico" is the word, when it comes to an expression of welcome to the Ambassador, his wife, Senora Padilla and the charming Senorita Padilla who have come to do the honors for Espagna in Washington.

\* \* \*

IN appreciation of the work done by Americans outside the diplomatic corps toward the establishment of more amicable international relations, Dean Williams having served once again, through the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, America has received a gift from a foreign land expressing the regard and respect felt by them for this country and the noble profession of the Fourth Estate. This gift is a stone lantern of historic design and interest and is nearly seven feet tall. The lantern will be formally presented to the School of Journalism this fall by His Excellency, Tsuneo Matsudaira, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States. It was obtained through the efforts of Prince Tokugawa, president of the American-Japan Society of Tokyo, from an old estate near Zampuku-ji. Sixty-seven years ago, Townsend Harris, the first American envoy to Japan, established his legation at this



*Alejandro Padilla, Ambassador from Spain*

estate. The lantern, called the Riku type, taking its name from the originator of that type, is composed of five pieces of granite quarried in the province of Mikawa, the cradle of the Tokugawa family.

As a result of a suggestion by the foreign office, the presentation was made to America. It has been stated in the *Japan Advertiser* that "probably no other educational institution in America has had so many of its American graduates and former students come to Japan, largely as newspapermen. The *Japan Advertiser* has chosen graduates of the School of Journalism consistently to work on its paper."

The lantern will be placed on the University Campus, adjacent to Neff Hall, the home of the School of Journalism. An inscription on a bronze plate will be affixed to the lantern, bearing the presentation words, the name of the society, and its president, Prince Tokugawa.

\* \* \*

OLD GOTHAM fairly trembled with excitement when Queen Marie of Roumania arrived on the *Leviathan*. She has the distinction of being the first reigning queen to visit the United States, and the republic of George Washington is indeed giving her a royal reception. For many years she has manifested great interest in the United States. This was especially indicated during the war when she joined with the Red Cross officers and other authorities in the work in her own country.

As the niece of King Edward VII, she has the hearty

in Europe. There was even a sensation in Paris, that center of beauty and fashion, when the Queen of Roumania went a-shopping.

She sailed on the *Leviathan* expressing her decided



Hon. William Edgar Borah, Republican Senator from Idaho



Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce

preference in making this trip on an American ship and has even had her hair bobbed and confessed to a liking for corn on the cob. She will make a tour of the continent. A reception was given her at the Capitol Theatre by five thousand camp fire girls, for she has been especially interested in this sort of organization. There was no doubt of the hearty welcome given her. The staid authorities in Europe and her own country frowned upon her intention of visiting America, but in this case she proved not only a reigning Queen, but a woman, and a woman usually has her way in America and sometimes concerning matters American.

Queen Marie is accompanied by her daughter, Ileana and her son. Uncle Sam can feel that he is indeed entertaining a real royal family and the way staid New York woke up on Fifth Avenue and in the executive circles of the city indicates that there is still a leaning toward a royal flush.

In the days following her arrival she was besieged for her opinion on every sort of a question and even evoked an eloquent radio tribute from the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. The question is now being gravely discussed—"What will be the net result of this visit in bringing about a better understanding of the romantic land of Roumania which is represented by thousands of native sons and daughters of America. Like Charles Dickens and her distinguished uncle, Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, the Queen of Roumania will visit Boston at the invitation of Mayor Nichols and may have a glimpse of a real Thanksgiving dinner.

\* \* \*

AFTER the dinner given at the White House to the beautiful Queen of Roumania, wearing a rope of pearls and gowned with the modesty of a womanly queen and a queenly woman, and accompanied by her son the Prince, and her daughter, the Princess, President Coolidge retired to give the finishing touches to his Thanksgiving proclamation. From all indications it will summarize in a most welcome way a grateful appre-

genial ways of her illustrious uncle. American visitors in Bucharest have been for many years the recipients of the most cordial hospitality by royalty. The Queen and her daughters are counted the most beautiful women



Photo by Acme Service

*Washington's regal welcome wreathes the Ruman Queen in smiles*

ciation of the American people to a kind Creator for the bountiful blessings that have come to our country in this generally prosperous year of 1926. While there have been shadows upon the picture, portrayed in the President's message, such as droughts and poor crops in isolated sections and the low price of cotton, to say nothing of the ravages of the Caribbean hurricane, a summary of the situation in the United States for the ten months of 1926, is altogether a reason for a memorable and grateful Thanksgiving Day. The President's appeal for aid to the sufferers in Florida met with a most generous response and much of the impending distress was allayed by prompt executive action. The splendid work of the Red Cross which ever carries with it the true American spirit of helpfulness and thankfulness embodies in the ideals of our Thanksgiving Day a treasured heritage from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE was a tempest in the tea-pot that seemed to smack of sour grapes in back of certain western newspapers in reference to the National Press Building because Congress had permitted the newspaper men to plan on erecting their building between the Munsey and Willard Hotel with surrounding structures fourteen stories which would add to the symmetry of the buildings. They point out the fact that the limit has been reached on sky scrapers. Detroit is stepping out with a building eight hundred feet in height, several stories higher than the Woolworth Building. We are truly out-Babyloning Babel, which may bring on a confusion of tongues but that is not the worst of it. There is a large area of God's out-doors where people can live in the sunshine and air without being crowded in a dark, dismal cavern-

like existence, characteristic of the cave man and the squalor of Oriental civilization. Let future civilizations spread out rather than make all the buildings like poplar trees. Let us have a variety in forestorial architectural symmetry of future cities. The matter may engage the attention of Congress next year to lead out with some suggestion that will mean much to the future architectural glory and splendor of the cities and towns of the good old U. S. A.

\* \* \*

**W**HILE there are comparatively few women candidates among those seeking Congressional honors, an accounting has been made showing that the names of over two hundred women were on the ballots for public honors on the various state tickets at the fall elections. This would seem to indicate that they are taking their time about it and preparing to enter the political lists in a systematic way and present themselves when they feel themselves fully qualified candidates. The woman vote still remains an unknown quantity and often upsets the calculations of the veteran prophets who are usually able to forecast a result when the earlier vote is reported. Now it is later returns that count, revealing an invariable uncertainty until the last ballot is counted and the woman vote becomes a known quantity.

\* \* \*

**A** SPECIAL Oil Conservation Board appointed some time ago by President Coolidge to investigate the oil situation has reported that there is in sight at the present time only a six years' supply of the precious fluid. The announcement should act as something of a spur to chemists with an inventive turn of mind.

# Massachusetts, Where She Stands!

*A thrilling narrative made of cold facts. Orra L. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, writes a book that every New Englander should read, showing the splendid progress and impressive quality of Massachusetts products in the markets of the world.*

A HIGH note of industrial progress sounded when the thousand or more delegates and guests of the Massachusetts Associated Industries gathered for their annual banquet at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, in October. Surrounded with an impressive display of Massachusetts products, the convention proceedings, on the days preceding and following the convention dinner, indicated a deliberate and united body of the best brains of Massachusetts, working toward a common purpose. On the floor of the hotel was a Rolls-Royce automobile made in Massachusetts, and an array of products originated in Massachusetts that are distributed the world over. The list is astounding, and pay rolls of millions are invested in the making and manufacture of more things entering into the life of the people, in more countries in the world, than that of any other one state. Back of it all is that principle which Massachusetts has ever held as basic in business and industry—and that is honor, integrity and conscience in handicraft, the forerunner of modern mass production.

The discussions revealed an earnestness that augers well for the future. The dominant topic was "Human Relations", looking toward an equitable adjustment of the complexities growing out of the changes incident to progress. The keynote was "Massachusetts, where she stands, industrially," paraphrasing the classic utterance of Daniel Webster, her distinguished statesman, and exemplifying the spirit of her President, Calvin Coolidge, in his inspiring call as Governor, "Have Faith in Massachusetts," and that means faith in the common country and the world at large.

Mr. Orra L. Stone, the efficient General Manager of the Associated Industries, led up to his most interesting exposition of Massachusetts' thriving industries by a convincing treatise on "The Mutations of the Past Twenty-Five Years", and in elucidating that topic he has covered in a literary and convincing manner the world's progress during this outstanding quarter of a century.

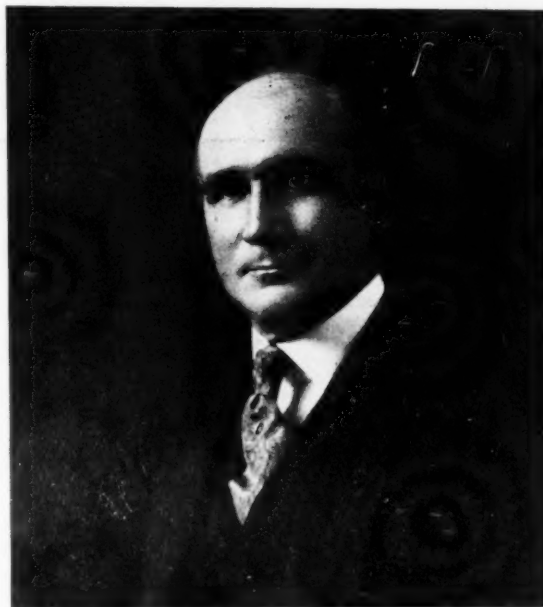
The only way in which we can let our readers know the significant manner in which he has handled concisely and concretely, as well as psychologically and philosophically, this topic, in such an entertaining literary style, is to quote it verbatim:

"It is well to ponder upon what has transpired during the twenty-five years since we began writing 'nineteen hundred.' The quarter of a century just passed witnessed the greatest war ever fought upon this planet called earth; it observed the fall of three European military despotisms hitherto regarded impregnable and the emergence of nations long suppressed; it saw the collapse of the Manchu dynasty in old China; the obliteration of the Caliphate in Islam; the emancipation of Jerusalem; the establishment of the autonomy of Ireland and of South Africa, and the creation of a legislative constitution for India, and brought about a scientific and industrial advance throughout the United States unparalleled in any previous age.

Hastening as we are accustomed to do, from one triumph to the next, we little realize how slow and how arduous hitherto has been the advance of civilization. To add a handle to a hammer of stone seems a matter of such insignificance as to merit no notice. Yet this simple device was an invention for which the world patiently waited for thousands

of years. In the metamorphosis from bronze to iron, from iron to steel, other millenia dragged out a weary length.

Snatch a book of travel from your library shelf and turn to the illustration of a street scene of 1900. In Syria you observe a camel, in China, a wheelbarrow, in India, a bullock, and in Boston, a horse. That year was the era of the walking



ORRA L. STONE

General Manager Associated Industries of Massachusetts

pace. At the most, you could only gallop, and then, for but a mile or two.

Today, twenty-five years later, the automobile, then practically unknown, is the universal means of transportation. What we regarded when boys as a fairy-tale—the story of the "Seven League Boots"—has become a reality. Speed has been quadrupled and the range of travel extended indefinitely. Then, if we went forty miles in a day behind a good horse, we had accomplished something to talk about. Now we go that distance in an hour in a motor car, and think nothing of it.

Audacious as Puck, airplanes now daily traverse the skies between Boston and New York, bearing bags of mail and express matter, while commercial air activities of various kinds are nation and world-wide.

While it is true that the nineteenth century gave us the telescope, the microscope, the X-Ray and the photograph, nevertheless, the general use of these instruments in association, for instruction and education, for amusement, for research and healing, marks a revolution in the capacity of the eye as notable as the advance in locomotion. Twenty-five years ago an instantaneous photograph was merely a picture of still life. Today photography is continuous, as on the silver screen is delineated the cloud drifting across the skies, the bud slowly growing into the full fledged flower, the canny lion leaping upon its prey, and photography in colors is the latest conquest of the camera.

As the nineteenth century adopted labor-saving machinery, thus relieving the jaded muscles of the workers and increasing

productivity tenfold, so will the twentieth century supersede by pictures the printed word, while jazz and the modern revue will prove an antidote to thought. Oil will replace coal, water power will be harnessed from the never ceasing tides, and the truths expounded in the Book of Genesis, whose words have told a hundred generations of a progressive creation controlled by one eternal will, are to be borne out by human experience. The supreme task of man was held to be the subjection of the resources of this planet, and one by one we have been making them our hand-maidens.

There has not been a lone discovery of science, an isolated triumph of art, a single advance in industry, commerce or transportation, that has been other than an added link between nation and nation, race and race, and man and man.

From this broad-visioned introduction Mr. Stone continues in his remarkable document under the topic, "What of Massachusetts?" From this point he takes up in a



JOSEPH C. KIMBALL  
President of Associated Industries of Massachusetts

comprehensive way the outstanding accomplishments, industrially, of Massachusetts, and has made his 139-page book read like a romance, while at the same time packing it full of fascinating facts regarding the tremendous strides in Massachusetts manufacturing institutions.

He enumerates some of the higher spots under sub-headings. One of them treats of "The Birth of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation," which is, of course, supreme in its field, not only in Massachusetts and the United States, but throughout the world. Under this topic he says:

The hand of genius was needed in the closing days of the nineteenth century to do away with confusion, duplication of waste and energy, and to bring order out of chaos.

Charles Goodyear had died; Gordon McKay was approaching his eighties; Benjamin Franklin Sturtevant had passed from earthly scenes nearly a quarter of a century before; Elias Howe's contribution had become an accepted commonplace, due to its long use and he, too, was dead; Jan Matzeliger, Lyman R. Blake and Robert H. Mathies had gone to their rewards, and thus the group of great inventors and forecasters of new methods of manufacture had departed, and the situation required a man possessing the pa-

tience to ferret out machine experts, the art of winning capital, the executive ability to co-ordinate the warring units, and the vision to market the machines produced.

In February, 1899, representatives of the three groups of shoemaking machinery gathered with their feet under the same table, and there emerged from that momentous conference one of the giant industrial powers of New England destined to become, during the first quarter of the twentieth century, the great leader of the boot and shoe world and now known as the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, with authorized capital of \$75,000,000, and with Sidney W. Winslow as its president, and with all the co-operating interests represented upon the board of directors.

The factory of this great industry, at Beverly, is now the largest and most completely equipped in any part of the globe, and if one of the numerous watchmen employed were to be forced to make the complete round of all the routes of the factory force of watchmen he would walk six miles through the sixteen buildings, with their aggregate floor space in excess of twenty-four acres, before he returned to the starting point.

Gathering about him the greatest mechanical experts available, Winslow established the experimental division, which began the herculean task of selecting and improving the then existing inventions, and into which as much as \$450,000 a year was poured for research work, and which has grown until it occupies forty-three designing-rooms. No less than 125,000 distinct kinds of machine parts are kept in stock, all of which enter into the assembling of the 450 kinds of shoemaking machines that constitute the corporation's products.

Today, the United Shoe Machinery Corporation is rising to a new peak in its volume of business; to larger fields of usefulness in making footwear, and to an enhanced and commanding position in the affairs of the manufacturing world.

Also of great interest is his topic, "The International Industrial Giant," in which he speaks of the wonderful development of the United Drug Company and its associate companies, founded by that genius of co-operative effort, Mr. Louis K. Liggett. This topic is so particularly outstanding that we wish to quote from it at length:

An idea born on a railroad train between Seattle and Spokane, Washington, evolved from the mind of a twenty-five year old American traveling salesman, a native of Detroit, Michigan, was responsible for an industry whose headquarters are in Boston, and which, twenty-three years after its inception, is doing a business of \$150,000,000 a year—by far the largest drug store industry in all the world, with more than 1,130 stores in the United States and Great Britain, and possessing upwards of 10,000 stockholder agents in both countries.

When the concept flashed through the brain of Louis K. Liggett that the path to success in the drug industry of the United States lay in pooling the business of individual drug stores he had no idea of the pace at which his vision would travel or the sphere of influence it would cover in less than a quarter of a century thereafter.

The Liggett chain of retail drug stores owned outright by the United Drug Company is the outgrowth of a small beginning when there was but one store in Buffalo, N. Y. They now reach from Bangor, Me., to Los Angeles, Cal., Minneapolis to New Orleans, Miami and back to the eastern seaboard. As fast as possible, stores were added where the rights of Rexall agents would in no wise be encroached upon. While many of the Liggett units are successors to former individually owned Rexall stores, no branch has been opened save where the proposal came from a Rexall owner. The company considers its contracts with its agents sacred and its policy has been to accord them complete independence of action.

The United Drug Company has a capital of \$100,000,000 but this sum by no means represents the investment of the subsidiaries which it controls.

It is rather significant that in creating this great industry its founder and controlling head, himself a traveling salesman whose territory at the time embraced the domains of the nation from the Middle West to the Pacific Coast, should have found

Continued on page 132

# Edna Dean Proctor, Poetess Beloved

*She who wrote of John Brown and Lincoln in the hey-day of their lives, and also penned a tribute to Alvin York, the hero of the World War*

SEATED at my desk with a mass of dictation, correction and revision before me, idly thumbing the papers, my eyes were attracted to an open book with a blue-penciled page on the foreword. The editorial instinct asserted itself. Three lines from the top appeared the statement:

"In 1909, accompanying her warm friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple, Miss Proctor visited the Seattle Exposition, seeing the great Northwest for the first time, revisiting California, and coming East again, after a number of months, by way of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado."

Then I turned to the title page of the volume, "The Complete Poetical Works of Edna Dean Proctor." She seemed to be in the room; her dark eyes that were never dimmed by age twinkling with the kindness reflected from her great soul. Turning the leaves, my mind's eye turned toward the day when we travelled life's pathway with a real poet—a never-failing inspiration of my life. I thought of those happy days on a journey with Edna Dean Proctor as her poetic soul, over-brimming with joy and appreciation of the scenic splendor of the West, spurred me on to the production of more and better work. Then a mist came into my eyes, looking into the eyes of one who has lived nearly a half-dozen decades and visted nearly every part of the civilized world and witnessed the extremes of happiness and sorrow. As in the depth of a stereopticon view, I foresaw the inevitable picture of the last act enacted on a December day in 1923. The end came at the age of ninety-four. In the full possession of her keen faculties, Edna Dean Proctor, still retaining the cheerfulness and radiating love that endeared her to legions, turned to her nephew, David Gould Proctor, and, while the darkness slowly enveloped her, asked:

"What's the news today, David? Bring in the papers—"

Those words were practically her last. After a life of many eventful years, a life spanning three generations of fame as a poet, Edna Dean Proctor passed away on a sunny day in her favorite month, desired for her earthly leave-taking—the month of the Christbirth.

Famous for more than sixty years, Edna Dean Proctor numbered among her friends Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Longfellow, Whittier, Beecher, Holmes and Emerson. A champion of the cause of liberty in the dark days, when Liberty was sore oppressed, Miss Proctor

was writing poems with Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," during the Civil War, that brought high praise from Whittier, the Quaker poet. The latter visited her at her home in Henniker, New Hampshire, and his visit gave birth to those eloquent lines of his on the old stone bridge.



The late Edna Dean Proctor

Fourscore and fourteen years she lived and preached the gospel of "Peace on Earth towards men of Good Will," throughout the time. From the days of pinafore she was a poet, and not until she received the final summons was her lyre stilled.

Well do I remember the night at "Breezy Meadows," when, even then past four score, she captivated a large gathering of distinguished authors and editors in a reading of some of her own poems. Her lustrous dark eyes sparkled as, standing straight as an Indian, her voice firm, one after another she repeated the stirring lines of her favorite works without a slip of memory. Like a delicate bit of Dresden china, as dainty in appearance as she was strong in mind and ideals, at eighty she had the grace and charm of eighteen, with the added glory of womanhood in full flower.

I have been with her in beloved Henniker, New Hampshire, her birthplace, which she remembered in her will. On September 18th, 1829, the future poet, the first child of John and Lucinda (Gould) Proctor, brought joy to the world.

A New Englander by birth, her heritage

was typically New England. And, as her nephew and niece declare in the foreword of this latest volume of her works, "she grew up surrounded by the far-reaching influence of her native soil."

Beginning her education in the town of her birth, she later attended school in South Hadley, Massachusetts, and was, therefore, one of the first students at Mount Holyoke. Here her talent for poesy blossomed, as evidenced from a letter written by a woman in Henniker in October, 1842, when the poet was barely fourteen. "You have heard me speak of Mrs. Proctor," wrote this friend of the family—"she has a daughter, a most excellent scholar and a poetess besides. She writes the poetry for the paper and has received great commendation. Her mother tries to discourage her, and does not seem to want her to write poetry, but it makes no difference. It is as easy for Edna to write verse as to breathe, and writing is as necessary to her as life itself."

Miss Proctor began her long and eventful career as a teacher. From Woodstock, Connecticut, her first appointment, she was called to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Miss Dutton's School at New Haven. In 1854, she received an invitation from Mr. Henry Bowen to go to Brooklyn to teach. Miss Proctor finally accepted the offer, and in her new home in Brooklyn, founded friendships which persisted until her death.

She contributed frequent articles to the *New York Independent*, and as early as 1859 many of her poems had been widely acclaimed. Then came those dark years of the Civil War, when Miss Proctor poured all her enthusiasm, all her intense patriotism and loyalty into the cause of the Union. Poem after poem came from her pen and her verses were known and sung throughout the land.

In 1866 appeared her first volume of verse, "Poems by Edna Dean Proctor." This volume contained her principal Civil War verses—such stirring echoes of Parnassus as—

"Hushed are the bugles that called to the strife;  
Silent the cannon that roared with the fray;  
Gloom is forgotten in fulness of life;  
Freedom and Peace are our treasures to-day.

Flag of our Fathers! thy stars shall not wane!  
Glory attend thee on ocean and shore!  
Float o'er the Free from the Gulf to the main;  
God shall defend thee till states are no more!"

Among the poems in this first volume

were her stirring tribute to John Brown,  
"The Virginia Scaffold"—

"Rear on high the scaffold-altar! all the world  
will turn to see  
How a man has dared to suffer that his  
brothers may be free!"

the call to arms, "Who's Ready?"—

"God help us! Who's ready? There's danger  
before!  
Who's armed and who's mounted? The foe's  
at the door!  
The smoke of his cannon hangs black o'er  
the plain;  
His shouts ring exultant while counting our  
slain;  
And northward and northward he presses his  
line;  
Who's ready? Oh, forward!—for yours and  
for mine!"

and the stately elegy, "The Grave of Lin-  
coln:"

"Now must the storied Potomac  
Laurels forever divide;  
Now to the Sangamon fameless  
Give of its century's pride;  
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,  
Placidly westward that flows,  
Far in whose city of silence  
Calm he has sought his repose.  
Over our Washington's river  
Sunrise beams rosy and fair;  
Sunset on Sangamon fairer—  
Father and martyr lies there."

In 1866, Miss Proctor sailed for Europe,  
contributing during her absence a series  
of letters to the *Independent*. In 1872  
her observations were recorded in a vol-  
ume of prose, "A Russian Journey." This  
book met with an enthusiastic reception  
and later appeared in four successive  
editions.

From 1868 to 1885 the poet made her  
home in Brooklyn. Then, upon the death  
of Mr. Storrs, whose daughter married  
her brother, she went to live with her  
sister at Framingham, Massachusetts,  
but continued travelling extensively.

In 1893 appeared her "The Song of the  
Ancient People," with preface and notes  
by John Fiske, and a commentary by  
Frank Hamilton Cushing. This volume  
was a veritable masterpiece of historical  
and ethnological information in the guise  
of lilting poetry and I have always felt  
was in itself an epic fitted for a theme of  
a great American grand opera. The title  
song is one that sings itself into the  
memory—

"We are the Ancient People;  
Our father is the Sun;  
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains  
tower

And the rivers seaward run;  
The stars are the children of the sky,  
The Red Men, of the plain;  
And ages over us both had rolled  
Before you crossed the main—  
For we are the Ancient People,  
Born with the wind and rain.

"Alas for us who once were lords  
Of stream and peak and plain!—  
By ages done, by Star and Sun,  
We will not brook disdain!  
No! though your strength were thousandfold  
From farthest main to main;  
For we are the Ancient People,  
Born with the wind and rain!"

In 1893, the year of the Columbian Ex-  
position, when all America was singing  
its praise of Columbus, Miss Proctor  
wrote her patriotic eulogy, "Columbia's  
Banner," for the official program of exer-  
cises in the Public Schools on Columbus  
Day, observed in every school in the  
United States October 12, 1892. By Miss  
Proctor's explicit injunction, this poem is  
placed at the beginning of the latest edi-  
tion of her poetic works. The first and  
last verses of this inspiring bit of poesy  
are reprinted here:

"'God helping me,' cried Columbus, 'though  
fair or foul the breeze,  
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond  
the western seas!'  
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent,  
though the blue should bar,  
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an  
undiscovered star!  
And into the vast and void abyss he fol-  
lowed the setting sun;  
Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till  
the wondrous quest was done.  
But oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring,  
torturing days,  
Till the Pinta's gun, and the shout of  
'Land!' set the black night ablaze!  
Till the shore lay fair as Paradise in morn-  
ing's balm and gold,  
And a world was won from the conquered  
deep, and the tale of ages told!

"Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest  
ever sung,  
To keep this banner spotless its kindred  
stars among!  
Our fleets may throng the oceans—our  
forts the headlands crown—  
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint  
and mart and town—  
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring  
plenty, far and wide—  
And statlier temples deck the land than  
Rome's or Athen's pride—  
And science dare the mysteries of earth  
and wave and sky—  
Till none with us in splendor and strength  
and skill can vie;  
Yet, should we reckon liberty and manhood  
less than these,  
And slight the right of the humblest be-  
tween our circling seas—

Should we be false to our sacred past, our  
fathers' God forgetting,  
This banner would lose its lustre, our sun  
be nigh his setting!  
But the dawn will sooner forget the east,  
the tides their ebb and flow,  
Than you forget our radiant flag and its  
matchless gifts forego!  
Nay! you will keep it high advanced with  
ever-brightening sway!  
No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on  
the rosy bars—  
God bless you, youths and maidens, as you  
guard the Stripes and Stars!"

In the first year of the new century,  
appeared another volume of Miss Proctor's  
work, "The Mountain Maid and  
Other Poems of New Hampshire." Five  
years later, "Songs of America" made its  
appearance. "The Glory of Toil" was  
published in 1916. This was the last col-  
lection of the works of Edna Dean Proctor  
to be published during her lifetime. Of this  
work Miss Proctor once declared:  
"I really had to live so long to be able to  
write that poem." At ninety-one the poet  
was so stirred by the heroism of Sergeant  
Alvin C. York, who, single-handed, cap-  
tured 132 Germans, that she poured her  
genius into the tribute, "York of Tennes-  
see," which appears on another page in this  
issue.

On the eighteenth day of December—  
the month which the poet had always  
called "The Queen of the Year,"—in  
Framingham, Massachusetts, Miss Proctor  
closed her long and brilliant career. Re-  
vered and honored by a multitude of  
friends, thousands of whom had never  
seen her face, she was interred at Edgell  
Grove Cemetery, Framingham, according  
to a wish expressed during her lifetime,  
to be buried by the side of her mother.

As my mind goes back to the days some  
time before her death, I can remember a  
visit I had with Miss Proctor, during the  
course of which she expressed her char-  
acteristic *de coeur* in no uncertain terms—

"What a wonderful world it is—" she  
exclaimed, "I have lived day by day and  
found my greatest joy in trying to express  
my gratitude to the Great Giver of Good,  
for humanity, my country and my people."  
That is Edna Dean Proctor—the Miss  
Proctor whose philosophy is described in  
the bold and vigorous lines of her last  
poetic expression:

"The round years are many, the good world  
wide;  
No welcome to death till the last day is  
done—  
There's always the wind on the heath, and  
the sun."



# Revision a Keynote of Authorial Success

*A chat with Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of America's successful woman writers, who counts her success as a mother above that of the writer—Inside the "work shop" of Mary Roberts Rinehart—Her early books written on a card table within sight and sound of her children*

HER success notwithstanding—and it is said that among those who have gained fame and fortune through the process of transferring ideas and images from "the stuff that dreams are made of," to the paper and ink that books are, Mary Roberts Rinehart stands out pre-eminently, with a record of having made more money, perhaps, than any other American author—she has never allowed her career as a writer to come between her and her family. Busy as she has been with the production of best sellers, she has never been too pre-occupied to neglect even the most insignificant of her duties as a mother and housewife. And though to her public, her career of weaver of romances has always been foremost, to herself it is her profession of mother—and wifehood that has first absorbed her attention.

"At this moment," she assured one of her visitors recently, "I would give up every bit of success that has been mine as a writer, rather than any little part of my family life. I have never let my work come between me and my home. I have tried never to let it take any moment of my time that ought to be given to my children."

Yet, with all the care she has lavished upon her home, her husband and her children; with all the patience, imagination and skillful craftsmanship she has brought to her profession (in this case, the writing of books), with all the hypercritical, nervous energy, strained almost to the breaking point, that she has from the very beginning put into her work, Mary Roberts Rinehart seems as yet untouched by the hand of time. Seeing her for the first time, it is almost impossible to believe that she is the mother of three boys, two of them now married. Yet, such is the case, and her recent trip to New York from her home in Washington, almost within the shadows of the Nation's Capitol, was for no other purpose than to see her two eldest sons, who, with their brother are engaged in the publishing business, installed in their new homes.

And thus it has ever been with the widely famous author of "K," "The Bat," "Tish," and other never-to-be-forgotten fixtures in the field of present-day fiction. She is, and always has been, as she herself declares, "almost fiercely a mother."

Mary Roberts Rinehart had been twenty-one years old less than a week when she became a mother. She was twenty-eight years of age and her eldest son had two brothers before she first set pen to paper with the avowed purpose of writing for publication.

Even then, she never once attempted to

give free rein to the rich imagery and the fertile imagination with which she was imbued until her youngest son was asleep or out in the open, and the other boys at school. Never did she allow her work to take even a moment from the time that she felt firmly ought to be given to her children.

Just how loyally she kept to this conviction, that foster-father of fictionists, the grand old Robert H. Davis, editor-in-chief



Mary Roberts Rinehart

of the Munsey publications, some years ago made evident in a tale of his first meeting with the peer of woman writers. She had come to see him regarding the consideration of something she had recently written. "She gave me the impression," he wrote, "of having run all the way from Pittsburgh to New York, and of being anxious to start running all the way back—to her children." And when, a year later, he saw her again in New York, her purpose this time being the safe conveyance of the manuscript of her first novel, "The Circular Staircase," she was in just as much of a hurry. He promised to read the book that night and give her his answer in the morning. But even such a rapid reading was altogether too much for Mrs. Rinehart. She had her home, her boys and her husband to look after.

"You'll have to telegraph the answer," she told him, "I'm going home tonight. The Littlest Boy has a birthday tomorrow."

But, as the boys grew up, she found more and more leisure to write, and then, in rather rapid succession, there poured from her pen the mystery of "The Man in Lower Ten," short stories and other best sellers. But even then, the writing and sale of her novels was always incidental to some other, greater, purpose. Her leaving "The Man in Lower Ten," with Mr. Davis for his consideration, for instance, was merely incidental to her taking her eldest son to New Haven for the purpose of registering him in a preparatory school.

In her home, Mrs. Rinehart still keeps her first desk, although it is today very rarely used. It was this desk she bought with one of the first checks she received for her work. The very first, she declares, a check for twenty-five dollars for an article on household management, went to buy a Christmas present for her husband, a physician. The desk came some time after.

There is an indefinable—a magnetic—something that seems to radiate from Mrs. Rinehart. Just how to describe it is beyond the writer's ability. It is as elusive as the proverbial will-o'-the-wisp. It is, as near as it is possible for anyone to set on paper, a blending of her natural charm, the halo of motherhood, and a lovely gentleness that seems to reach out from her person and enfold the object of her attention.

Her voice is an enchantment, her merest utterance a benediction.

She admits that writing has always been hard work to her, withal she declares she loves it.

"I do not find it easy to write—I have never found it easy to write. Sometimes I think I can't imagine anything more difficult. I go to my desk with fear and trembling, but from a habit of twenty years—I go to my desk.

"As I grow older and more critical, I work harder and produce less. I hate to write because I am so constantly discouraged. I have always felt that new writers have more ideas than they can use because they lack experience, and that the older, more experienced writers have used up much of their spontaneous ideas by the time their critical faculties have been perfected, and their craftsmanship sufficiently developed to enable them to write. For that reason, possibly, we never get the best an author has to give to us in his best style."

For an author, she thinks, to produce anything but what is in his best style, is wrong. And no writer, she knows, driven by an ever-insistent public, if not by his own avariciousness, can continue to pro-

*Continued on page 104*

# Lyman J. Gage Going Strong at Ninety

*The only surviving member of President McKinley's Cabinet celebrates his ninetieth birthday, vigorous and energetic—ready to make a real day of it*

By WILMA FRANCES MINOR

**H**ALE and hearty, his step as firm and and vibrant with energy as that of a man thirty years younger, Lyman Gage, Secretary of the Treasury during the administration of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and, perhaps, remembered chiefly for having first popularized an American war loan, has just stepped over the threshold of his ninetieth year with all links to his former activities in public life completely severed and the main interest of his declining years centering in his automobile, his club and the grounds of his quiet home in San Diego. On the occasion of his birthday which was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, he gave his philosophy.

"Two questions probably are in your minds," he said. "One is, how does it feel to be ninety years old? The other is, I wonder if I will live to be that age?"

"I can't answer the latter. But I can tell how it feels to be ninety. It feels good. The years have given me time to develop a philosophy that is satisfactory to me. I am sure that living even as long as four score and ten years on this isthmus called life, which reaches from eternity to eternity, does not fulfill the destiny of man. There is another existence beyond for which this life is a preparation. And that is a very gratifying conclusion to reach after having as long to think about it as I have had."

Twenty years ago Lyman Judson Gage, then 70 years of age, and prominent in eastern financial circles, resigned as president of the United States Trust company in New York, a position he had accepted when he left the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury in 1902, after five years' service under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

On retiring from the New York financial institution Mr. Gage immediately moved to San Diego, in which sunny southern California city he has since maintained his home.

"When I came to San Diego I was suffering from a serious illness," he said reminiscently, "and I did not think I would live long, but I seem to be going pretty strong," Mr. Gage continued, "and I guess I have to attribute regaining my health to the delightful climate of southern California, as that is the only thing that I know of that saved my life."

After he settled in San Diego, Mr. Gage met Mrs. Frances Ada Ballou of that city and in 1909 she became the third wife of the former Treasury chief. Mrs. Gage is a very beautiful woman, many years younger than Mr. Gage. She is a brilliant musi-

cian and singer. Both admit their years of life together have been happy ones.

When Mr. Gage left his presidential chair in the New York bank he conclusively severed all relations with public life. He



Hon. Lyman Judson Gage

mapped his life in accordance with his own ideas of a happy existence, with the result that he has remained absolutely away from business worries and problems and the passing of each twenty-four hours is a close replica of the preceding day. During the last twenty years Mr. Gage seldom has missed a day at the exclusive Cuyamaca Club of San Diego. His daily life is unique in that he hardly varies his routine.

Arising at eight o'clock practically every morning of the year, Mr. Gage reads the morning paper immediately after his breakfast hour. About ten o'clock he drives his automobile from his fashionable Point Loma home to San Diego, a distance of nearly ten miles. He invariably goes direct to the Cuyamaca Club, where he reads, meets his friends and dines.

Until three or four o'clock he remains at the club, leaving then to return to his home, where he spends his evenings, for the most part reading books, with an occasional game of cards, or a chat with his close friend, Frank Vanderlip, to vary the routine.

Not only is Mr. Gage deeply interested

in the affairs of foreign nations, as well as the daily happenings in this country, but he enjoys reading the sport news of this country and of the entire world, for that matter. The sport pages of the daily papers in the Gage household, receive as much if not more attention than any other part of the paper.

But still Mr. Gage is decidedly not athletic. In fact, he admits no participant leanings toward even the most casual of the sports and as for golf, he never plays it. This in contrast to that famous nonagenarian whose predilection for daily golf and bright new dimes are always good for newspaper photographs.

"No, I do not play golf. Neither do I play roque or croquet. I do not play chess or checkers, but I enjoy an occasional game of cards," Mr. Gage says.

His keenest interest seems to be in things occult. For many years he has delved deeply into the mysteries of the spirit. Skeptical, rather than gullible, he has weighed and analyzed carefully, every theory that has been advanced. He is an able speaker on the subject in all its phases.

Mr. Gage's daily program occasionally is varied by his remaining at home and spending the morning in inspection of his grounds. The aged, but youthful, retired financier walks about, keeping an eye on every growing thing. He contends that he is a wee bit advanced in years to work in the garden, but expresses the belief that he would greatly enjoy such occupation occasionally.

While it has been years since he was active in national affairs, Mr. Gage enjoys talking about incidents in his past life. He has had a career as varied, probably, as that of any other man to serve in a President's cabinet.

Mr. Gage was born at De Ruyter, in Madison County, N. Y., on June 28th, 1836, the son of Eli A. and Mary (Judson) Gage. In 1848 the family removed to Rome, N. Y., and there Mr. Gage received his preliminary education at Rome Academy. Nearly fifty years later he received his LL. D. at Beloit in 1897, and was similarly honored by New York University in 1903.

At the age of seventeen, Mr. Gage entered the Oneida Central Bank, where he served as office boy and junior clerk until 1885, when he went to Chicago. It was in the Oneida institution that Mr. Gage laid the foundation for his later mastery of banking finance and control.

In Chicago young Gage for a time forsook the banking profession to serve as a clerk in a planing mill until 1858. Then he returned to his first line of endeavor as

# Birth and Growth of the Brass Industry

*Early beginnings contrasted with the magical development in America—The eventful career of Charles F. Brooker, founder of the American Brass Company—Connecticut, the great center of brass production*

**B**RONZE was man's first useful metal. Its discovery marked the first significant advance of the human race. Fire, once conquered and utilized by mankind, the discovery of bronze was a second great step in human advancement—a logical outgrowth of the use of fire.

One of the significant results of the use of fire was the discovery of globules of bronze in the fire-pit. To these, beyond a childish pleasure he may have derived from throwing them about, for centuries he gave little or no attention. Eventually, it was noticed that a number of these pellets could be fused together into a larger lump. Now, next to gold and iron, copper is the most widely distributed metal in common use. The pellets were of no practical value, neither were the larger lumps. Pure copper, like gold, is soft and was, therefore, of little practical use. It is only when small quantities of other metals, notably zinc and tin, are added to it that it takes on properties of real value.

In Cornwall, England, copper and tin are found in nearby deposits. In building his fire, some one of our ancestors may have employed lumps of tin as well as of copper, and the fire should have melted and fused them together to form lumps of bronze.

Then, noticing the way the "rocks" of his fire-pit melted and flowed together, an occurrence which was always accompanied by the discovery of bronze at the bottom, Mr. Cave Man may have put two and two together and come to the realization that the metal which he used for tool-making, was an alloy of the two "rocks" which he had used in the building of his fire.

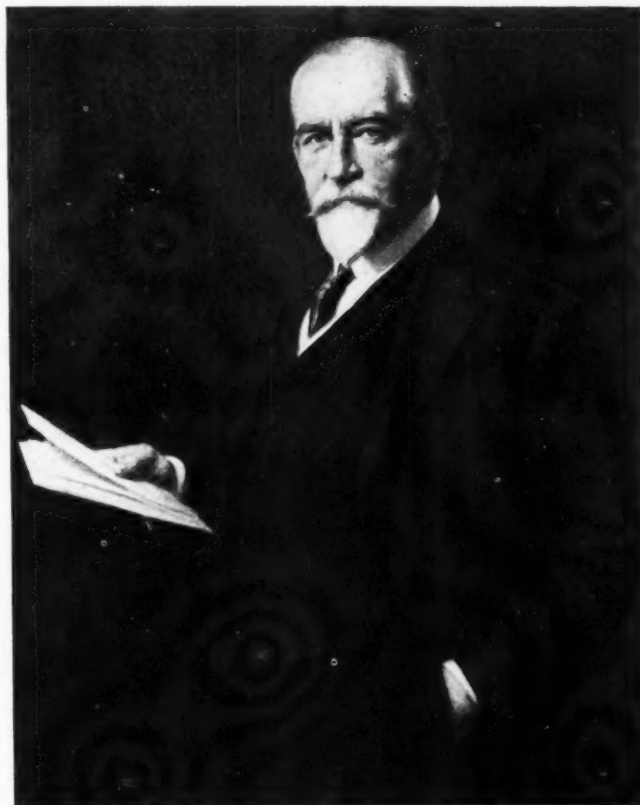
In India, China, Japan, Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon bronze was in common use and was the most common of all metals. Relics found during the excavation of many a ruined city in these regions bring out the fact that in all these places bronze was used for the making of swords and spears, for household utensils and for ornament. As far back as 3000 B. C. there were active copper mines on the peninsula of Sinai. And in 1000 B. C. the Phoenicians were bringing tin from Cornwall and trading in both metals. One of its first examples of the making of brass is a Roman coin dated 20 B. C. From that time on, brass, with varying zinc content, is found—almost always in the shape of coins, of decorative metal work or of articles of personal adornment.

From this recital of the early events in the history of the brass-making industry, we now proceed to its establishment in the United States in the valley of the Naugatuck River in Connecticut. From that time

to this, Connecticut has managed to maintain its supremacy as the brass-making state. Producing 76% of all the brass manufactured and rolled in the United States in 1880, it produces today approximately the same proportion. And of the total produced by the state, the city of Waterbury alone contributes about one-third.

One of the first of the later host of Waterbury brass workers was John Allen, who was established in 1750. The making

cially designed for the purpose. By the introduction into American factories of English workmen, about 1820, the process of gilding was reduced in cost from three dollars for a gross of buttons to about six cents. For this, credit is due the Scovills. The amount of rolled brass which could be put upon the market by the concerns in Waterbury after their own needs had been supplied was very limited. In 1830 a new firm was organized for the purpose of manufacturing and selling rolled metal and



From a portrait painted by A. Benziger

Charles F. Brooker, Founder of the American Brass Company

of brass buckles and buttons was the first of the brass industries in Connecticut. The first use on this continent of James Emerson's English formula for the direct fusion of copper and zinc was that by Abel Porter and his brother Levi, also of Waterbury. Through a series of retirements and successions this firm became, in 1811, the Leavenworth, Hayden and Scovill Company, the direct successor of which is the present Scovill Manufacturing Company.

About 1823 Waterbury began the actual rolling of brass—with machinery espe-

cially designed for the purpose. By the introduction into American factories of English workmen, about 1820, the process of gilding was reduced in cost from three dollars for a gross of buttons to about six cents. For this, credit is due the Scovills. The amount of rolled brass which could be put upon the market by the concerns in Waterbury after their own needs had been supplied was very limited. In 1830 a new firm was organized for the purpose of manufacturing and selling rolled metal and

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Then came improvement after improve-

ment in processes, accompanied by an ever-widening field of operations. Gradually the brass industry began to take on its present form—to become a power in the industrial world. This was the inception and development of the American Brass Company which, for many years, was the largest and most important brass-making and handling company in the world. At the start it made about two-thirds of all the brass used in the United States. Today, this proportion is about fifty per cent. Besides this, according to one writer on the industry, "it handles and rolls more copper than any other company in the world, with a large tonnage of nickel silver and of many other alloys. The present tendency is toward specialization of output, each branch being used more largely for such products as it can most advantageously produce. Since its organization, the various constituent companies have been liquidated and their separate existence ended."

"The American Brass Company," declares William G. Lathrop in his "The Brass Industry," "illustrates the power and efficiency of individual leadership and initiative which were so signally in evidence at the beginning of the industry." It was first conceived and brought into being through the energy and enterprise of Charles F. Brooker. When Lyman W. Coe, a son of Israel Coe, bought the plant of the Wolcottville Company and began the manufacture of brass, young Charles Brooker made up his mind to learn the brass-making business—and to learn it right.

A year later, at the age of seventeen, Mr. Brooker began his practical apprenticeship. He proved to be an apt pupil and brass-making was soon an open book to him. In six years Brooker, then 23 years old, was made one of the officers of the firm. Twenty-three years later, in 1893, he succeeded Mr. Coe as president.

One of the many examples of the enterprise for which Mr. Brooker is known and credited is that displayed in his adoption of the process of extrusion soon after he had become president of the Coe Brass Company. This process of extrusion consists in forcing a hot billet of metal, under pressure of a hydraulic ram, through a steel die. At the present time the extrusion machine is a ponderous one, and is built to endure a ram pressure of fifty tons

to the square inch. The full development of the process met with considerable difficulty at first when only 600 pounds pressure to the square inch was used. As the pressure was increased, it became difficult to get steel dies capable of withstanding the strain. In 1913 Mr. Brooker was able to solve the various technical questions and the process became successful and widely employed.

As a direct result of Mr. Brooker's foresight and sagacity in this case, the range of brass manufacture was extended. Practically all brass rod and fabricated shapes now on the market are made by this process. What he secured and developed was soon copied by many other brass manufacturers.

\* \* \*

A conspicuous example of Mr. Brooker's business wisdom is his adoption of the hot press. The latter is nothing more nor less than the old drop forge made to conform to the use of copper alloys which widened the possible use of brass. In 1911, after the General Electric Company had been experimenting for some time with the product of the hot press—giving up its study because it was not equipped to continue the experiments—Mr. Brooker, on a visit to Germany, saw the press in operation. Impressed with its possibilities, he purchased three presses and had them installed in the Ansonia shop. With the advent of the War, this process had passed its experimental period, and its output soon reached impressive figures.

In 1896 Mr. Brooker's company bought the plant of Wallace and Sons and added it to the organization of Coe and Company. In 1901 they bought the Chicago Brass Co., and in 1903 the Birmingham Brass Company was purchased, an acquisition which made his firm the largest factor in the brass industry. Then came the ultimate step—the organization, in 1899, of the American Brass Company, of which Mr. Brooker was the first president and made it a world leader in the brass industry. Then came the purchase and amalgamation of the Buffalo Brass Co., followed by the purchase of the National Conduit & Cable Co. After 50 years of active service in the industry Mr. Brooker was succeeded by Mr. John A. Coe, who has had more than thirty years' experience in the industry, and is a fitting successor to the man who, beginning as an apprentice in the old Coe firm at the age of

seventeen, by his intelligence, natural ability, industry and energy, became the executive head of the greatest brass manufacturing firm in all the world—a figure of Herculean proportions in the horizon of the Brass Industry.

At the close of the World War, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, the largest producer of copper and zinc in the world, in common with firms in other lines of industry, found itself beset with serious difficulties.

In order to dispose of much of its surplus metal, the management considered the establishment of brass mills. Studying the field, it became evident that the brass mills were already extensively overbuilt. On the two horns of a dilemma, the officials of the Anaconda Company approached those of the American Brass Company.

After considerable negotiations, arrangements for sale were completed. In January, 1922, the Anaconda Company bought the plants and entire business of the Brass Company for \$45,000,000. In so doing, it secured all but fifty-three of the Brass Company's 150,000 shares. Since the purchase, the American Brass Company has continued under its own name with its corporate organization intact, with Mr. Bowker Chairman of its Board of Directors. The same official heads, and the same departmental organization at the various mills remain. Thus, its relation to its clients is the same.

The American Brass Company was made up of the following original units: Coe Brass Mfg. Co., Torrington, Conn.; Waterbury Brass Co., Waterbury, Conn.; Ansonia Brass & Copper Co., Ansonia, Conn.; Burdick & Burnham Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn.; Holmes, Booth & Hay Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn.; Chicago Brass Co., Kenosha, Wis.; Buffalo Brass & Copper Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; National Conduit & Cable Co., Hastings, N. J.; American Brass, Anaconda Mill, Toronto, Canada.

As a fitting conclusion, I quote the last sentence from Lathrop's remarkable little book, "The Brass Industry":

".....While Connecticut still leads in the brass industry and while Waterbury and Ansonia are still its most important centers, yet the Anaconda Company, operating from the Naugatuck Valley to Montana, illustrates the present continental sweep of the brass industry."

## Lyman J. Gage Going Strong at Ninety

*Continued from page 100*

a bookkeeper with the Merchant's Loan and Trust Company, where he remained in that capacity until 1861, when he was made cashier. After seven years as cashier with the trust company, Mr. Gage went with the First National Bank of Chicago as cashier. He was promoted to vice-president in 1882 and nine years later was elevated to presidency.

Six years later he was called to take the portfolio of Secretary of the Treasury in President McKinley's Cabinet. He remained in this post during the administration of President Roosevelt and then as-

sumed the connection with the New York Banking institution which marked his last actual business activity.

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During his years in the banking profession, Mr. Gage was prominent in financial circles and was active in many affiliated kinds of endeavor. He was highly regarded by his contemporaries, as is evidenced by the many high positions he occupied in banking organizations. Three times, Mr. Gage was called upon to serve as President of the American Bankers' Association, one of the most powerful organizations of its

kind in the world. He was the first president of the Chicago Bankers' Club and was twice president of the Civic Federation of Chicago. Mr. Gage was the first president of the board of directors of the Chicago Exposition, and also served for years as trustee for the Carnegie Institute at Washington.

In 1864, Mr. Gage married Sarah Etheridge, daughter of Dr. F. B. Etheridge of Hastings, Minn. She died ten years later and in 1887 he was married to Mrs. Cornelia Washburn of Denver, Colo.

It was during the Spanish-American War

*Continued on page 133*

# The Salutary Signs in China

*A review of the situation by Dr. Hsieh, the Roosevelt of China, who believes that there is more ink than blood shed in the upheavals in China*

AT the very outset I shall want to be understood by my readers that I welcome this opportunity to be invited by Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple to make this contribution to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. I bring to you a definite message of concord rather than discord, with harmony rather than disparity, of peace and love rather than war and hatred. Throughout my lecture tours since 1917, my first visit, I have personally experienced nothing but the very kindest and most courteous receptions at every turn, and politically-speaking, America has always practiced its Golden Rule towards China, and now in the very throes of an awakening national consciousness it has left a lasting impression on the best minds of China and the hearts of my people. Spiritually speaking, the very upheaval of China is bringing about a salutary effect, because, firstly, China does not vegetate in stagnation, and secondly, having left the cerements of the dead past, she is making the most tremendous preparations as an integral part of the world to be an element of weight in the concerts of power. Lastly, because of the missionary influence in China, besides the intellectual development, there is the cultivation of the hearts and the stirring of the souls of the people which has developed the Chinese to be masters of their own country—China.

I consider the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to be the most powerful broadcasting station for sowing the seeds for the mutual plant of understanding which will some day bring forth the blossom of international harmony. Enduring peace cannot be obtained unless the desire for peace has first been made paramount in public minds. Surely the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is the most powerful broadcasting station for the future peace of the world.

## Three Great Fours

1. Population, 480,000,000.
2. Area, 4,500,000 square miles.
3. Civilization, 4,700 years old.

China, with a population of one-fourth of the globe, occupying one-seventh of the landed area and a civilization of 4,700 years, shows unmistakably her unity unbroken, continuity unchecked and her virility unabated.

## Incident at Shanghai

The incident in Shanghai may be characterized as the cataclysmic echo of the shot that was heard around the world. The sacrifice of these youths was the signal of the re-awakening of a new China—a China that will now include "no" in its vocabulary

where further encroachment into its rights and aspirations as a free nation as well as trade ambitions of other powers is concerned. You can well appreciate the great significance of the Tariff Conference which has just been held in Peking. But a few months ago it would have seemed well nigh impossible to expect that a United China



Dr. Hsieh

would demand such a Conference. But the blood of the young patriots of our universities had been shed.

## To Militarize, to Bolshevize, or to Americanize

China may resort to three sources of government; namely, the Militaristic plan, the Bolshevistic plan, or the Americanization plan. The first two will ruin China, and may injure the entire world. The most desired is the last,—to Americanize. If success is desired, some one is needed to organize the Chinese and to show them that it is up to them to develop their own nation.

Behind China stands Russia; behind Russia stands Germany; and I speak not of Russia of yesterday when it took twelve million rubles to press a suit of clothes, but present Russia with one gold ruble worth 23 cents. I speak not of Germany of "the easiest mark of the day" which was yesterday's Germany, but of present-day Germany recovering stability—23 cents' worth of American currency to a mark. I tremble to think of what the world has in

store if China should have only two courses to take, but fortunately *before* China stands America, and it is Uncle Sam who is leading Young China. If China may resort to three sources of government neither the Bolshevistic plan of Russia nor the Militaristic plan of Germany would endure. As far as the former is concerned, China is inherently a nation which regards Bolshevism with abhorrence. It was proven at the Peking Conference that Russia is not one of the Powers at this momentous Convention. As far as the latter is concerned, to Militarize, the Chinese do not as a people pay any taxes except those extorted and exacted by military leaders. The Central Government has no plan for taxation to maintain militarism. The most desired and the best course to follow is to Americanize, which means to democratize thoroughly or to enlighten every Chinese who shall no longer be the accomplice of Old Manchu China. The greatest single feature of handicap is the suffering caused by the aftermath of Manchu corruption.

The increasing unity amongst the Chinese and the firm stand which all patriotic leaders are taking will solve many of the outstanding difficulties themselves in a manner favorable to the Chinese which the Great Powers will have to accept. So far, the Chamberlain policy in Asia has been disastrous to British interests.

\* \* \*

The danger in the world to-day is not China without Christianity but Christendom without Christ. The Versailles Conference became a fizzle because of the absence of the Christ-like spirit. It was that spirit which I claim held back China from signing the treaty which would have forced her to sign away Shantung. The fact that America did not sign was the reason China withheld its signature. The Disarmament Conference in Washington returned Shantung to its rightful owners. Had we signed the Versailles treaty, we would not have Shantung to-day. But we looked forward to America and were guided by her light, and we now look to America to show the Chinese leadership and help them to develop their own land.

## Professionals and Leaders

The people of China, everlastingly grateful for America's attitude toward their country, are asking themselves what they can do for America. America can do much for the Chinese. At present there is only one doctor to every 400,000 people. China needs lawyers able to codify international law. China has vast resources in the way of oils and metals. Chinese waterways,

950,000 miles of them, need bridges; tractless lands need railroads to further commercial pursuits. The need of engineers is overwhelming and countless possibilities lie in the country, waiting to be developed to advantage.

China is destined to come more and more to the front as an international problem. With its American interests, it cannot be ignored, and its success depends not so much on the mode of its development as on



Dr. C. T. Wang

the continued leadership of the United States.

Just now China is suffering from a complexity of "isms," capitalism, industrialism, bolshevism, pseudo-militarism, socialism and flapperism. These "isms" are responsible for taking China out of the old rut and for the establishment of a republic.

As an example of her progress, let me say that China no longer uses her 50,000 symbols in her writing but has adopted a 79 letter alphabet and 1,000 word new vocabulary simplified from 50,000. English is

compulsory in her schools from primary grades to college.

#### Women Enfranchised

The women of China have formed the strongest organization yet for the emancipation of women: gained their franchise in 14 provinces, and in 12 of them help the voters to vote. The first Chinese national women's convention was led by a Chinese woman, Mrs. H. C. Mei, a graduate of Barnard College. Through the efforts of Y.W.C.A. workers in China, it is now unlawful to employ children under 14 years of age in any kind of labor. China has modern banks, many of them run entirely by women, from messenger to bank president.

China has eliminated opium forever. It is a Chinese saying that "he who tries to grow the poppy shall not have a head above his neck," but America has not cut off the legs of the bootleggers. Deliberate misrepresentation to the contrary notwithstanding, I observe in my extensive travels that prohibition has made a permanent contribution to the well-being of American society!

\* \* \*

America must come to realize its opportunities in China, its vast openings for professional men, dentists, lawyers, doctors, industrial men, engineers, bridge builders, and the like. There are less than 2,000 nurses in the whole of China, less than 15 dentists, not 25 lawyers in its vast area. A lawyer who can codify the international laws can rise to fame and fortune in China quicker in two years than one's whole career in America.

Binding feet was never universally done in China. The northern women never bound their feet, the practice obtained only in the south. The rapid progress of these women may be realized when I tell you that most of them now wear French heels manufactured in Brockton and Haverhill—not much difference in the comfort!

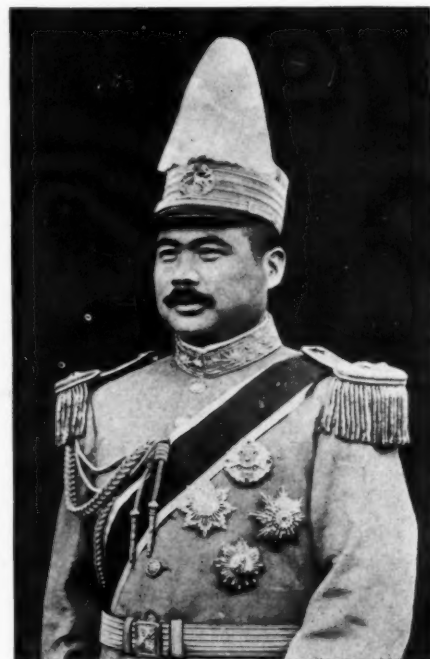
Schools in China, too, are showing much progress. In our textbooks to-day are found stories of the great women of other lands, among them that of Mary Lyon, and Clara Barton, the "Florence Nightingale" of America.

Women are becoming more and more a factor in the civic life of China, and theirs

is a wonderful influence. Garibaldi said, "Give me the mothers to educate, and you can do what you like with the sons." A man counts as one, while an educated woman may educate her whole family.

Chinese realize that good people suffer the punishment of bad government because they allow no good people in the government.

Chinese are inspired by the religious conviction of President Coolidge who recently



General Feng Yu Hsiang

asserted, "It is not the exalted pulpit so much as the exalted living by the laymen. It is not the action of the preacher so much as the reaction of the laity."

Meeting with difficulties, we think of our relatives, on the brink of danger we rely on our friends,—and our genuine friend is America.

In order to avoid the horrors of war we must learn the complexities of peace.

All the black news one gets about China is due largely to the fact that China has not been treated white.

### Revision a Keynote of Authorial Success—*Continued from page 99*

duce with the same prolificness without in some way sacrificing to the gods of style. It takes years to develop the proper technique—years during which the writer has been draining his fund of ready ideas. Then Mr. Splatterpen finds himself in a serious predicament. Casting about for the solution to the problem, he soon discovers that there are but three ways out of the labyrinth into which the urge to write, to write, and to keep on writing, has led him.

"First," says Mrs. Rinehart, who long since has reached the pinnacle of perfection in the development of style, "he can keep on turning out copy to keep up with the popular demand. Second, he can quit. Third, he can cut down his production,

which is what I have been endeavoring to do. He can work harder at each thing he undertakes, and not let the public demand overbalance his judgment.

"Now I write everything I send out twice, in longhand, before it goes to the typist, and then I revise it again after it is typed and it is rewritten before it goes to the publisher."

Mrs. Rinehart has always done her writing with a pencil or pen. She has at various times tried the typewriter but always with indifferent success. "I began with the pen," she says, "and now I don't really begin to think what I'm going to write till I get a pen in my hand."

In love with her home as she has always been, it was not until Dr. Rinehart put his

foot down that she took offices downtown and began to write there. "I loved being home," she declares, "and though it had always been hard writing at home, I hated the idea of doing it anywhere else. But having my office has its advantages. My attention is undivided, and when I leave, I leave my work. My home is no longer a workshop, but a place to relax, to enjoy my family, to see my friends."

Mrs. Rinehart's home—when she is at home—rivals the salons of the Continent of an earlier day. Here the really great people who live or come to visit in Washington foregather and enjoy the open-hearted hospitality of the Rineharts. And what this means, anyone who has read so far can readily imagine.

# Clemenceau in War and Peace

*An interview with the "Tiger" during the war—His tribute to America and emphasis on the appeal for money and supplies—Later letters on the debts reveals the old-time "Tigerish" impulse*

**T**OURISTS returning from Europe report an attitude of dislike toward America, especially in France. To those who were in France during the war, the change in sentiment is most depressing, and the query comes: "Has France changed?"

Then we sit down and quietly think it out. "Has America changed?" Altogether, it seems a paradox and a puzzle and yet Ambassador Herrick and those in touch with the real solid sentiment of the country insist that the real heart of France still remains grateful, and American leaders likewise insist that these outbreaks are only surface indications of spasmodic eruptions in the flux of public opinions in the two countries following the war. At such a time, it is refreshing to look back over the old war records and experiences, and I find a record of my interview with Georges Clemenceau in 1918, given out at a time when he insisted that there was nothing to say to newspaper or magazine men in reference to the conduct of the war. I quote a few pages from the book "C'est la Guerre," written and published in 1918 as a contrast to the spirit of the letter sent to President Coolidge by Clemenceau, the Tiger, from the lair of his retirement. Never can I forget the trepidation and awe with which I went from the Chamber of Deputies and crossed a courtyard, entering a rambling low building which was the headquarters of the Minister de Guerre. As President of the Chamber, the Premier of France is the real ruler of the republic, and it is given to every premier to choose his own portfolio. Clemenceau naturally decided to head the War Department. Inside another room, where a covered billiard table indicated relaxation in peace days, my card was again taken in, and I indulged in a hurried glance around. A voice speaking in English in the adjoining room was heard. Just then the same voice was saying; and supplementing the words in French; "That's persistence; show him in."

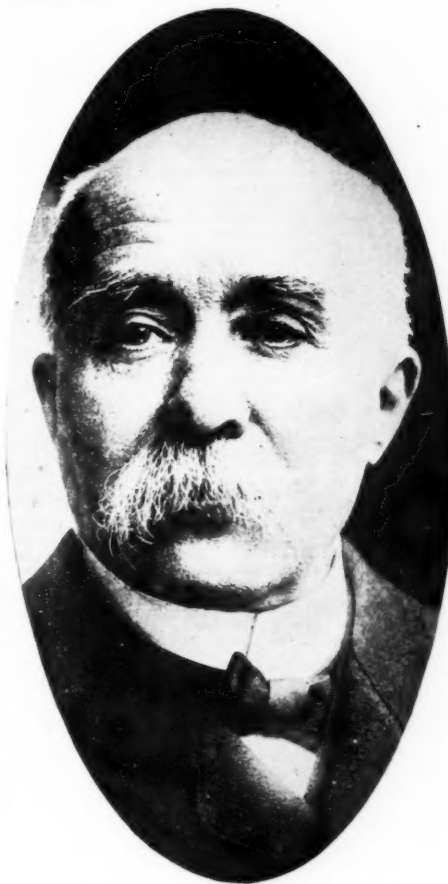
Little did I realize that this was the voice of Clemenceau.

I entered a somewhat darkened room. In an open grate smoldered a dingy coal fire. A medium-sized figure was moving toward me. On his head was a small, round hat with triangular earlaps tied overhead. As I neared I saw a certain ironical smile on his face. But there was no mistaking the countenance. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was face to face with Clemenceau—"the Tiger."

I had no sooner extended greetings from America than immediately a warm hand was thrust into mine. In no sense does he

pass for what is called a polite man. Yet there was such a ring of sincerity in his words that I was strongly drawn to him.

With a wave of his hand, he proffered a chair. In seeking for some common ground on which to stand, I found myself searching for a touch of gentleness which he had portrayed in the one novel ("Le Plus Fort") which he has written on the philosophy of superman.



Former Premier Clemenceau of France

As he squared himself and I looked into his eyes, I saw a face of rugged strength. I recalled his christening with the sobriquet which he bears today. As Clemenceau entered his editorial den one night, a French journalist turned to his friends and said: "Here comes the Tiger." And from that day to this the name has been spelled with a big T rather than a little one.

His face is round, made massive by high cheek bones, his eyes, deep-set, flash with the glint of steel. His brow is broad and high. A drooping mustache covers what I knew to be a strong mouth. His head is

bald, set off at the height of his ears by silken gray hair. His gestures consisted largely of a sweep of the hand across and in front of him, as if pointing out the whole field of action. Occasionally he brought his fists down like a hammer, every movement indicating a dynamic man, full of power and electric energy. The wisdom of age and the strength of youth in rare combination. No wonder Germany fears him!

Some who have talked with him have remarked about his flippancy. The only trace of lightness in his speech was when I pointed to a portrait on the wall saying:

"A great man, I suppose?"

"An ass!" he jerked.

Pointing to another, he anticipated my question, and declared:

"A very great man. We must have contrasts."

"Our American boys are arriving," I ventured.

"Yes," said he, "and they are learning to dig, like our own Poilus. It is better to lose four men than four hundred."

His secretary entered and said something to him. Then I noticed the clear, legible writing of the Premier as he made a few notes. When I remarked that I sometimes made speeches, he replied:

"I make no more speeches. It is time to work. No time to talk. 'Yes' and 'No' cover essentials."

Evidently he carries out that conviction. At the Allied Conference in Paris, the one man who could have talked made the shortest speech on record. "We're here to work; let us work."

When the question of politics seeped into our conversation he snapped, "I do not like politicians, I like patriots."

No wonder the French people recalled him to lead their destinies in this, their hour of greatest crisis! A hater of shams, a lover of realities, a patriot, in no sense a partisan, this Spartan has only one consideration—his country.

How fortunate, indeed, is France to have him! His active life covers two great wars. When the King Charles' peace letter, making overtures looking toward the autonomy of Alsace-Lorraine was mentioned, he insisted:

"I know the German tricks—and so does the United States."

He probably, as no other living man, is alert for Prussian intrigues. Schooled in literature, in medicine, in science, in politics, in diplomacy, he brings his vast knowledge to bear on the one vital purpose—the triumph of Democracy!

As I saw him, whether standing, sitting in a chair, or perched on the edge of a table

dangling his feet, he acted as if he were accustomed to premiership.

Some dispatches were brought in. Taking them up, he made his notations on each with a plebeian lead pencil—a word or two at most—and passed them on. No fuss, no haste. Every movement strong, determined, clear. "I may be dead," he said, glancing up, "when this war is won, but—it will be won!"

I ventured to ask him if he had met any of the Commission from America looking toward post-war conditions.

"Yes," he returned, "but this is not the time for me to think of that. The work of the war comes first."

Then drawing his chair so close to me that his knees touched mine, putting one hand on my shoulder and clenching his fist, he assumed an attitude like that of the tiger he is. There was fire in his eyes. His great jaw set; he said:

"It is the supreme thing in my life to win the war."

I arose to go. The slanting sun shone through the window of the old building.

\* \* \*

The outburst of Georges Clemenceau on the American toward European war debts in an open letter to the President of the United States is an interesting side light on the character of this figure of world fame. Four years before he wrote this letter he penned the following tribute to America in a book entitled, "Industrial America in the World War."

"Meanwhile, here are some eloquent figures. In eighteen months the United States sent us 5,000,000 tons of food supplies and 5,000,000 tons of war material. The steel they sent us represented the raw material for 160,000,000 '75' shells. The food-stuffs they sent us fed 12,000,000 Frenchmen for a year and a half. If this help had not been forthcoming, our army could not have held."

This was after his visit to America and before he had changed Uncle Sam's name to Uncle Shylock. It was written while he was receiving the hospitality of America with a lively anticipation that France's war debts would be cancelled.

What a contrast is the letter of 1926, written to President Coolidge, which is here preserved as a record revealing ever the Imp of Perversity that sometimes rules great minds.

M. Clemenceau's letter follows:

"Mr. President: Divergences of opinion have arisen between the three great countries allied and associated in the war in France as to settlement of accounts, which threaten to have a serious effect on the future of the civilized world.

"On each side technical experts in finance are at work. A technician is too often a man whose pleasure consists of isolating his own problem from those which he is occupied in coordinating.

"Everything in public affairs contributes to form a whole, and anyone who thinks he can isolate himself in his own domain is running the risk of finding himself overwhelmed later when it is too late to mend matters.

#### "Trial Solutions" Failures

"The same question in identical terms exists between the United States and England, between England and France, and between France and the United States, and I see that trial solutions or preparation for solutions have not created a good state of feeling in the countries which are affected.

"We are debtors, you are creditors. It seems this is regarded as purely a matter for the cashier's department, but are there no other considerations to be taken into account?

"Hitherto, England's European policy has consisted above all in holding the continental Nations in check by intervening and playing off one against the other. I am convinced that the man in the street is beginning to open his eyes to wider views. Today it is towards America that France's feeling of uneasiness is principally directed.

#### Not Debt of Commerce

"If Nations were but business houses, bankers' accounts would settle the fate of the world. You are claiming from us payment of a debt not of commerce, but of war. You know as we do, that our Treasury is empty. In such a case the debtor must sign promissory notes, and that is just what you are asking us to do, and yet each of us ought to believe that settlement in cash will be made on the day fixed.

"Now, it is an open secret that in this affair there are only imaginary dates of payment, which will lead up to a loan with solid security in the shape of our territorial possessions, as was the case for Turkey. Such a thing, Mr. President, I am bound to tell you we shall never accept.

"France is not for sale, even to her friends. Independent she came to us, independent we shall leave her. Ask yourself whether, according to President Monroe, you would feel otherwise about the American continent.

#### He Quotes Word "Friends"

"If France were to disappear under the blows of her enemies and of her sworn 'friends' (this word 'friends' is placed in quotation marks by Clemenceau himself), there would remain of her a name to be proud of.

"Wherein have we failed to fulfill all the demands of duty? Ought we to have surrendered our fortresses to Germany when she demanded them from us under penalty of a declaration of war? Will anyone get up and say we have done nothing but submit to the inevitable? Does Verdun prove we have fought badly?

"Yes, we have thrown everything into the abyss—blood and money—as England and the United States did on their side, but it was France's territory that was devastated scientifically. For three deadly years we awaited this declaration from America, 'France is the frontier of liberty'—three years of blood and money oozing from every pore.

"Come to our villages and read the endless lists of their dead and make comparisons, if you will. Was this not a 'bank account,' the loss of this vital force of youth?

"As Russia did at Brest-Litovsk, America made a separate peace with Germany without even the slightest suggestion of an adjustment with her comrades-in-arms. That was the blood truce with the common enemy. Today, a money peace between the Allied and Associated Powers is being devised.

"How is it we failed to foresee what is now happening? Why did we not halt under the shells and convocate a board meeting of producers to decide the question whether it would allow us to continue in defense of the finest conquest in the finest of histories? Must the myth of German reparations lead up to American cash collections?

"I have spoken freely to the honored head of a great people for whom I have preserved for 50 years my highest respect and friendship, because I believed that people was destined to receive from the Old World the torch of a great ideal of humanity to carry on higher and higher. It is now for that people to pronounce judgment on itself. I can only offer the supreme homage of my silence if I am mistaken.

"With homage and my deep respect, believe me, Mr. President,

(Signed) "Georges Clemenceau."

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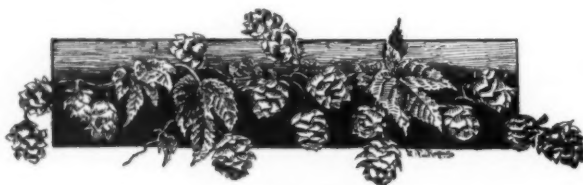
And yet with all this epistolary explosive I cannot forget that interview with him during the darkest days of 1918 at a time when he refused to see any other newspaper

men or to indulge in interviews of any kind. His passionate expression of gratitude in the message, "I love America," given with all the fiery impulse of his Latin nature to me was a most impressive incident in all the eight months overseas during the critical days of 1918.

Evidence accumulates that Georges Clemenceau is a mental paradox. Why he should choose to write just now a biography of Demosthenes does not appear in the course of political annals. During his life he has incessantly visited Greece—its mainland and its numerous surrounding islands. The history of the country, its art and literature engrossed him, for he has often said that Greek civilization was the flower of European culture. To close his career in active politics by writing a lyrical and graphic biography of Demosthenes, the most famous orator in history is like the Clemenceau of old days. At the outset he refuses to praise Demosthenes as an orator. He pushes all that historic fame aside but gives him due credit as a statesman, one able to understand, to will and to act. He insists that Demosthenes was by no means a born speaker although he put pebbles in his mouth and declaimed to the ocean waves in order to overcome his stuttering and train his voice as a means of influencing people into political action. Aeschines, the rival and opponent of Demosthenes, whose genius was congenital and whose speeches had a supple and subtle power to move men, is given greater credit as an orator. Demosthenes' efforts, he insists, have the massive effect of a pestle grinding in a mortar, indicating the strength that lay in his indomitable will.

Clemenceau pays tribute to Demosthenes as the greatest patriot of all times. Mastery in the mere art of oratory Clemenceau detests and therefore denies our hero the triumphs he considers of no consequence. The tragic close of the illustrious career of Demosthenes, accused, convicted and a fugitive to escape the revenge of his enemies, finally dying by his own hand, is glorified as a martyr's fate.

As one reviewer pointed out: "Clemenceau's most cherished cliché in this book is that dangerous word, 'idealism' which is so often perverted in a biography to meet the views of the author. History has decreed that Demosthenes was a great orator—even a great leader—but not a wise one. Perhaps Clemenceau has used Demosthenes as a symbol for himself to discover the proper lode star in a Hellenic policy that aims to bring about the union of all the Latin speaking races."



"As goes the Foreman — so goes the Shop"

# The Philosophy of the Payroll

*The Genius of the Age is Business and the Genius of Business is the Payroll. Paramount Problem of all Nations today is the Production in one form or another. How we are all tied to one end or the other of a Pay Envelope*

Text of an address by the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE broadcast by WTIC from Waterbury, Connecticut at a banquet given by the Foreman's Club of the Bristol Manufacturing Co. at Hotel Elton, Oct. 2, 1926. The occasion marked a memorable event—revealing a relation between Professor Wm. H. Bristol and his co-workers covering a period of thirty years of weekly payrolls that is an inspiring example in modern industry.

By JOE MITCHELL  
CHAPPLE

Tangier, Africa, swifter than any hurricane or any bird that ever skimmed the blue of the skies, I am beginning to believe that mortal flesh is moving faster than the flight of archangels—I am not hinting by



Professor William H. Bristol

this of my chances of becoming an angel of more than ordinary rank.

For the past century the cry of the world has been for speed and more speed! With this demand for acceleration comes radio serving the uncharted routes of the sky as the telegraph followed the parallel steel rails across the continent.

Think of it! In mid-ocean less than a week ago, an entertainment was given aboard the Leviathan for the benefit of the Florida sufferers, under the direction of Will Rogers and his Castor Oil cohorts, re-

cently released by Mussolini. Forty thousand dollars was raised which bespoke the great, generous, sympathetic heart of America responding to the call of distress from fair Florida, even as it always does to the call for help from foreign lands. The concert, including songs by Rosa Raisa, the popular prima donna, was broadcast from the ship and heard on the shores of Europe and America, spanning, almost as if in a single instant, what was considered the illimitable distance covered by the caravels in the discovery of our new world to the west. Radio travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—ten times around the world while you snap your fingers. You are actually hearing my voice before those who are present here at the banquet board in the Hotel Elton in Waterbury, Connecticut. This is the Waterbury celebrated for its watches and clocks which will continue to mark the passing hours with the tick tock of Grandfather's clock in the same old measured way although it would seem as if the time pieces of the world had been speeded up because of the jazzed up rapidity with which we eat, sleep, drink and are merry in these swift-moving times. Waterbury is also famous as the greatest center in the world for brass—perhaps that is why I am here.

My recent interview with King Alfonso XIII of Spain, published in the *New York Times*, further demonstrated to me that all the world needs today is friendliness. From King and Dictator to the peasants at the posades, I found Spain the one country in Europe that has a real and hearty welcome for Americans. They do not owe us any money and have no debt problems which confirms the old saying that if you want a real enemy, do him a favor and loan him money.

Looking in on the League of Nations at the opening session, in Geneva a few weeks ago, I felt grateful that we had followed the advice of George Washington and kept out of European entanglements. At Geneva, they seemed to be playing the same old game as at Vienna and Berlin, conducting the process of making treaties according to the old rules. When intrigue was rife and the clutching fingers of conquest were busy under the table with the one thought of payrolls in mind disguised in diplomatic personiflage.

Now that I have paid due tribute to radio, the medium which brings us all together tonight, I have arrived at a point where I shall "tune in" on the all-engrossing subject, universal as the air itself—"The Philosophy of Payrolls"—for we are

A LITTLE over a week ago this very night, the voice that you are hearing was chatting face to face with Primo de Rivera, the Dictator of Spain. It was at Inguelo, on the mountain overlooking the surf-rimmed coast at San Sebastian, Spain, which is the nearest point of land in Europe to old Connecticut, on an air line as it were to the East as the crow flies. Now across that vast expanse of ocean, marking the perilous voyage of Columbus, voices are heard.

The world is becoming one great neighborhood through expeditious transportation, and radio wireless communication is playing an important part in world affairs these days, preserving as well as broadcasting the spoken word. There is more than poetical license in the assertion that the spoken word is something that can never be recalled.

If radio can preserve the spoken word through synchronized action in talking pictures, as provided by your own townsman, Professor Bristol, what shall we say concerning the probabilities of an invention of the future that will make it possible to recall the words that have been spoken hours or even days before from out the spaceless ether. If this can be done, who dares to say that we may not reach back to the days of Columbus, Caesar and Christ and recall from the great vaults of infinitude the spoken words by means of radio that never seem to die and live on through eternity. The weather of today was determined by immutable laws of nature thousands of years ago. We could not change it and yet we talk about it more than anything else. The words I am speaking tonight can never be recalled. They have gone—gone into the nebulous universe.

\* \* \*

We are living in the age of wonders! Our own lives are in themselves a succession of miracles. When I think that this slender, lithesome form that you cannot see through the microphone, two hundred and fifty pounds or better—was projected through the air at the speed of two hundred miles an hour from Seville, Spain, to

all more or less tied to the one or the other end of a pay roll.

On the very first morning when I swept out the print shop, built the fires, dusted up and found the bottom of the editor's desk, I had a budding ambition to become a foreman. When Hank Coggins, foreman of the weekly *Progress* office arrived, he was the hero of the hour. He parted his hair in the middle and had a drooping, "Stealthy Steve" mustache, chewed tobacco and wore a flowing, flashy necktie, but had the reputation of never changing his socks. The master mind of the shop taught me the "p" and "q" boxes at the case. When he read my proof he swore like a pirate. He grew fairly black in the face when I did not distribute the color properly in inking the press. He insisted on doing things right and to space evenly. A craftsman who loved his work, his one great pleasure was in having his devils turning out as good journeymen printers. My salary was \$1.00 a week and he drew three five dollar bills every Saturday night when the "ghost walked." The editor and proprietor took what was left. In later years we had a reunion of Hank's devils and we all agreed that we were each a success, voting Hank Coggins was a real foreman because he knew how to make printers out of devils. We recalled his method of pointing out something interesting in connection with the work. If it was bad copy he told us of how he had mastered reading Horace Greeley's manuscript. If all the printers who claimed to have set Horace Greeley's copy could be assembled they would aggregate an army division.

We remembered how Hank made a patent medicine advertisement glow with imagery, while commenting on Horsetors Bitters and finding the bottle back of the sink. Later, when I became a foreman and later an owner foreman, I found out that I lacked some of the qualities that make a good foreman. I wanted to do everything myself and was not patient in studying just what each man was most qualified to do and how to interest him in doing it right. The difference between profit and loss in many a shop is determined by the foreman. There are handicaps and complexities today that did not exist in the old times but the fundamental basis of "foremanization" is the same. The very word foreman tells the story. He must be the first man, the leader in the shop who knows what is to be done and can tell others clearly and definitely how to do it. A foreman has the same qualities as a public leader, the same faculties exemplified in Elihu Root as a great lawyer. Early in his career he was foreman of a law office. He told his clients what to do, and how to do it, rather than constantly harping on what *not to do* and dealing only in the negative instead of the constructive.

What a thrill it is to feel that you have mastered something—for we never know anything until we feel it. How well I remember when I set up that first display heading without an error and spaced it properly and saw it blazing on the front page. The next headings became even more interesting because I knew how to do it. I have a theory that as goes the fore-

man, so goes the shop. A foreman can always be busy in watching and supervising work and does not have to sit around like a section boss. In school we were delighted to have the teacher come around, look upon and approve our work if it was well done. A foreman glued to a chair, indifferent as to the work in the shop except to drive the men to enhance his own wages, is a tragic spectacle.

The greatest tax on labor today is supervision, which is only another way of saying that pride is the greatest tax we pay. The man who knows he is thoroughly supervised is not so likely to be self-reliant, as the man who works without the thought of supervision. I made it a rule never to read letters after dictated. Our stenographers assume the responsibility and know they must have names, addresses, spelling and contents of the letters right—because the old rule of Hank Coggins is applied. The amount of time I have saved in going over letters has enabled me to do at least ten per cent more work than otherwise. Three stenographers, whom I christened, Patience, Priscilla and Prudence, have their work definitely assigned and yet they make their work interchangeable. Each one is a foreman of her department which consists of themselves, the typewriter and the work before them. They sometimes write better letters in my own style than I can myself. Priscilla has the personal, diplomatic correspondence and deals in the department of personal affairs; Prudence has charge of all money matters and fairly eats up a dollar mark and loves tables and entangling figures; Patience takes care of the trouble corner and seems to be always smiling, even on Monday morning when the blue letters arrive and gloom gathers deep. The foreman of our company tried an interesting experiment when he left on his vacation. He prepared a very definite and comprehensive schedule and assigned each man his specific work as far as possible for two weeks ahead. I am told that we actually accomplished as much as if he had been sitting in his chair and giving out the work, but mind you he distributed responsibility and eliminated supervision, which indicates that a foreman has something to do besides merely laying out the work and drawing the salary and "hiring and firing."

When his department produces good workmen, enthused and interested in their task, the product is assured.

\* \* \*

After all, the basis of all right human relations is the payroll. I know it is customary sometimes to sneer at so mundane and material a thing, but the genius of the age is business and the genius of business is the payroll. Like everything else in life, the payroll is subject to constant and intermittent changes, not only as to figures, but in its general aspect. The time was in New England when a payroll was almost a family relation; the employer looked upon his apprentices as sons and daughters; he lived with his people; their joys and sorrows were his own. There may have been some distinction in social cast, but it was scarcely discernible. The

time was when the hired man ate with the family, even if he did sleep in the attic, and in the good old times it was no disgrace for the farmer's son to marry the hired girl. But as things go now "The Philosophy of the Payroll" approaches a status of social quid pro quo.

As factories increased in size some employers sought to supplant personal contacts by a system of "welfare work." Much of this didn't work, because it was well tagged as "farewell" work as far as establishing amicable relations were concerned. And it was human to forget gratitude, which continues to be somewhat of an imaginary virtue, even today. There are many radicals who become cynical as to the future of payroll relations, but the age-old theory of syndicalism has had a black eye in the warning experiment with Bolshevism in that great nation of Russia staggering to see the light of friendliness in seething hate, envy and greed.

There is more to the man who creates and pays a payroll than may appear down the line. He has been thinking and studying and toiling while others sleep. His job is not limited by an eight-hour-day; his work is a continuous performance. The trouble with the labor world today is the inequitable distribution indicated by many payrolls. In my judgment no persons in the country more richly deserve the laurels of heroes than those who have paid payrolls. They may never be fully appreciated, but they have made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and have, through their efforts, built churches, homes and schools and have been the initiative and productive power of this country.

I once inquired of the late Elbert Hubbard: "What is the vital factor in the building of a business?" "Paying a payroll" he promptly replied.

When any man insists that he is his sole master, so independent that he does not recognize the responsibilities of being on any payroll, he is past hope. For in these days, we have service to render on the payroll of our own conscience, not only six but seven days a week.

*The payroll is a magical elixir which has stimulated for ages the hope of saving and assuring the future of millions free from want. The accumulated savings in the United States that have come directly from payrolls constitutes the great financial strength of the country today, but nothing is said of the millions and billions that have been lost, and the hundreds of thousands of men who have gone down in the swirl and maelstrom of trying to keep a payroll going. In my judgment, there is no class of people who have had, on the whole, more out of modern life than the working people—they have had their money. That is more than can be said of a large percentage of the men who have failed, trying to meet payrolls! And who has ever heard of the persons on the payroll becoming responsible for all the mistakes they make?*

There is no worry in the world like that of a financial worry. A man paying a payroll knows that families are depending on that money. But he appreciates the fact that when he buys a pound of sugar he

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# Berea College Born in Old Kentucky

*The school where mountain lads and lassies of good old Anglo-Saxon stock are demonstrating that education is a method towards a means. President Hutchins has a student body who appreciate what knowledge means*

WHEN Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, and Senator Ernst of Kentucky visited Berea College in the southeast corner of the state "where the Mountains kiss the Blue Grass, and the North clasps hands with the South," they were greeted by 3,000 of the brightest, happiest youngsters, ranging in age from "15 to 100," that it has ever been the New York publisher and philanthropist's good fortune to meet.

Escorted to the Boone Tavern, owned and operated by the College, they were fed with food prepared by the hands of the students. Outside the windows, students were streaming across the campus—bright-eyed, virile young men and women, all of the purest of old English, Scotch and Irish stock—in preparation for the event of the day, the addresses of two of the school's most distinguished supporters.

From President William J. Hutchins, Yale, 1892, they heard the intensely interesting story of the school's establishment, its growth, and subsequent development to its present proportions, and like every visitor who has ever stepped upon the campus, they were thrilled to the core. When, later, it came time for their addresses, and standing upon the speakers' platform they gazed down into a sea of eager faces such as they had never seen before, there was born in them, just as previously there had been born in the minds of such distinguished supporters as Bruce Barton, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, the desire to give, and to work to see that others, too, should give to enable this institution to carry on.

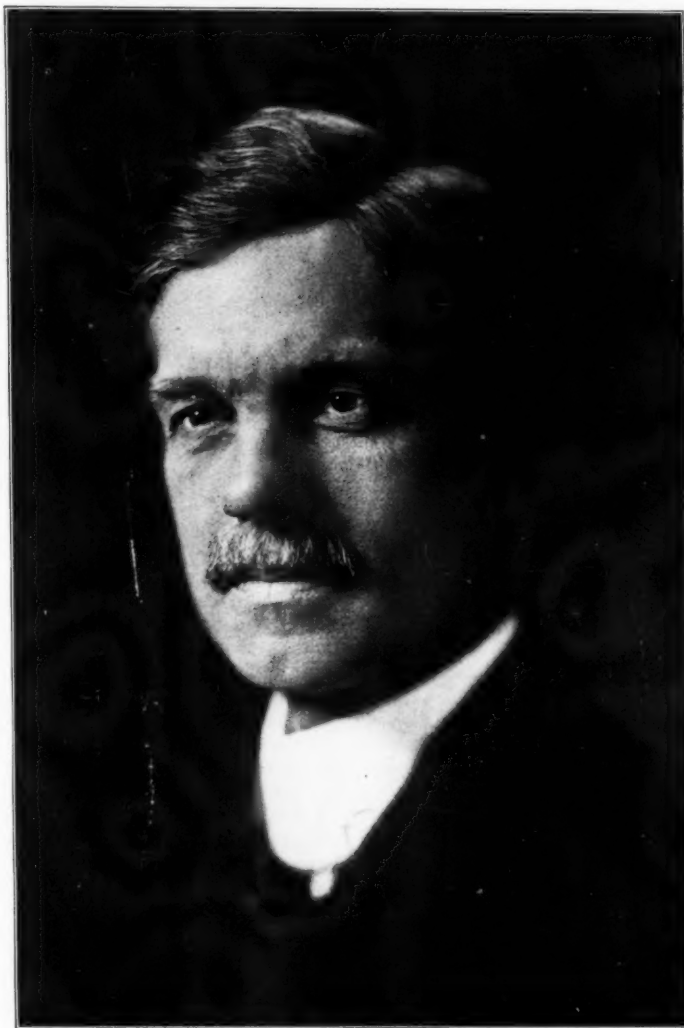
Berea baffles description. A school, yes; an academy, yes; a college, yes; an industrial, commercial, agricultural institution, agreed—it is all of these, but something else besides. A hopper, it might be called, into which pours the rude, uncultured raw stock of pure-blooded American young man and womanhood, and from which there are delivered a few years later, young men and women capable of regenerating whole towns and counties.

In the days when, as Bruce Barton—whose pet enthusiasm, by the way, is Berea—jocularly put it, "the Pilgrim Fathers were eating their first beans and suffering chilblains and establishing Harvard College," other pioneers were landing in the South. The more constructive stayed close to the shores upon which they had landed, but others pushed westward until the mountains of the regions closed upon them and locked them from the world.

There was this advantage in their se-

questered settlement, that in their log cabins along the streams they were absolutely free. Hampering laws could not reach them; it was theirs to do as they pleased.

The Revolutionary War came and they left their mountain retreats to fight the cause of freedom. The War over, they returned to their secluded settlements to raise



President William J. Hutchins of Berea College

But while they were inaccessible to the arms of the law, and free from such accompanying disquietudes as they had suffered in their native lands—England, Scotland and the Emerald Isle, they were inaccessible, too, to the roads and other outposts of shifting civilization.

Cut off thus, as they were, from the rest of the world, they were fertile and multiplied, but neither their prosperity nor their culture increased in keeping with the prosperity and culture of the rest of the world.

their corn, make their liquor and increase. And so, generation after generation they continued thus along the line of least resistance, communities complete unto themselves.

Completely shut off, there was never any admixture of blood. The daughter of one cabin married the son of another but a few hundred feet away, and the pure English strain was maintained. They grew in number until there soon were millions of them; but their conditions remained unchanged.

Unlettered, they passed on from father to son the quaint Eighteenth Century English that was their language, and lived a life that was a literal fac-simile of life in the English shires which their ancestors had left generations upon generations before.

The Civil War came, and with it the tramp of heavy feet. Liberty-loving, the rude mountaineers stuck by the Union, and so the two armies marched back and forth through their villages, battling, killing their sons, "eating their corn, killing their pigs, taking their horses, leaving everything waste." But their loyalty never wavered; they were content to carry on as long

Laying it down upon one side, he took up the court copy of the Bible: 'And here, gentlemen, I have the Bible, the charter of religious duty and liberty; it bids us to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' Laying it down on the other side, he, with the same slow deliberation, drew forth a formidable revolver, and laying it down in the center, said: 'And here, gentlemen, flanked on either side by the charters of civil and religious liberty, I propose, if it shall be challenged, to vindicate my right to say today whatever I shall deem best.'

Kindred spirits, Clay and "Father" Fee found comradeship of a high order in one another. Knowing the mountain people of

life as they endure, are all they seem to know the need of.

But there are facts and circumstances concerning the life of these people which are not obvious at a glance. Variety, the spice of life, is sadly lacking to a great extent in the life of the mountaineers, and their amusements might be called crude to the average city dweller. Girls not infrequently marry almost at childhood; sometimes you will see the mother of a family at twenty already turning old.

But there were, besides, other circumstances and events which had much to do with the growth of the institution. To Berea, for instance, early in the nineties, there came William Goodell Frost, professor of Greek in Oberlin College, and an outstanding figure in the realm of education. Thrilled with the sight of so many clean-cut, pure-blooded Americans; stirred by their attempts to acquire the advantages of an education against the greatest odds, and inspired by the altruism of their teachers, almost immediately he announced his intention of throwing in his lot with this struggling young school.

Offered the presidency of the little "college," he promptly resigned his secure professorship and with dauntless courage, went forth to tell the world about the mountaineers. This step marked a turning point in the tides of fortune at Berea.

Bruce Barton tells an interesting and illuminating story of Dr. Frost's efforts to secure support for his mountain institution.

"One of his first calls," declares the widely known advertising writer and essayist, "was on a pastor of a fashionable church in a certain rich city.

"I should like to preach in your church Sunday morning," he suggested blandly, 'and tell your people about their cousins who have never had a chance.'

"Impossible," the pastor replied. 'We have a rule against opening our pulpit to any such appeals.'

"All right," said Frost. 'I don't suppose you have many people at the evening service. I'll come around and tell my story then.'

"Sorry," answered the pastor. 'The rule applies to the evening service as well.'

"Well, I presume you hold a Wednesday evening meeting. I'll speak at it.'

"The pastor's patience was fast disappearing. 'I am trying to convey to you that our rule prohibits any such appeals at any service,' he said severely, thinking that would end the matter.

"Frost took it without the quiver of an eyelash. 'Naturally, I should not think of asking you to make an exception in my case,' he assured the pastor. 'But I have one other request. I am setting forth on a long, hard task. I ask that you kneel down with me while I pray for the work of God among the Southern mountaineers.'

"The pastor could not very well escape. They got down on the carpet and there they stayed, while Frost poured out to the Almighty his story about the people whom all but He had overlooked. Unless you have heard Frost speak, you can have no idea of his eloquence on that subject. Long before the prayer ended, the preacher was lost. Tears were in his eyes.



Residence of President William J. Hutchins

as was necessary; they fought and sought no quarter; and when the fearful struggle came to an end they asked no thanks, but stolidly returned home to their farming, their daily struggle for existence within the shadows of oblivion.

But the excitement preceding and attending the war had not been without its gain to them. In those days which had come before the conflict there were a very few men in Kentucky who hated slavery quite as much as any Northerner, who had freed their own slaves, and had the courage to practice and proclaim abolition.

John G. Fee, a preacher, was one of these. A cousin of Henry Clay, Cassius M. Clay, was another. A fiery orator, the latter went up and down the land exhorting the hostile slave-owners to emancipate those whom they held in servitude. Picturesque and courageous in the extreme, he thought nothing of facing an audience of hissing, hating slave-owners and of quieting them into listening to his words.

There has come down to us a description of the manner in which Mr. Clay defended himself, and preached his word. In the language of another writer:

"Mr. Clay, standing at the Judge's desk and taking up deliberately a book containing the Constitution of the State, said: 'Gentlemen, I hold in my hands the Constitution of Kentucky, which guarantees to every citizen the right of free speech.'

this Tennessean, Kentuckian, Carolinian, Virginian region, "seamed about by rocky cliffs and sudden valleys, down which run creeks that sometimes tumble the rocks in front of them when they ride high," they knew their need for learning—book learning that would bring them out of their Century past seclusion, into the light of Twentieth Century civilization.

Together they founded the little school and colony which were given the name of Berea after the Greek city of the name, in which, according to the book of Acts, the people were more noble than those of Thessalonica because they searched the scriptures to see whether these things were true.

It was, of course, quite unlike the present great cluster of impressive brick buildings. As established by these rugged pioneers, the school was but a couple of rough shacks, with a couple of dauntless teachers, and almost no means of support.

It may seem to the uninitiated little short of a miracle that such a woebegone institution as that described should have grown to such proportions. Completely isolated as were these mountain people, book learning could not possibly seem of as much import as the ability to cope with the conditions of mountain life. "Intense individualism, family loyalty and intense belief in one's own traditions and ideals are bred into these people" and these, together with a keenness in meeting the emergencies of

"'Brother Frost, I want you to do me a favor,' he urged. 'I want you to come to our church on Sunday morning and tell my people about these mountaineers.'"

By such means, by such efforts on the part of its founders, its President, its faculty, Berea has crept up from its first few wooden huts to its present brick buildings; from its few score students to its present three thousand; and from complete dependence to its present condition of partial independence through its numerous industries which the students conduct.

What Berea means to the hundreds of

all the work of a boy through the day. Finally, a brother sent her ten dollars. The father refused to let her leave home, but the mother got her a new dress, and she slipped out early in the morning. Riding part of the way, walking much of the way, she arrived. She entered the self-boarded cottage where she has a bed but could not afford to pay for college meals. She worked hard, her mother sending her eggs and meal and potatoes as she could. Now she is in the Normal School, and will teach this summer and fall. She brought her sister this fall."

a dollar does more net good than anywhere else."

Some students work more than the minimum required. There are, for instance, approximately 175 half-day students—students who labor half a day in order that they may study the other half. Incidentally, if it were physically and financially possible, the authorities might easily fill every dormitory at Berea with students who would be willing to make this agreement, so earnest is their desire for education. Thus, during the year, some fifty students are on the payroll of the Heat and Power Plant.



A group of students of Berea College

young men and women who come there every year may be judged from the statements they make laughingly to the faculty after they have been at the school for a year or more.

"I almost died," one boy told President William J. Hutchins, "I was that sick for home, when I first came to Berea, but I have heard my grandpap say, 'If you set your mind to what you was aimin' at, you'd live to get your desire,' and I want to learn books, so I've set my mind to it, and I'm goin' to get there."

They come to Berea from every section of the hill countries with an overwhelming desire for education. The records of the school present in a few brief paragraphs the story of their arrival:

"She left home on horseback with suitcase fastened somewhere on the saddle.

A three hours' ride brought her to the river; here indeed was a thrill, it was her first sight of a boat. A ride of twenty-four hours and then, thrill number two. It was her first sight of, and ride on, a train. Then Berea. Of course she lost her suitcase. After all bills were paid, she had less than a dollar. She was one of many in like circumstance and so she didn't mind."

Again:

"She sat night after night on her doorstep gazing out over the hills toward Berea, looking for a chance; hoeing corn, doing

But once acclimated, these students are no different from the students at any school or college. "I believe," one of the teachers declares, "Berea has students whose ability, character, purpose, will compare favorably with those of the best schools in the country, bar none."

\* \* \*

What Berea does for them is another thing. It was into such problems of the College that Adolph Ochs and Senator Ernst had an opportunity to inquire, and went away thrilled and enthusiastic.

Berea, as I have already written, is more than a school—it is a working institution. The first question nearly every student asks upon arrival is: "How can I live while I get my education?" For the greatest number of students at Berea it is Berea or nothing. There is nowhere else that they can go.

"If Yale should close her doors today, almost every man at Yale would get an education," declares a Yale man who knows the facts. "But if Berea should close her doors today, scarcely one of her students would get an education."

Every student is required to work at least two hours a day in order to pay part of his tuition. In this connection, it should be borne in mind that the officials at Berea have a most surprising faculty for stretching the limits of a banknote. "The one place," Bruce Barton calls Berea, "where

A number have been in the furnace room, others have taken care of the electric repair work.

The Matron at Boone Tavern, at which Mr. Ochs and Senator Ernst were served, declares:

"The test of the boys who cook and serve, especially at breakfast time is, to come early every morning and have everything possible ready beforehand; then in the rush hours, to keep the fire right, to cook the eggs half a dozen ways at the same time, and not let the biscuits burn, while keeping their minds on the orders coming thick and fast from the waitresses; and to keep their tempers through the confusion." The boys meet this test and are eagerly sought after during the summer months by camps and conferences.

On Labor day the students have the opportunity to see for themselves the wide sweep of their activities during the year. On the floor of the ancient Tabernacle are displayed the instruments of the various trades and occupations represented in Berea.

Students and guests gather to watch those who have been selected by rigid competition, as they now come to the final contests in dish-washing, ironing, table-serving, biscuit-making, bread-making, book-repairing, weaving, painting, carpentering, typewriting, and printing. Judges render

*Continued on page 128*



Animals, like humans, love Uldine

**I**N these days of materialism and pleasure-seeking, it is very refreshing indeed to meet some one who gives no thought to these things; one, whose whole philosophy of life follows the Scriptural injunction: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you."

Such an inspired one is little Uldine Utley, originally of Oklahoma, but now of all America, who, although only fourteen years of age, has become one of the leading evangelists of the land.

At the age of nine, Uldine was just an ordinary, normal girl, talented perhaps in

Spiritual values of life and living which in many cases is sadly neglected.

Every human being is seeking enlightenment. So many are groping in the dark. They want to find a better way to live, and they try to solve their problems by their own intelligence. They do not take God, the Creator of Mankind, seriously. They question His authority, and place their judgment above His. They seek the praise of men, preferring it to the approval of God.

This is the way of the world, but there is no enduring happiness therein. It seems that we just go along like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. Lives are lost through

reckless living, and then when it is too late, cry is made unto Heaven for deliverance.

A distinguished person has said that what America and the world need most today is a religious revival, drawing the hearts and minds of men to the Prince of Peace. And this, verily, is true. The great thought is this: If people will humble themselves and pray, and will attune themselves to the Will of God, what a wonderful transformation will take place!

This condition of fact is clearly indicated in the life of Uldine Utley. At the age of nine, an average girl, with a love for dancing and an ambition for the stage, she suddenly, while attending a revival service, lost this and all other earthly ambitions and desires, and was converted. Since then she has given her life to God's work, and has moved audiences as only a prophetess of God can. Not only has she been given such wisdom from on High that audiences marvel at her messages, but God has beautified her, even as He beautifies the flowers of the field.

Small of stature, of athletic appearance, with shining bobbed blond hair, blue eyes, which are filled with sympathy, love and understanding, she has a countenance, beautiful and radiant, and an engaging smile that fairly breathes a "God Bless You" upon all. She dresses in white, with the good old Bible in one hand, and the other uplifted, the personification of animation, as she exhorts multitudes to follow the Christ. She really looks like a little angel on earth. So

## Uldine Utley—the Child

*A Modern Joan of Arc of the Religious World  
of Prayer Proves a Valiant*

By JOHN SCHAEFER



A view of the great audience that welcomed Uldine Utley on the occasion of her

# Uldine Evangelist

Uldine. *The Little Queen*  
*Crusader*

ER

sweet, so natural, so humble, so sincere. With God's spirit manifested in her very words, is it any wonder that thousands flock to hear her, and that many souls are won to God?

If God can do this with a little girl because she gave herself to Him, what can He do with other girls and boys, men and women, who give themselves over wholly to His Will? O, what a mighty revival there would be if thousands of Americans just did this one thing, return to God and pray that He may use them for His glory and for the edification of America's fair name, to the end that this country may be in every fact a great beacon-light unto the nations of the world, causing them to follow the example of our beloved land, a country that is built on the Rock, doing the work of God, and bringing peace and good will to all mankind.

The writer asked Uldine the other day to give her reply to the question, "What Is America's Greatest Present Need?" and quickly, without even taking time for thought or preparation, she dictated the following reply:

*"In God We Trust! Do we really?"*

"America has riches. She is the richest country in the world. Into her bosom is poured 'good measure' as was the promise of the Master, Who said, 'Give and it shall be given unto you.'"

"America has always been recognized as a philanthropic nation, generous in every time of need, willing to help whenever help was needed. When the allied nations called,



Uldine Utley in a typical action pose



Uldine's campaign opening at the Cadle Tabernacle, Indianapolis, Ind., in April last

America answered; when one of her own states called after a sweeping disaster, as in southern Florida, she immediately responded. She has poured out to the service of the world her wealth of riches and men; she has given 'Goodwill unto men.'

"Her esteem among nations has never been surpassed. Her valor and strong determination to win in every conflict have heralded the fame of her stars and stripes around the globe. No sacrifice has been too great to make for our country. In the full bloom of youth men have been willing to lay down their lives for America's freedom. Wondrous land of freedom art thou, O America! Wonderful thy fields of fruitfulness and beauty, our 'Land of the Free and home of the brave!'

"Our Mother Country has sung, 'Still stands our ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget.' We today sing with such fervor, 'Our Father's God, to Thee, Author of Liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright with Freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.'

"*In God We Trust.*" Yes, the America of yesterday trusted in God. Someone has said, 'The Bible made America, prayers established it, faith builded it, and as a nation we must cling to His Holy Word. True Americanism must be founded on the Word of God.'

"*In God We Trust?* What is the answer from the America of today? Has she really become a money-mad, pleasure-seeking, Christ-deriding, God-denying America? Does America want Modernism, evolution, atheism, and higher criticism; or does she want the Bible, the Word of the Living God, and the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers?

"What shall America's fate be? Shall it be that of ancient Babylon? Or of ancient Greece? Shall the fate of Rome be hers? 'For when they knew God they glorified Him not as God but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish hearts were darkened.'

"Shall we permit the atheistic forces within our land to snatch from the hand of Liberty that lighted torch, and trample under foot our motto: *In God We Trust?*"

America can well heed this voice!

Uldine Utley has already traveled across the continent and southward in revival campaigns. She is only a child today, but what a wonderful worker in God's vineyard she is! That she may ever be thus is the unceasing prayer of her consecrated parents, who were called away from the ordinary routine of life to accompany her in her journeyings. Here we do find a family dedicated to God, an example to American home life everywhere. If we too would have this power to help people, we can have it by willingness to pay the price, by disposing of the things that hinder us, and by following in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene.

America has boasted of great orators in the past, and she has them in this day and generation, but those who hear Uldine Utley will say that she is indeed, as Dr. Straton has described her, "The Very

Reverend and Most Worshipful Doctor Uldine, Bishop Plenipotentiary and Preacher Extraordinary." She is the princess of oratory, the little disciple of God.

### The Little Queen of Prayer

An editorial appreciation of Uldine Utley  
by Joe Mitchell Chapple

Somehow I thought of Joan of Arc when I first saw little Uldine Utley, attired in white, with a snowy cape on her shoulders. She appeared, Bible in hand, like a real messenger from God. I listened in astonishment to the words of the sermon, her rapid-fire quotations from Scripture,



Meditation

and then I no longer wondered why the thousands have flocked to hear her wherever she appears. That first meeting was in a Tabernacle at West Palm Beach. After a masterly sermon, Dr. John Roach Straton, in the most conventional way announced, "I know that I am taking unfair advantage of my old friend, Joe Chapple, but I am going to call upon him to say a few words right now." There was nothing for me to do but to walk down the long aisle like a lone sinner to repentance. On the posts of the Tabernacle I observed signs, "Please do not applaud." This was like taking a cold plunge for a secular speaker, for somehow I have always associated applause with humor and enjoyment, for does not the child clap his hands when pleased? The inspiration of Dr. Straton's sermon and text helped me out. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way; by taking heed thereto according to Thy word." It was a favorite psalm of my mother's and I had even repeated it with childish lisp at her knee. When Mothers or memories of Mothers enter into our undertakings, we feel a sort of confidence in ourselves, because she is one person who understands us—and every human being is more or less interested in mothers. Imagine my consternation when I told a story and heard the audience applauding, and then I realized that I had used the word "Damn" in an innocent, but most shocking way, under

the circumstances. That impelled me to close with something that might make them forget my slip of tongue and enable me to do penance for breaking the rules. The closing prayer was made by little Uldine Utley and I'll never forget that prayer. She prayed for me. I needed it. It was specific and unconsciously sweet and tender. She also included Dr. Straton and all the other ministers on the platform in her petition, but I could not resist appropriating one part of her supplication in the golden storehouse of memory. When I heard her later in the Calvary Church of New York, and witnessed the scene of a great throng hanging on the words of a child with big blue eyes and golden hair, with arms uplifted, making an appeal that brought a response from the younger folk as well as the "Amen Corner," it marked another picture that hangs on Memory's wall.

In the subdued light, with a large illuminated cross hanging over her slight form, the pleadings of the little Christian crusader were not in vain. The old, old song, "I Need Thee Every Hour" sounded new, while the chorus of "Melody of Love," followed in the ringing tones sung by people who were happy in their faith. Outside, on 57th Street, the chugging engines repairing the streets mingled with the songs of the noon-day prayer meeting and the afternoon gatherings. A study of the audience was more intensely interesting than that of any throng that ever gathered in a theatre. I marvelled at the paltry contributions in churches which do not average ten cents for each individual, a small tithe compared to the amount paid out for picture shows and theatres, parading the tawdry and tinsel for the devotees of pleasure. Happily that collection was only a ratio at the beginning of what followed later when the love offering was made for Uldine Utley and the expenses of the meetings. People have gladly out of grateful hearts for the blessings they had received out of Uldine Utley's ministry. What startled me was to learn here that there are organized Atheist Sunday Schools to tear children from the faith of Fathers and Mothers—a faith that has endured during the centuries, since the blue dawn of Bethlehem. The American people are fundamentally religious. They may not show it in the mad rush of everyday life or even in the leisure moments, when recreation and pleasure is sought. But there is a deep and underlying conviction in the hearts of the great masses of people that life is neither complete or endurable without the thought that there are still some unselfish and devoted souls carrying on the work of the Master and proclaiming the mandate of mercy included in the Sermon on the Mount. We may disagree on creeds, but a spirit of tolerance among a God-loving humanity makes sunny days enduring and dark days endurable. We are ruled by heart power, undefined and subtle as it is, transcending all other physical and mental force. As there is little variation in physical heart beats, so there is a harmony in the pulsing of that greater heart that reigns supreme within us. As we approach entire sincerity in our beliefs and actions, so are we perfect.

Continued on page 129

# A Mayor in the Major Sense

*When Ralph S. Bauer became mayor of the historic city of Lynn, Massachusetts, he became one of the most discussed and cussed city executives in the country*

ONE of the most cussed and discussed mayors of the United States today is Ralph S. Bauer of Lynn, Mass. But, strange to say, he does not mind having that distinction for if ever there was a man who went into office with the determination of being a mayor in the major sense of the word, it is he who signs his name Ralph S. Bauer.

Born in Provincetown, where the Pilgrims first landed, something of the rugged spirit of seafaring folk capable of coping with the storm and squall seems inherent in the personality of the mayor of Lynn. His election was the outcome of one of the strongest municipal political campaigns ever waged, a campaign conducted without the aid of a campaign committee, a single poster or placard. He spent almost nothing on his campaign, neglecting even to provide automobiles for disabled and lazy voters.

A disciple of the good, old-fashioned, sturdy, Pilgrim ideas concerning the home responsibilities of citizenship, he is now conducting a real experiment in democracy. One thing he insists upon—co-operation, and he made it plain to the voters before election that if they could not furnish him with a council that would work with him, they had better not vote for him. That is the reason he now has a council which enables him to secure action without making political promises.

Cordially and overtly hated by the old-line politicians of the city, even his worst enemies admit the rugged honesty of Ralph S. Bauer.

I first met him twenty-seven years ago, when behind the counter in his little news stand he was busy building up a real business establishment. In the little stationery store in Central Square he started the first newspaper distribution service which has since developed into the largest newspaper distributing agency along the North Shore. His former tiny store is now the largest commercial office furniture store in Massachusetts outside of Boston, besides being a central distributing port for news.

Back of these few lines of achievement is a story replete with the thrills of an Oliver Optic narrative. It was at the summit of the hill overlooking Lake Attitash, in the summer home of Ralph Bauer, that I gathered, in fragments, a story remarkable in its graphic description of the career of a typical successful New Englander. From a tower on this hill, four hundred and thirty-five feet above sea level, one can view the rolling ocean and the beautiful tree bordered lake marking the boundary between the state of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In the heart of Whittier's

country, these very scenes inspired the good Quaker poet to pen the romantic lines to the "Fair Maids of Attitash." This lake, the hill and the ocean beyond was a summer retreat for Ralph Bauer long before he became mayor of Lynn and had the honor of welcoming President Coolidge to the North Shore.

No less a person than the chief executive of the United States pronounced this view the most beautiful he has ever looked upon. An old-time personal friend of the

and has made a clean sweep of many of the barnacles that come with political administration.

According to Lynn's city charter, the mayor has not the power to appoint. The selections are made by the City Council, and the city's chief executive is constrained to sway the members of the Council to his way of thinking by the force of his arguments for the good of Lynn.

A great admirer of Mussolini, Ralph Bauer has many kind words for Primo Rivera, the Dictator of Spain.

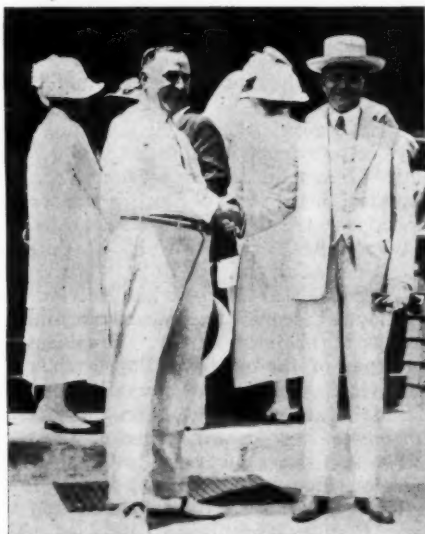
The keynote of Bauer's whole career are the lines from Kipling, published in "Heart Throbs":—

"For when the one great Scorer  
Comes to write against your name,  
He writes—not that you won or lost,  
But how you played the game."

This is the gospel of his life—a life of rugged honesty and purpose. As mayor, some of his actions have bordered on the sensational and his activities have been discussed nationally and internationally. Even the Paris papers have commented upon his action in threatening to put the beauty specialists of Lynn out of business if they insisted on continuing their treatments on Sundays. Such actions are no more than one might expect from a man like Ralph Bauer.

In shirt sleeves, looking upon the beautiful flowers that cluster about his summer home, Mayor Bauer looks no more like a man of fifty-nine years of age than he does like a politician. The son of a teacher in the public schools at Provincetown and later at Lexington, Massachusetts, his father died when little Ralph was seven years of age. Life was a problem for the widowed Mrs. Bauer to face, but her bright, blue-eyed son was always at her side to help her. They started for Philadelphia, where Ralph began his career as a newsboy. After his first day's work he poured fifty-nine pennies into the lap of his mother, who cried as she hugged him and called him her little man. Hard as she found it to make both ends meet, in some manner she managed to keep him at school, even though he insisted upon going to work to help out. Once a school teacher, Mrs. Bauer knew the value of education and the fruits of her endeavors to keep her boy in school are the achievements of Ralph S. Bauer today.

After their experience in Philadelphia, the family and son lived for a while in New York City and later in Buffalo. In 1880 they returned to Boston. Their total capital when they reached Boston was twenty-seven cents, but, nevertheless, Mrs. Bauer's



Ralph S. Bauer greeting President Coolidge at Bauercrest farm

President, while Coolidge was visiting at Bauercrest last summer, he ordered the private presidential flag to be unfurled from the flagpole at the Mayor's summer home in honor of the occasion, the first time, it was said, this flag has ever flown from a private residence other than the President's. Here, also, Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, the late Secretary Weeks and many other notables have foregathered.

To "Bauercrest" Ralph Bauer retires for respite from his business activities and his official duties.

A conversation with Lynn's dynamic mayor need not proceed far before you come to the realization that you are in the presence of a vibrant personality whose early struggles have been an education in the broadest sense of the word. Determined, when he took the oath of office, to straighten out the affairs of the city of Lynn, as a result of his efforts he has already been able to reduce the tax rate \$5.00,

first step upon arriving was to place her boy in a school. He pleaded to be allowed to give up school and go to work so he could earn more money, but his mother was obdurate.

From the Dudley Street School he went to Boston Latin. All this time he was selling papers and rising at four o'clock in the morning and working on the wagon delivering papers until it was time to go to school. In the afternoon, after school, he sold papers until six or seven o'clock at night, and then spent whatever leisure he had doing his home work. Usually he "called it a day" about midnight, when he retired with nothing to do until four o'clock the next morning! The variety of his activities is the only thing that kept him going.

There were many hard days in the winter time for this little lad in Pi Alley and Newspaper Row. There were cold and rainy nights when he stood wet and shivering, waiting for the late editions, and trying, when they arrived, to satisfy every customer and get every penny possible. He met the buffets and the little kindnesses of policemen with a smile. He had early learned the great lesson of life, as well as the fundamentals of merchandising. To the fact that he knew them both is due to his ability as a youth to support his mother and sisters for sixteen years.

\* \* \*

There was something of pathos in the Mayor's reference to the fact that he never had a Christmas present in his childhood days. There was never any money in the Bauer household for the purpose of Christmas presents, and, as a result, Ralph never had a toy.

"I was denied real play time," he declared, "but we newsboys made play of our work."

And though he had very little time for marbles or baseball, he was always in the open, and good health was his reward.

In 1885, young Bauer made the pilgrimage to Alfred Centre, New York, where he matriculated at Alfred University, from which his father and mother had graduated before the Civil War. There he worked on a farm for his board and room and during summer vacations ran a newspaper business at Nantasket, where he earned enough to pay his way through college besides paying the expenses of the family at home.

After graduating from Alfred University he took his LL.B. degree at the Boston University Law School. A full-fledged lawyer, working in the mailing room of the *Boston Herald*, the scent of news and ink proved too strong for him, so, with his legal degree in his pocket, he started for New York and secured a job with the *New York Herald*, then published by the late James Gordon Bennett. Later he became circulation manager of the *Chicago Evening Post* and business manager of the *Chicago Daily Mail*, which has since merged with the *Evening Journal*. With a real salary now at his disposal every Saturday, he decided to marry the winsome Western girl who was his inspiration and who made him see a real future ahead.

Taking a day off, they were married at

Kenosha. When Bauer went back to work the next day, there was talk of firing him because he had allowed a rival newspaper to get the beat on the story of his wedding, which, he declares, was the happiest and most important day off in his life. Some time after their marriage, the couple moved on to St. Louis, where he became connected with *The Star* as general manager. He began to realize, however, that salaried positions have their limitations and he began to long for an independent position in New



Bauercrest farm, Amesbury, Massachusetts

England. Returning to Lynn, he took the first steps that led finally to the career which has led from the news stand to the office of mayor.

On his desk, when I visited him, there were letters from Senator Beveridge, John Hays Hammond and one from President Coolidge, dated at Paul Smith's camp. The President is particularly interested in Mayor Bauer's views on the handling of municipal affairs.

My conviction is that his election was the logical sequel to his extraordinarily successful business career. President, at one time, of the old Lynn Board of Trade, four years later he was prevailed upon to become President of the Lynn Chamber of Commerce, now known as one of the most active and energetic organizations in the country. Fourteen years ago Ralph Bauer petitioned the Legislature to establish the Essex County Agricultural School, of which he is now president, and which was the first institution of its kind in the country—a free public school for boys and girls living in Essex county—it offers a special course in agriculture.

All in all, Ralph Bauer is an unusual man. He can always be depended upon for the unusual. He is the kind of official in whom the newspapers delight, for they can depend upon him to furnish them with plenty of front page material. When he received his tax bill some years ago, he wrote back to the board of assessors that their valuation of his personal estate was \$2000 less than it should be, and that he would like them to rectify the mistake and send him a revised bill.

On the day of his induction into office, he placarded the City Hall with the following notice: "Lynn's 1926 tax rate must be under \$31.00 and rents must come down. Everyone should help."

He was especially interested in hearing about Mussolini, who has induced the working men of Italy to give an extra hour of work every day to help pay the national debt. He believes in co-operation, and has

no use for the laggards and the shirker to whom he lays much of our present-day unrest.

By securing the appropriation of a million dollars for the construction of the Lynn Boulevard, he was enabled to provide his home town with an invaluable asset. It took him eight years to accomplish his purpose, but those who knew Ralph Bauer, and knew him as a man who never gives up once he starts anything, were never doubtful of the outcome.

"Until we can make a real success of democracy and representative government in our municipal cities," he declares, "we cannot hope to make the country at large a representative republic in the real sense of the word. We must begin at the foundation, with the individual as the unit, and come to an appreciation of the fact that only one thing ever endures—and that is honor. Graft and inefficiency are two things that must be eliminated from government. Both are bad, but inefficiency is the more fatal of the two. Corruption can be controlled under some circumstances, but inefficiency is hopeless."

Wandering about the grounds among the flowers, he pointed to a corn patch and remarked: "That will soon be yellow corn and good corn."

He built roads and developed this almost overlooked section that gives a view of the Ossining Mountains to the north and a sweeping vista of New England landscape that is threaded with the lines of our national anthem. The "rocks and rills, woods and templed hills" are all here, and as Ralph Bauer relaxes from his dynamic activities and looks upon the scene, there is an expression in his face that is akin to worship.

Since Ralph Bauer became Mayor, there is an atmosphere pervading the City Hall in Lynn that is shocking to some of the oldest settlers. Everywhere there are placards posted, calling the attention of the city employees, and the citizens to this and that. "It may not look so pretty," he declares, "but it's effective." That, after all, is the important point.

One of the notices posted in City Hall consists of the following very significant sentence:

"This building is dedicated to the business of Lynn. It is not a clearing house for personal grievances or personal selfishness. No soliciting of donations, sale of tickets, peddling or other personal merchandising will be permitted in this building. The working time of the occupants of this building belongs to the City of Lynn. If you must see them on any of the above matters, see them at their homes and not in the Lynn City Hall."

There was a change in the personnel of the procession that moved out across the threshold of the City Hall on and after the day that Ralph S. Bauer took his seat in the Mayor's chair. Immediately, he began the constructive work of building up his home city and of putting to a test everything that he thought would inure to the benefit and welfare of Lynn. Independent as to his position in life, his salary of \$5,000 a year, as mayor, he contributed to charities. He is one mayor whose sole object is not to carry favor and gain reelection.

# Life as Seen in the Passing Age

*Arthur G. Staples, the sage of Maine, glimpses records, scenes and impulses of generations past and present in New England*

SOMETIMES it requires a rainy day or just a little lonesome time to yourself after an illness to discover the real treasures in the library. Long ago I received a brilliant red covered book, entitled, "The Passing Age." It was inscribed by A. G. S., initials that to me mean as much as R. L. S. I looked upon the book as one of those private, personal treasures; something outside the routine of a mere book for review in order to illuminate the literary fanciers looking for a new breed or romance or a new fad in style or form.

Frankly I glanced at it when received and then put it carefully away just as our grandmothers used to put carefully away their choice bit of lavender and lace. Before I even opened its pages, I felt that it was a treasured letter from an old friend not to be read in the rushing pell-mell of the day's work. I longed to sit down and browse a bit with the author, Arthur G. Staples.

Opening the book I found four pages printed in italics, and when anything is printed in italics I read it. It was an appreciative introduction by John Clair Minot who presides over the literary realm of the *Boston Herald*, but I was anxious to read what Arthur had to say in his own Thoreauic style. We seemed to be sitting down on a log by the side of Walden's Pond as A. G. S. told me how these themes chanced to be chosen day by day.

Yankee-like, he started the book on a theme of whittling shavings, for the fire must be lighted. Then he begins to stagger me with statistics proving that every newspaper man has written more words than are contained in the Bible. Modestly he has calculated that he himself has written twenty-four million words,—six hundred volumes of "real stuff." That makes a fellow author and newspaper man begin to appreciate that he has been going some in covering miles of paper with the typewriter and the old-fashioned lead pencil. We take a little walk from Lunkasoo to Katahdin Lake up the Wissatiquoik and Arthur's calculator is at work again, insisting that in eighteen miles there are forty-six thousand, eight hundred steps. Gracious! How one would dread this if he could look at the ceiling in the morning and contemplate forty-six thousand, eight hundred steps for that day, but he does not mention the steps mothers take around the house, doing the day's work. I am surprised that Arthur overlooked this poetic sidelight. A bit of verse on "Settin' by the Fire," in good old Yankee dialect and which concludes, as all good old stories should, with a bride carrying a bouquet, "living happily ever after."

Comments on "Waste" centers around his theme discussing the Yankee loathness to throw away anything and his own dread of throwing away razor blades because they always turn up somewhere and do damage.

Vivid pictures of almost every phase and detail of New England home life and country life follow in quick succession but he



Arthur G. Staples

pauses to indite an epic to door scrapers, showing how the housekeeper prevented useless mud from entering the house on Sundays at least.

Appealing and tender as the choice bit of turkey saved for the minister is the tribute to "Old Thanksgivings" followed by the ode to brown sugar made into syrup and brown sugar has the strength of the old days; together with its memories of the buzzing of flies. In his tribute to "Old Spinning-Wheels and Sich," the romance of earlier days suffuses the page, but that little story on "Going Back to the Old Home" where he was born touches the tendrils of the heart. There is a little touch of romance in the picture of the house and of the barn, but when he pays tribute to the old-fashioned lane as he wanders its length in a chugging automobile, where erstwhile he toiled afoot to teach at the country school or wandered with the cows by twilight, there is real feeling. This naturally suggests hollyhocks, larkspur and Aunt Orra's garden, but he seems to have little patience with the neurotic and temperamental hollyhock of today. He admires the sturdy, old-fashioned kind that can brace the breezes like old-fashioned sun-flowers. After his regular day's work is done, I can see Arthur G. Staples writing on these themes as a sort of relief,—taking a breath, and finding the beauty and glory in the common things of life. In "The Cape Cod Pot" in which potatoes were boiled, which was used for baking, for cook-

ing soups and for brewing tea—in fact as a combination tea kettle, frying pan and baking pan—he discovers an heirloom of the old pilgrim days. Then in the description he gives of "Old-Time Country Store Oratory" you have a "Down East" in one paragraph.

"An Old-Time 'Skule'" is not overlooked nor are the "Warming Pans" of our great grandmothers, but a most feeling and touching reference was made to old forgotten boot-jacks. Ear-lappers in a sleigh riding with the bobs makes one fairly tingle with youth and hear the "jingle bells."

Who can forget the old-fashioned parlor ingrained carpet with its reflection of Bagdad in its glorious days or a glimpse of the Old Blacksmith. Longfellow did not paint a better word picture "under the spreading chestnut tree."

The book throughout is like a picture album with its poetic lights and shadows of life. In a chapter on "Sorrows" and its philosophy, he alludes to Lincoln revealing the depth of the religious fervor in the soul of the author. In "Sawing Hemlock" he notes the passing procession of June brides and dads and looks upon the days that follow the wedding of the child and insists—let the sun rise at all weddings and even let dad be cheerful and gay. The lines strike home and suggest a daughter being given in marriage. Comments on being entertained strike a responsive chord in a lecturer's heart, but when he comes to popping corn on Sunday night he proves that pop corn has individuality. Some will pop and some will decline to venture beyond the state of confirmed spinsterhood, but popping corn is nothing unless "folks" are there, when it becomes a domestic ritual.

A. G. S.—bless his heart—must have been thinking of "Heart Throbs" when he brings out of his pocketbook, scraps of poems and begins commenting on them, intimating how this same poem had impressed Cyrus Curtis or the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He challenges his readers to cut out poems and read them on the train so I shall have to stop and take a breath and print the first stanza of one:

"If you think you're beaten, you are.  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,  
For out in the world you find  
Success begins with a fellow's will;  
It's all in the state of mind.  
Full many a race is lost  
Ere ever a step is run."

There is a real nature study in old New England fences—the pole fence, log fence,

snake fence which leads the son of Maine to comment on stone walls and drifting snows.

Arthur Staples is an author for all four seasons. Spring moods, summer fantasies, autumn reveries and the thrill of woodland trails in winter are all there and the compass is boxed—but he must stop to talk with old Uncle Solon about how cayenne would cure the ills and ailments even of cows and dogs.

Taking a fall out of daylight saving time and "Volsteading Our Songs," he quotes Wordsworth to prove his case, harking back to Ben Jonson's rhapsody, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "Dannie's Going Away" is labelled as a purely local topic, but somehow it is as universal as the heart beat. Like all distinguished Americans, Arthur Staples belonged to a brass band and he speaks with authority about the kettle drum which he heard in the symphony. Now he thinks he has solved the riddle of proportion in the symphony orchestra, but the good old bass drum in the brass band still marks the time. In going "acorning" he insists that it takes about one thousand acorns to make an oak. His picture of the hills in September and October days is a poetic picture and reminds us that we are losing something when we forget the hills and scorn the acorn and the squirrel and forget that we are one with them and the trees.

Early aspirations on circus and "fair" days are indicated in his desire for balloons on a stick—the moral is not to wait too long before you buy your balloon! Don't for the sake of Love and Joy, wait too long before you put the toy-balloon into the hands of the loved ones. The time to buy walnuts is when you have teeth to eat them! These are the comments of a philosopher from down in Maine.

The observing eyes of Arthur do not forget to focus on church spires and what they mean, then he remembers the cellar where butter-milk ranges from sweet to sour and drinks a foaming beaker of butter-milk to memories of long ago.

Whitcomb Riley in his lines "The Frost is on the Pumpkin" did not present a clearer picture than Arthur Staples does on the prosaic pumpkin piles. I chuckled when I read "An Oyster Supper and Dance" when he took a girl for the first time and found one lone oyster in the soup. There was good music, real Henry Ford fiddling when Dan Teague was ready to play the fiddle with his eyes shut and one half of his brain fast asleep while a clarion voice called, "Seelect your pardners for the Grand March and Circle to the left."

Amid the furore of Florida literature I read his martial command "Stand Up for New England Climate." He allowed that climate had something to do with making men and women that have got the stuff in them and who are capable of doing things, even if they have to go south to Florida to do them.

Then he describes the joy of playing marbles and next remembers the consternation that followed the discovery of an adder snake under the school house. Philosophizing on the time when the doctor

said he had a fatal disease, he said it was like the adder that was reported under the school house. Everybody sought the adder but nobody found it. After all, may not many of the worries, troubles, distress and illness be simply adders under the school house.

There was a smile on the young girl's face reading his description of "Taking Your Girl to Ride." "Not by automobile—Heaven forfend, but in an old-fashioned buggy with a snappy horse and a whip with ribbons on it and a linen dust-robe tucked around her. Oh, gee!" What giddy boys they were in the old days.

The next day he comments on dandelions. The book seems like a diary of reminiscence. His first experience driving an automobile was a thrilling realism. I have ridden with Arthur G. Staples at the wheel.

The floral gem of the book occurs about mid-ships. It is a comment on "Laylocks" but he should have spelled it properly—it is lilacs. Where is there a soul so dead that it does not respond to the fragrance of lilacs? The perfume of lilacs floats in through the windows of memory and recall some witching night in June when the lilacs were in bloom. Lilacs come from old Persia and have for me an exotic odor that outlives the overwhelming fragrance of the lilies. The lilac was the favorite of Abraham Lincoln. Struck down by an assassin's bullet in lilac time inspired Walt Whitman's imperishable poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed." Arthur calls them "laylocks" as the dear old ladies used to call them. Why do this, Arthur? They are "lilacs." I have seen them near great castles, in the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, where lilacs, in all the prismatic hues of the rainbow, garland the cragged peaks like laurel crowns—red, white, blue, pink, lavender and purple. The tenderest memories of life are likely to be associated with lilac time.

I have sat and talked with "A. G. S." on how times have changed, on neighbors, on the soul of the peony and the barefoot boy. I have sat with him and heard the bells of the evening, heard him comment on the old-fashioned country girl with cheeks reflecting the color of the rambler roses on the trellis. Perhaps she was freckled, but she was sturdy, honest and sincere without the paint and garnish of modern beauty appurtenances.

"These are my folks," he says, over and over, in just talking about the country people. His thesis on "attics" confirms an old-fashioned notion of mine that attics are sacred haunts. Here you can hear the patter on the roof,—come in close contact with the rafters and look out upon the billowy waves of the bell-topped elms.

Not to be partial he has written something about old-fashioned boys—but fie!—it has not the verve of his tribute to the old-fashioned country girl. With the ardor of an Isaac Walton, he stands and declares: "Arouse men and women! Stand for your rights. Are you to be debarred from roasting ten hours a day on a broiling pond hoping for a bite at your worm?" This defence of the angle worm strikes a re-

sponsive chord proving that the angle worm was built for fish—if the fish only knew it.

Oh! the old hay-mow—one can sniff the clover and the timothy and feel an impulse to turn a somersault after reading his description of the old hay-mow. A chapter on switchel, which might be termed the original home-brew of New England, precedes verses on vacation days and follows it with a comment on "kissing your first girl." Yum! Yum! The memory of that is quite a personal matter for who dare deny the bliss of that first kiss.

Arthur evidently has had a round trip ticket to more than one convention and knows about hammocks in sleeping cars and the changing fashions.

As a newspaper publisher, he would not be true to his calling if he did not comment on advertising and then follow with a chapter on red paint. He knows the psychology of the red paint on the ox cart and then sadly laments the passing of the blue barn door. What would life be without such colorful remembrances? The sketch on Wallace's barber shop describes a meeting place more for discussion than for shaving, prior to the time it was invaded by the gentler sex in their demand for bobbed hair.

Witness Arthur Staples at breakfast with a baked apple, commenting on the old hay barn, then on eating specked apples so the others can go to market. There is a "bit of the personal" in his comment on forty-three years of newspaper work and his protest against "the hopelessly sane" people who are like steam rollers, settled in one place and flattening everything they pass over. "Me, for the fool; struggling through the daisies; skipping the small brooks; rioting among the weeds and wild-flowers. Sanity is a fine thing—but so stupid."

The inherent genius of every Yankee boy has had a fling at fixing the family clock. Arthur fixed his—he looked it in the face, gave it a good shaking all over, then banged it hard several times on an old marble-topped table. Next he slapped its face and it began running and has been running perfectly ever since and he could not ask for a better behaved clock. Further comments on his "Remarks About Women" had best be omitted, to whet the interest of new buyers for I note what he has to say on hash, which he insists is not a boarding house dish but a result of the God-given thrift of the farm house kitchen. "Hash," he insists, "is an art. It is democratic, it is honest and open-faced. It has just so many vitamins full of proteins; dynamite, calories, British heat units, and is free from all bacteria and philoprogenitiferousness—so to speak."

There is a tender touch in his tribute to his mother which will apply to all mothers who return to bless, comfort and console, even when years have passed since you left the old home with its memories. A fling is taken at Congress and he tells how to save a word or two in Congressional discussions.

In one of the closing chapters he pleads for dogs for the boys who want and need them. Then comes his comment on spring

# "Food" as a Topic *at* Institute of Politics

*The sessions of the conference at Williams College covered a wide range of subjects. "Food" for the increasing millions a subject debated by chemists and economists*

**A**MID the classic shades of Williamstown, where, during ten months of the year, students from every part of the country foregather to drink in the gems of wisdom which fall from the lips of a distinguished faculty, there gathers, during the summer, a host of celebrities—statesmen, college professors, writers, journalists, lights of the legal world, and others—for a discussion of the problems confronting the world today. A conference, it might be termed, except that it transcends anything in the nature of a conference. It is, in the fullest sense of the word, an institution, and, as the "Institute of Politics," it is already known far and wide.

At the sixth session of the Institute there were gathered leaders in every walk of life, all radiating the impulse to get to the bottom of the various questions of national and international interest which were to be studied and discussed there, and solutions suggested.

The "Round-Table" Conferences covered a multitude of related topics in the realm of things political. There were conferences dealing with every conceivable phase of international relations—economic, social and legal. It was natural, therefore, that one should see in Williamstown at this time nearly every personage of importance in the world politic. Some came to gather a new insight into one phase of political relations, or to give it; others came to correlate their viewpoints on other topics. But all were deeply interested in the work of the Institute, and all were very much satisfied with what was being accomplished there.

\* \* \*

Some attended the conference on "Mineral Resources in Their Political Relations;" some the conference on the "New Aspects of the World Economic Situation," or that on the "Role of Chemistry in the World's Future Affairs." There were those whose abiding interest was in the Round Table on "International Problems Arising from the Diversity of Legal Systems;" or the "Chinese Republic and the Powers." Some showed their preference for the discussions dealing with "Limitations of Armaments;" others for the conference on "Inter-American Problems in the Foreign Policy of the United States."

Nearly everybody attended all the general conferences—those dealing with "Mineral Resources in their Political Relations;" "A Survey of the International Situation in the Far East;" "Public Opinion in World Affairs," and "Chemistry in World Affairs."

In every case the conferences were in

charge of leading authorities from various parts of the world. The conferees, too, seemed to have transcended barriers of race or nationality. It was not a case of what was good for America, or for France; but of what was good for the entire world.

Universities throughout the country, and



President H. A. Garfield of Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts

even in far-off Australia were represented in the faculty list; and the list of attendants was even more catholic.

Though the addresses at all the Round Tables were of great import, and of vast interest to a journalist, it was in the Howe Round Table, and the conferences on "International Problems Arising from the Diversity of Legal System," the "Chinese Republic and the Powers," and "Chemistry in World Affairs" that I found my greatest interest. In "The Role of Chemistry in the World's Future Affairs," in particular, I found the most to occupy my mind.

\* \* \*

Chemistry is one subject which is ever an enticement to speculation upon my part. Its magic formulas to me are the symbols of the wonder works of civilization, and recall to mind the mystic formulas of the alchemists of old. In speculation as to the changes which chemistry will bring about in the days to come I have long found much

pleasure, and so this conference was quite in line with my own interests.

That I was not disappointed in the Conference the reader may rest assured. Under the able guidance of such an authority as Mr. Harrison E. Howe of Washington, assisted by Mr. D. H. Killeffer of New York, the Round Table could be nothing but the most pronounced success. The addresses were replete with inspiration, and the conferences brought out many astonishing facts and solutions to problems of world-wide interest.

One of the most searching and practical addresses at the Round Table was that delivered by Dr. H. E. Barnard, president of the American Institute of Baking at Chicago. The latter is a combination laboratory and school for bakers maintained by the leading bakers of the country, and out of the research and experimentation which is being carried on there throughout the year have come discoveries, improvements in processes and in the quality of bakers' products which have meant thousands and thousands of dollars to the bakers of the country. Dealing with a highly practical branch of chemistry in his every-day work, Dr. Barnard's address was naturally of a highly practical nature and one which, if his suggestions are adopted, should mean much to the entire world.

"The Economics of Food Surpluses" was the subject of the Doctor's address. "Of incalculable importance," he declared, "is the breaking down of the restrictive legislation which makes it difficult, and in some cases impossible, for the food surpluses of one country to pass freely to other countries where shortages exist. Since the work of the world can only be done by well-nourished people, it is imperative for the welfare of the race as a whole that the food products of one country should be made available to the less fortunate peoples. Only the limitations of finance and of transportation make necessary the death of the millions in China and India who perish annually from starvation. The world will never be wholly civilized until the swollen granaries of one country are allowed to overflow freely into the empty bins of another."

"If methods of transportation are developed as rapidly in the next 25 years as they have been in the 25 years just passed, we may expect to see the food surpluses of every country placed on the tables of the needy everywhere."

"Surplus crops can be saved by dehydration, by canning or conserving, and by cold storage."

"These processes are, for the most part,

developments of the last 50 years. In their development, industries have sprung up and practices have originated which have not in some cases been to the best interests of the public. In an endeavor to check processes largely unsanitary in character and only in part economic, legislation has been proposed and enacted which, while to a degree helpful, in many cases has seriously hampered the best utilization of the processes.

"Legislation which arbitrarily taxes time limits, operates not to, but against the public good, for it compels the withdrawal of foods from storage when they may not be

transportation costs in many cases to one-tenth, and the cost of warehousing and packing very greatly.

"Food wastes are enormous. Only a fraction of the product of the dairies reaches the ultimate consumer. The loss of fresh vegetables and fruits by improper handling and by spoilage equals, if not exceeds, the total amount ultimately consumed.

"The major waste in the dairy industry is due to the erroneous idea that the important constituent of milk is butter fat. The cream has been separated from the milk and made into butter, while the

fruits. Large quantities of foods entirely suitable for human use go to waste because the market at the point of production is limited. In California and in Florida the citrus associations have, within the past few years, established research laboratories for the purpose of working up the by-products for valuable use. Within the past two years a very considerable industry, of great profit to the lemon grower, has been developed, through which the citric acid of the lemon is extracted, crystallized and put into merchantable form. Similar processes are being studied with respect to other fruits, and will ultimately be developed to the benefit both of the grower and of the consumer who can purchase *fresh fruits more cheaply* because the surplus crops have been turned into profitable use at the point of production."

\* \* \*

Dr. Barnard, in this address, struck a keynote which had an answering echo in the mind of every conferee. Something must be done, was the general opinion, to break down the wall of well-meaning, paternalistic, but destructive legislation which is the barrier that prevents the flow of foodstuffs from one country where they are not needed to another which is desperately in need of them.

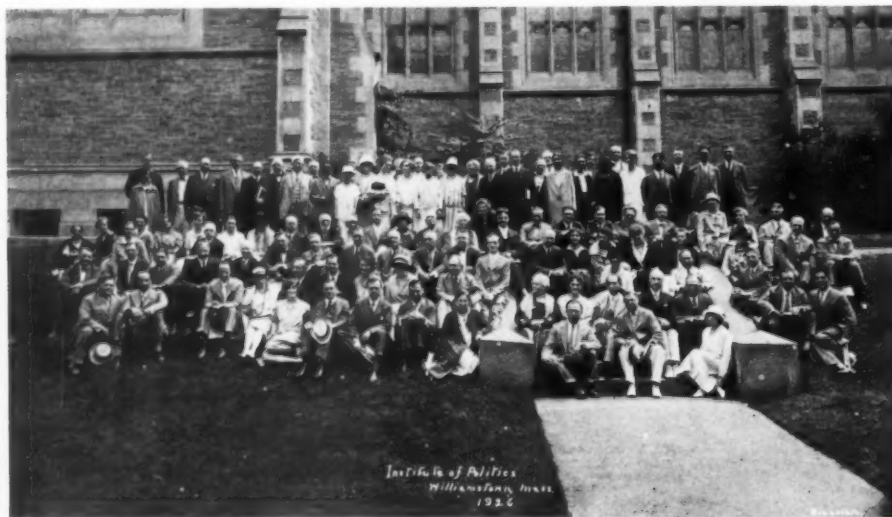
The price the world pays for this misguided protective legislation is lost sight of because of the fact that the results are not immediate. Who of the legislators in the United States stops to think for a moment that such legislation is one cause of the wholesale starvation in China and India—or even here in the United States, among those living in the vicious circle and unable to pay the price of good substantial foods which might otherwise be sold them at a low cost?

Better than feed the lowly of mankind milk which is similar in most respects to the original product, except that vegetable fats are substituted for the cream, our legislators would have us turn over the milk solids which remain in skim milk after the butter fat has been removed, to the pigs. This is actually what is being done with it in the dairy states where skim milk is the principle by-product.

From topic to topic, from Round Table to Round Table, the serious-minded conferees at the Institute of Politics wend their way, bringing order out of chaos in the realm of understanding of world problems—striking the flint that gives forth the tiny spark of enlightenment which, falling upon the tinder of serious public thought and world legislation, lights the way to the dawn of a better day.

\* \* \*

In the decades to come, Williamstown must surely come into its own and the scholars of the world point to it as the starting-point from which emanated the first breath of international political progress which, in the not too distant future, shall sweep the globe like a hurricane.



needed and when the market is already supplied. Cold storage makes it possible for England to eat the products of Australia in the form of mutton. Cold storage makes it possible for the American packer to hold large quantities of pork products against the foreign demand. Cold storage carries over large surpluses of butter produces during the grass months of May, June and July, until the winter months when production is limited.

"Cold storage makes it possible to bring butter from Europe and even from New Zealand and Australia. Cold storage brings to our tables the fruits of the world during every month of the year.

"The development of the canning industry, which effectively reserves perishables, also brings to our tables every month of the year the product of a few weeks of summer time. Modern canning processes prevent food spoilage, and in most cases prepare food for consumption better than the usual methods employed in the housewife's kitchen.

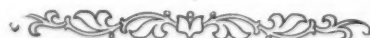
"The process of conservation of food by dehydration has not been developed to any considerable extent in this country. While it was given much study during the war period, our public have not yet learned to appreciate the quality of dehydrated foods nor the economic importance of a process which, by removing the water content, cuts

skimmed milk, in almost incredible quantities, has largely gone to waste. In recent years the chemist has pointed out that the milk solids exclusive of fat are of as great food value as the butter fat, and in some cases even greater.

"One practical way of using milk solids was developed a few years ago by condensing skimmed milk and adding a vegetable fat to give the product a nutritional balance similar to, although different from milk. These products, canned, soon acquired a large sale, and again legislation stepped in to hinder the development of the industry, on the mistaken theory that the use of vegetable oils instead of butter fat impaired the development of the dairy industry. Our Legislatures did not realize that the processes conserved quantities of dairy products which would otherwise go to waste, and that the consumer was, by restrictive legislations, deprived of an important food. At the present time the laws of most of the dairy states, and even federal legislation, has made it impossible to conserve milk solids for use as human food in this particular way.

\* \* \*

"The high freight rates on the fruit crops of the Pacific slope—apples, oranges and lemons—makes it impossible to bring to eastern markets any but the choicest



# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

**W**HAT does it mean to express light in terms of electricity, and then to transform electric current into radio activity which can be broadcast to the ends of the Universe in every direction that exists within the universal globe, radiating from the center to every mathematical point in the globe's circumference; there, or at any intervening point, to reverse the radio activity into electric current with magnetic power? It means that



C. Francis Jenkins

all distance is annihilated and that maps or messages in the actual handwriting of the sender, or photographs, may be carried through the ether of space and delivered instantly to a million or a hundred million receiving stations scattered over the whole world. It means that color photography which gives Nature's colors may be instantly carried through space and reproduced at the ends of the earth. It means that when a battle is fought in China, an observer sitting in an airplane or balloon above the battle, may reproduce in motion everything that is visible from his point of vantage and that "movie" will be simultaneously visible in the War Department of every capital in the world.

There has been radio transmission of photographs across the ocean, over the cables, and across the continent along telegraph or telephone wires—transmission from one station to another, but what is

now in mind, is the Jenkins invention which makes the ether the substitute for all wire and so broadcasts the picture or map or drawing or handwriting that it takes in all space and simultaneously is as "free as air" to an infinite number of receiving instruments.

On August 23, the United States Weather Bureau, in co-operation with the Naval Radio Station at Arlington, Va., made the first public demonstration of the new Jenkins invention for transmitting weather maps to ships at sea by radio. At a cost of not more than \$250, any ship may now be equipped with a Jenkins receiving set which will pick up out of space daily the official weather map with all details just as drawn each morning in Washington. In recent years, there has been an effort to give by code through the radio, certain weather data which would enable the mariner to block out crudely a weather map on board his ship, but this new device will give him the actual map made each morning in Washington, based upon many thousands of reports sent in from all parts of the world.

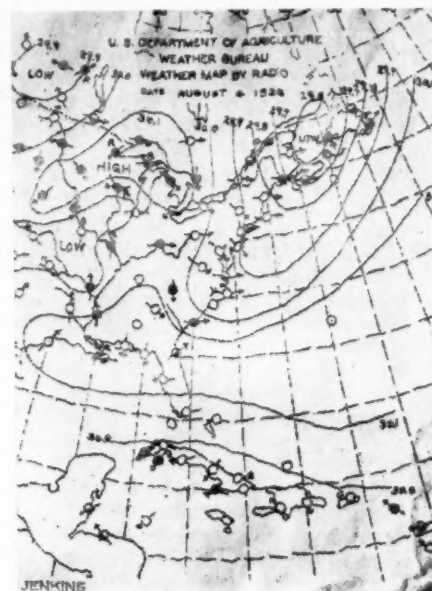
Who is this wizard-inventor, Charles Francis Jenkins? He made the first motion picture device that the world had ever seen. He holds as many patents on radio devices as do any three other inventors in America. He has invented a glass disk which with a thread-like beam of light coming through a photograph negative, broadcasts the radio beam, which is picked up at any distance by an infinite number of receiving disks and re-converted into electricity and light, reproducing a duplicate of the negative so broadcast, without any intervening wires, and with the result of a picture as smooth and devoid of "barbed-wire" lines as the original photograph.

Who is Jenkins? He was a farm boy in Ohio, son of Quaker parentage—a red-headed boy who had something beneath his red hair, which enabled him to invent a bean huller which relieved him from the necessity of hulling beans by laborious hand work. That was made in the home attic, but when shown to his father, there was no more appreciation than had ever been given to a prophet in his own land. Next, while still a youngster, he made the first machine for weaving slats and wire for fencing.

In 1890, Mr. Jenkins began his research which in 1893 enabled him to produce the first motion pictures ever made—the beginning of an enterprise now amounting to \$500,000,000 a year in the United States alone. He called it a "phantoscope picture machine." Two years later, the first at-

tempt was made at official use of the Jenkins phantoscope, in photographing the flight of a projectile in a navy test at Indian Head. The first shot, however, by its concussion, totally destroyed the camera.

In 1895, with three phantoscopes, Mr. Jenkins made an exhibition at the Atlanta Cotton Exposition, but the public was not interested, and no money was made; then came a fire in the Exposition which destroyed two of his three machines, the third



A weather map (reduced) recorded by a Jenkins receiving machine from radio broadcasting. Note the lines made up of dots

being saved because it had been left at the hotel and was away from danger.

A "promoter," Mr. Kimball, who had agreed to finance the experiments, exhibited this one machine before the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, in 1895, and it was awarded a gold medal, but when a member of the Institute asked the inventor if it had any commercial value, Mr. Jenkins was obliged to answer that he could not suggest any. Eighteen years later, another gold medal was awarded to Mr. Jenkins by the same scientific body, for his perfecting of the machine. In the meanwhile, the Edison Company under contract was manufacturing the apparatus and marketing it, but one of the secret prizes in the Jenkins laboratory is a paid check from the Edison Company for \$5,000, in settlement for an alleged infringement of the Jenkins patent. The Ohio Quaker farm boy is now promising a home "movie," which at a cost of

less than \$100 will give us all views of ball games and battles without the need of leaving the home circle, just as the radio gives us concerts.

The accompanying weather map is a photographic reproduction of a radio broadcast map sent into "the air" from Arlington Naval Broadcasting Station and recorded simultaneously in several offices, this copy being from the laboratory of the inventor. A recording outfit costing not over \$250 will eventually be placed on every naval vessel—and doubtless, on all other vessels having radio equipments—and the regular Weather Bureau maps so reproduced in midocean daily.

In the midst of the inventor's demonstrations, during the last week of August, the daily maps showed the movements of a hurricane gathering in the Caribbean Sea and South Atlantic. If all ships had had the Jenkins instruments they would have sailed out of range of that hurricane and serious losses would have been saved. The Weather Bureau and Naval officers are enthusiastic in appreciation of the revolution this instrument will make in ocean safety, but its usefulness covers many other needs of communication besides maps. It can transmit pen drawings or autograph writing and cipher, though like all radio, the messages are broadcast and may be picked up by any number of receivers.

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**T**HE chosen leader of six million people, the executive who directs the forward march of the greatest city in the Western Hemisphere, the chief engineer, as it were, of the most complicated municipal mechanism in this country, James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City, is one of the outstanding figures of the United States today. His personality is as distinctive as his position. A rare combination of charm and keen intelligence has at the same time won the hearts and the confidence of the diverse individuals, classes, and races going to the makeup of polyglot New York. Superimposed on this is long experience in public affairs with resultant broad knowledge of local as well as State problems and guiding principles.

James J. Walker was born in New York City on June 19, 1881, son of William Henry and Ellen Walker. Their home was an unpretentious one on Leroy Street, a neighborhood of hard-working men and women who liked the father well enough to send him to the New York Assembly in 1892 and 1893. The older political leader was the author of the bill creating the recreation piers round the City of New York, as well as several other popular and progressive measures. He was well acquainted with the needs of his fellow-citizens and was guided in his work for them by a kind heart and broad understanding. In this atmosphere the boy, James J. Walker, grew to manhood, thoroughly cognizant of what his city and the various sections of it had to offer and what they lacked, and inspired by the understanding heart which he inherited from his father. He was educated in the De La Salle Academy, the College of St. Francis Xavier, and the New York Law

School, all of which are located in New York City and interpretive of local aspirations and conditions. Since his admission to the bar, Mayor Walker has been recognized as a lawyer of unusual acumen and particularly as an orator of splendid ability. He is gifted with a pleasing voice, a slim and erect figure buoyant with life, and a delicious humor and fluency. His mature



Mayor James J. Walker of New York City

career has been given over to the private practice of his profession of the law and to public service.

In 1909 James J. Walker was elected to the New York State Assembly. For five years he represented his district in that body. In 1914 came his election to the Senate, to which he returned for eleven years thereafter, and where his quality of leadership and his honest and intelligent workmanship as the constructive representative of New York citizens won for him a wide-spread public confidence. After six years of leadership for his party in the Senate, the Democrats, he was in 1923 elected president pro tem of that body. Every thoughtful and well-considered measure designed to advance the social and economic welfare of his fellow citizens has had his unwearied support, and humanitarian policies have always won his approval. He advocated measures authorizing municipal ownership and operation of omnibus lines, since the transportation problem is one of the most important economic considerations of the present day, and those establishing the five-cent fare on city transportation lines, as well as the general regulation of all kinds of public utilities. He supported laws providing for widows' pensions, soldiers' bonuses, relief from housing congestion, and the liberalizing of the labor laws of the State. He bent his efforts toward a workable modification of the Prohibition laws. His advocacy of measures nearest and dearest to the everyday interests of the average man won for him the popular favor, as was overwhelm-

ingly illustrated in the fall primaries of 1925. He then defeated by a large majority the Mayor of New York City who had long held office, John F. Hylan, and was chosen by the Democratic Party as their candidate for Mayor of the city in the coming general election. He triumphed over his Republican opponent, Frank D. Waterman, spectacularly winning the office by one of the largest majorities ever returned in a municipal election. Indubitably the people's choice, Mayor Walker assumed office on January 1, 1926. His conduct of the office has been marked by an honest and enlightened policy, by worthy and dignified representation of the city of New York, and by constructive leadership.

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**A**LTHOUGH small of stature, there was something in the man that seemed to loom to the real heights of towering personality when talking with Dr. H. M. Ami, F. R. G. S., regarded as one of the eminent geologists of the day. The under soil and formations of the earth to him are like an open book, for he has not only studied, read and written on this subject, but has visited in person, the strategical spots of earth, which have reflected the magic and gigantic upheavals and operations of geological formations for ages past.

Dr. Ami is of French parentage and was born near Quebec in 1858. His studies have extended to lands across the Pacific and around the world. His reports and books on geology, geography and resources, together with his lectures have attracted widespread interest and covers nearly all the domains over which the British flag floats.

The geologist does not count a period of a thousand or ten thousand years, he estimates in millions and billions. Dr. Ami insists that along the three thousand miles of international boundary between the United States and Canada, without a frontier fort or frowning gun for a century, is to him the most inspiring geographical object lesson in all history. That almost invisible boundary line is a wonderful phenomena in all the history of government. There is something in the strong grip that Dr. Ami has of his subjects and their relation to other subjects that suggests granite. The United States, Great Britain and France, he has classified as the Granite Nations of the earth. Granite is the strongest rock known. It has three constituents—mica, a bright, polished, shining and useful mineral, suggesting France; quartz, or grit, durable, firm and useful mineral typifies the British; feldspar, a composite mineral, crystallizing in beautiful forms, useful in arts and industries which typifies the United States.

As a geologist, he has studied in America, Europe, Western Asia and North Africa, in the Basin of the Mediterranean and has reached the conclusion that life and love have gone together in all the ages of the world's history.

"There seems to be a natural law in all the wonderful works of the Creator. This law is applicable to the inorganic world which is of divine origin as well

as the organic. Beings grow, crystals grow, worlds grow and universes grow. God's ways are marvelous and his greatest characteristic as revealed in the teachings of Christianity is love. That is what He is and that is what the rocks, the mountains, the fossils, the types of life in plant or animal life have revealed to me."

As a geologist, Dr. Ami has studied types of extinct life for thirty years. Science knows no political boundaries or racial restrictions, and he has pursued his studies with geologists in many other countries. His treatise on "Canada and Newfoundland" is a text book in Canadian Universities and is a compendium of facts for economic and practical purposes. It is a book of ten hundred and sixty-five pages.

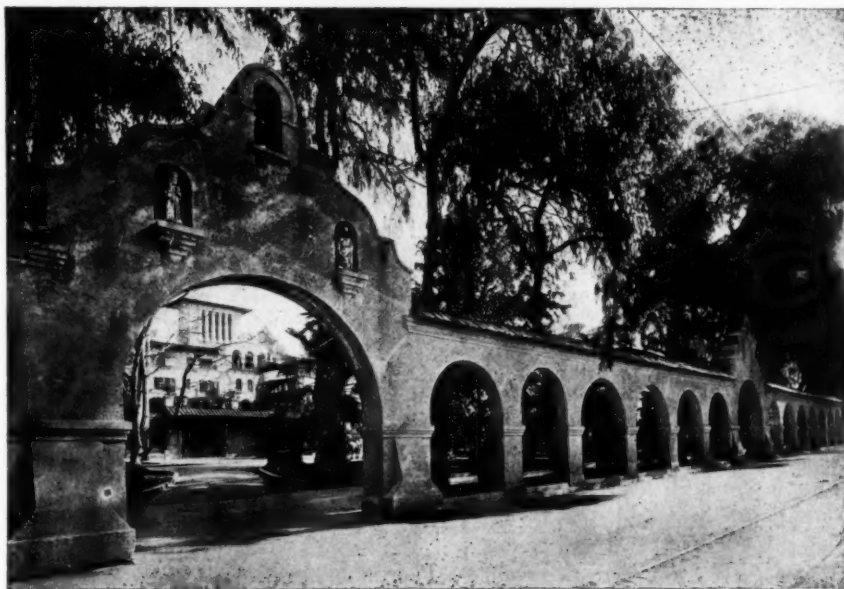
After forty voyages across the Atlantic, he made another tour this year to obtain information on this latest result of science in geology, anthropology, and paleontology. There was a meeting of geologists from all over the world in Madrid, Spain. The International Geological Congress, which meets every four years, convened this year and held the most important conference ever known among geologists. The Iberian Peninsula, as well as France, Italy, North Africa and Britain they have decided upon as the home of early man.

In his laboratory at Ottawa, Dr. Ami has over sixty thousand specimens illustrating the arts and cultures of the different human periods. The research in prehistory has revealed to him a new chapter in the highest life of his planet: the earth. The climates, contemporaries, the conditions in which early man lived, can be read in the various accumulations or layers of ashes, flint, implements and tools discovered in excavations. The sculptured rocks, bones, engraved walls and ceilings of caves and grottos which were haunted by wild beasts and by man

in those days of yore, form a fascinating subject for thought. Modern man can derive and obtain lessons from the readings of these geological findings with the proper interpretations of their meaning.

Dr. Ami has a Doctor of Science degree from the McGill University, Montreal, from where he graduated, and also has a Doctor of Science Degree from Queen's

ing way. Few men have carried more far afield the benefits of his knowledge and information. He has lectured in Palestine, Syria, Egypt and Turkey before Universities and is preparing a text book on Prehistory for Canadian students and has been requested to prepare a Text Book on "The Elements of Prehistory" for American students.



Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside, California, visited by thousands. A dining room de luxe noted for its excellent cuisine and wonderful collection of Indian relics and curios

University, Kingston, Ontario and of Padua University, Italy.

As a result of his travels in Europe and Asia, he has developed an interesting theory in reference to the Basin of the Mediterranean, where early civilizations of humans crystallized.

When I was with him in Florida, he discussed the climate, geological resources and plant life in a most fascinat-

After spending the winter in Florida, he insists that climatic conditions in Florida will produce paintings and sculptures and develop a culture like unto that of Greece, Rome and the Mediterranean centers. It provides the leisure, sunshine and inspiration for artistic impulse and creation, while the underground values of the Peninsula state, he insists, have not yet been scratched.

## The Philosophy of the Payroll

*Continued from page 108*

knows he will get a pound of sugar, but when he buys labor he is not sure that he will receive full value or not; it depends entirely upon the conscientious and productive service rendered by the people on his payroll.

The gaunt spectre that confronts us all is old age and want. What more tragic thing than the old employee when he receives his blue envelope. He cannot keep up the pace of the payroll; others are coming on to push him out; they are ambitious to get theirs. Some of the cruelties in the labor world today are inevitable. The old bosses want to keep the old men, but they know they cannot go on unless they have younger and more vigorous help.

\* \* \*

The one paramount question of all ages has been the problem of distribution. As we approximate an equitable distribution of the wealth, opportunities, comforts and educational and social privileges of life, then we approach the ideals that live in

the heart of every right-minded individual. There is no general desire to bring about conditions of distress or suffering, but there also is a law of self-preservation and protection for the family, which sometimes leads to cruelties and injustice, and which leads on to labor disturbances and social unrest in the world.

The Philosophy of the Payroll, after all, is the philosophy of life. When the workers and employers of the world are guided by the angels of their better nature, then payrolls will no longer appear as a ghostly spectre associated with old Father Time and his scythe searching for harvests of Death. *Prosperity, peace and contentment are coming when payrolls become honor rolls, and when pay envelopes contain a just and equitable distribution of profits which have come from labor honestly given and benefits worthily bestowed.*

I faced death one time in an aeroplane and thought out a real life in a few minutes. I talked with the boys on the battlefield overseas. I have seen them with their

faces turned to the stars in the halo of a Calvary and it always brought the thought—what have I done for others—that is the payroll that counts for eternity. What does it matter whether I live on five or ten years longer? But it does matter *how* I live and how I die. In the face of Death, I realized how little I had in the Bank of Doing Things for Others over yonder. How meager were the savings from this long, long payroll of life! If we could only get out of the world the green-eyed selfishness, this envy, this thing that goes out and grasps and grasps. Then came to me the thought—I cannot receive without the open hand of giving! What a world it would be if we were all just friendly.

Truly we are all on the payroll of life—the payroll of the great Creator, who gives us food, raiment and happiness. Are we rendering full service day by day so that when we retire we can complacently put out the cat, wind up the clock and say "Good-night?"

# The Economic Mission of Morris Plan Banks

*The convention of Executives and Directors of the Morris Plan Banks at Asheville, North Carolina tells the story of over fifteen years of interesting activities in the building of an investment and loan organization that has nearly obliterated the usurer from activity*

LONG years ago I had a chat with Mr. Morris in Norfolk, Virginia. He had an idea. He was enthusiastic concerning the idea. That idea has blossomed into an economic institution that



THEODORE FRANCIS GREEN

plays an important part in the affairs of the American people. He just seemed to find the one place where the working men and the salaried men could be cared for in those emergencies that come—sickness and death and even playing a part in launching a bridal couple on their way to prosperity and happiness.

There is something intensely human in the Morris system. I have followed it in all its details and know of no purely economic or financial institution that has been more important in caring for the needs and interests of "the plain people" as Lincoln loved to call us.

Have met the managers of the banks in one hundred and fifteen cities. They are men of affairs and men close to the people. The conventions have always grappled with the pressing and necessitous problems and is now playing a part in starting the young man in business, the young professional man and many a man has the Morris Plan to thank for his start in business.

There is a human touch in the Morris Plan business close to the real joys and sorrows of the people that is all appealing

and if there is one convention that always brings a satisfaction and gratification it is in looking in on the Morris Plan managers planning and working out the every day problems as they come to the people. The new plan of caring for the Florida situation is in itself nothing less than a stroke of genius, practical, self-helping, self-operating project that will most effectively supplement the work of the Red Cross. The generous out-pouring of money to help people in distress is characteristic of the American people, but why not do it in every day life as the Morris Plan is doing it in crashing catastrophes to bring it to mind for there are catastrophes in each individual life that in the aggregate are more appalling in their dire result than even hurricanes and holocaust and war itself.

Over one hundred and forty delegates, with an additional number of Board members, guests and others interested in the study of Industrial Banking, assembled in convention on Monday, October 18th, at Kenilworth Inn, Asheville, N. C. The Seventh Annual meeting of The Morris Plan Bankers' Association and Convention covered a three day period in which prominent executives from Morris Plan Banks and Companies throughout the United States addressed the delegates on subjects pertinent to the operation of this form of banking; nationally known educators and financiers presented major addresses; and a Banquet, Supper Dance, Annual Golf Tournament and other social events were enjoyed.

Mr. Theodore Francis Green, Chairman of the Board of the Morris Plan Company of Rhode Island who served as President of the Association for the past two years, called the Convention to order, and delivered the President's address, in which he cited the wonderful growth of the system, and pointed out the need for educational work to be done by each Morris Plan institution in behalf of the Plan; and of closer co-operation among the banks.

Mr. S. L. Forbes, Secretary-Treasurer of the Asheville Morris Plan Company was general Convention Chairman, and Walter D. Brown, Executive Secretary of the Association, was Convention Secretary and Treasurer.

Among those whose addresses followed with wide interest was that of Dr. Frank B. Parker, nationally known educator from the University of Pennsylvania and Freas B. Snyder, President of the Locomotive Engineers' Title and Trust Company, Philadelphia. Officers of the New York Com-

pany actively participated as speakers and as members of important association committees.

In discussing the convention, Vice President McLean of the New York Morris Plan commented: "This Convention is the largest yet held in the seven years of Association activity. Two subjects seem to be foremost in the public mind today—instalment buying and the condition in Florida induced by the recent disaster. We are concerned by both in our meeting.

"Instalment principles enter into Morris Plan operation through the method of purchase we offer investors of our interest bearing certificates, and through the monthly or weekly payment plan provided for our borrowers. The latter has been called one of the best features of The Morris Plan by no less an eminent authority than Frank P. Bennett, Editor of the *United States Investor* in a recent article on this form of industrial banking. The general discussion on the subject was intensely interesting.

"So important has the industrial situation in Florida appeared to us, that a special Committee representing the Mor-



WALTER BROWN

ris Plan Bankers' Association, The Morris Plan Corporation of America and the Florida Morris Plan Banks has been designated to survey conditions and report its findings to the Committee.

"Undoubtedly The Morris Plan is better fitted to meet the financial needs of these people than the majority of other banking institutions, based upon the fact it can make small loans to them on terms they can meet. The liquidation period of the loan is one year, and the monthly or weekly plan gives the borrower the opportunity to fulfill his obligation—yet live without great sacrifice or adjustment."

Mr. McLean then spoke of the Morris Plan Banks and the volume of business. "There are 107 Morris Plan Banks and Companies which with 20 Branches are operating in 115 cities," he said; "they have loaned more than \$850,000,000 since the first bank was organized in 1910. The public now has invested more than \$65,000,000 in Morris Plan interest bearing certificates."

Dr. Frank Parker, Ph. D., Professor of Finance, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, made the key address of the Monday session. As a member of the Bar of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, Dr. Parker has acted in a consulting capacity for public utilities in various sections of the United States in rate and valuation proceedings, and teaches courses at the University in banking, credit, and various business phases. His subject at the Convention was Industrial Banking. He said in part:

"Just as a business enterprise ordinarily has to borrow funds from a commercial bank or an investment banking house to meet the difference between its current income and outgo or to build an addition to its plant or to purchase new equipment, so occasionally there comes a time in the life of the wage-earner or salaried employe when his ordinary income will not meet extraordinary expense thrust upon him and it is necessary to obtain additional funds from sources outside his place of employment."

"In Europe through co-operative credit societies and banks, the credit needs of the man in the street have been met for nearly a century, through the Schulze Delitzsch and Raiffeisen Banks in Germany the Credit Foncier and its regional banks in France; the Luzzati and Wollenborg Banks in Italy. The wage earner and the small farmer in those countries has been fortunate in having readily available banking institutions to which he could turn in times of financial need and obtain a loan of funds without jeopardizing his social standing in the community or having himself subjected to a demeaning credit investigation."

"Until the last few years, however, banking facilities offered to the man in the street in the United States have been exceptionally meager. It was virtually impossible for the wage-earner unless he lived in a city possessing a remedial loan society or unless he were a member of the few existing beneficial or co-operative loan societies, to obtain a loan of funds necessary to balance his family budget without depositing substantial security therefor with a commercial bank."

"In these circumstances, he was, perforce, driven into the hands of the 'loan sharks,' who exacted exorbitant interest

rates, sometimes ranging as high as 1000 per cent per annum on loans which were negotiated for necessities such as the payment of maternity and hospital expenses, providing a decent burial for some member of the family or the purchase of food and clothing during a period of business depression when the usual income was no longer forthcoming."

"The lack of facilities for extending credit to wage-earners was responsible



WALLACE D. McLEAN

for the organization in Boston in 1859 of the first remedial loan society of the United States, called the Collateral Loan Company."

"In 1910 another form of banking institution designed to extend credit to the wage-earner was founded in the United States, known as the Morris Plan Bank. The first Morris Plan Bank was established in Norfolk, Va., and has since spread throughout the United States. During the calendar year 1925, Morris Plan Banks and Companies made 592,000 individual loans for a total of \$141,379,521. The total paid in capital surplus and undivided profits of all Morris Plan Banks as of June 1, 1926 was \$21,270,891 and the total working capital aggregated \$88,525,127."

"The typical Morris Plan loan is the comaker loan made to a borrower if he can obtain the endorsement on his promissory note of two reputable citizens who know him sufficiently well to vouch for his character."

"The existence of these institutions today enables wage-earners to obtain credit sufficient to meet family needs at a very reasonable cost. The old hue and cry that our banking facilities were not designed to meet the conditions peculiar to small loans to the working man cannot, therefore, be justified."

Another speaker whose address holds wide interest for all who are concerned with the discussion of installment sales, was Freas B. Snyder, President, Brother-

hood of Locomotive Engineers Title and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Snyder has been affiliated with the Philadelphia Association of Credit Men for seventeen years. He was in turn Treasurer, President and a Director. Mr. Snyder practically started the Investigation and Prosecution Department of the Association. In another capacity as Vice-President of the First National Bank and as a public speaker on subjects pertaining to credit, he has carved a deep notch in Philadelphia public life. In his Convention address he said:

"Installment credit was used as far back as the time of Julius Caesar for the purchase of homes. It has been used by one New York furniture house established in 1807 as a regular part of its business since 1865. The sale of pianos has been made on this basis for the last fifty years. It is only within the last fifteen years, however, that it has been adapted to other lines of business and purposes to an extent which throws it open for extensive public discussion. Within this period in the automobile, radio, washing machine and vacuum cleaner business there has been created an aggregate sales volume of \$3,367,000,000, which never existed before and the financing of \$2,332,000,000 of this by deferred payments has undoubtedly contributed to a large extent, to our country's prosperity."

"Installment credit has also helped in the solution of the problem presented by the tremendous increase in our productive capacity during the war years and the rapid development of 'mass production' which requires co-related 'mass selling' and 'mass financing.'"

The figure facts useful as a basis for judging the extent of installment credit are easily presented. They are as follows:

National Income .....	\$66,000,000,000
Wages and Salaries .....	40,000,000,000
Retail Sales .....	37,000,000,000
Savings Deposits .....	23,000,000,000
New Life Insurance (1925) .....	15,400,000,000
Treasury Estimate 1920	
Annual Expenditures for luxuries .....	22,000,000,000
Total Sales on Time Payments (1925) .....	5,000,000,000
Total Outstanding Installment Credits .....	2,750,000,000

This shows that \$13 out of every \$100 bought at retail is paid for on the installment plan and that \$1 of every \$8 received in wages and salaries is pledged in advance for installment purchases."

Despite the widely varying shades of opinion and the unreasoning statements on both sides of the argument, the preponderance of opinion is that installment credit is justified with articles having a usable life beyond the maturity of the last payment, provided the down payment is sufficient to provide against depreciation and loss in repossession, and the term of the credit is not too long. Installment credit is securely engrafted on our financial system. The problem is to see that the plant is properly pruned, its

*"Thrift! Thrift—Horatio!" was Shakespeare's appeal*

## Rob Thompson, Teacher in the Art of Saving

*What the inventor of the automatic safe deposit has done for the world in encouraging thrift—An American idea and product that is appreciated all over the world—How great economic influences from little acorns grew*

NEARLY everybody has heard of the invention of the rubber-tipped lead pencil, the safety pin, the pneumatic tire, fountain pen, pigs-in-clover puzzle, and so forth and so forth—accidental things generally, but exercising an effect on modern life which is almost incredible.

There is also a very popular device, a modern invention, known to nearly every one, of which very few know anything about its origin, importance and significance; a psychological invention that has found its way into the hands of millions of Americans, and entered the homes of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of families in England, Scotland, Ireland, Sweden, China, Holland, Finland, the Argentine, Australia, South Africa, Switzerland, Germany, and all over the place, as the Englishman says, where money is saved.

Having been present at the birth of this device, I propose to tell you something about it. I have been an astonished and interested observer of its dissemination and expansion over a period of twenty-five years. But as the article is never sold direct to the individual and actual user, nor becomes his property, and as it has always had its source of supply in the original inventor, it has been accepted and appropriated without the comment and thought incidental to individual ownership.

Along in 1901—that's twenty-five years ago—I was visiting an old friend—Rob Thompson—in Chicago. Just at the time of which I speak, Rob had been decorated by the French Government with a high degree of the Legion of Honor. Now one cannot possibly get this envied distinction without having performed some outstanding deed of benefit to mankind, or rendered a specific or signal service to France. Rob had just finished the job of building a great memorial in Paris to his boy-hood hero, General Lafayette. That is, he had brought to an end, a school-boy dream of having America do something in honor of this romantic figure in our early history.

He told me that he had secured for the purpose over five million contributions in small sums of a penny to five cents each from the twenty odd millions of school children in America at that time. Well, he carried it out in fine shape; was appointed a Special Envoy by President McKinley to make the presentation to France, and in the end when the whole thing was over there was a surplus of money from the fund which was turned over to the Home for Incurable Children in Chicago as a permanent Lafayette endowment gift.

I think there is a psychological connection between this work and the invention

I shall speak of presently. But I want to give you some further idea of the vari-sided character of my friend Thompson. At the time I speak of, he had just finished the manuscript of a book to which he gave the audacious title of "Proof of Life After Death." It was a world symposium of the arguments and philosophy, scientific and psychic research in favor of the proposition.



Robert J. Thompson, the inventor

The book ran through more than a dozen editions and is still one of the most comprehensive works on the subject extant.

Thompson was also the discoverer and introducer of the Square Deal slogan associated with Colonel Roosevelt. He published a book of the Rooseveltian state and social philosophy, giving it the title of "A Square Deal for Every Man." Six hundred thousand copies of the book were bought by George B. Cortelyou for the National Presidential Campaign in 1903, and Roosevelt himself pronounced it the best book ever written about him.

But to get on with the present living child of the active brain of my friend Thompson, his invention:

"Coming down from the fourth dimensional peaks," he said, referring to his "Proofs," "I have now whipped my mind into the direction of something practical—something useful and having the possibility of yielding a more material asset to myself and family, a wind-shield against the future and the Rainy Day."

"What do you think of this Joe?"

Then he showed me a paste-board model

of a contrivance he called an automatic registering home savings bank—a device for saving money in the home. That was twenty-five years ago—a quarter of a century—and today this invention has been so perfected, so adapted to various tastes and possibilities and to the coinage of foreign countries, that nearly a score of different patterns of the same invention are being supplied to banking institutions and literally millions of savings depositors throughout the world from Sheffield to Seattle and from Hong Kong to Halifax.

Not being a mechanic, but still having what we call Vision, Thompson went out and found the cleverest amateur mechanic and artist he could reach—Mr. Charles Fiser—and this gentleman put the technical and working perfection to the recording home bank. The Chicago factory working often twenty-four hours a day, turns out, months at a time, three thousand complete home banks daily and they are shipped by the car-load—all growing out of an idea of a man who could write a successful book on the abstruse subject of Survival, or create and carry out the most sentimental affair ever taking place between two great nations—the gift to a sister republic of a great monument from the very heart of America—the Lafayette Memorial from our school children.

The workers of the Swedish super match factories of Katriholm; the girls and young men of Charlotte and Raleigh who make our cigarettes; the employees of Lord Leverhulm's Sunlight city; the longshoremen of the great port of Liverpool; thousands of industrious Scotsmen in Glasgow; and hundreds of thousands of miners and steel workers in Yorkshire, and spinners in Lancashire; workers in the lace mills of St. Gall in Switzerland; not to mention the millions of bread winners and provident workers of America and Canada, are using and carrying to their local banks their savings in the Thompson registering home safe.

Thompson, who is a Chicagoan, makes his home in Paris; he also keeps an establishment in London, from which place—his European headquarters—he directs the foreign business of his company with the aid of an old colleague in the American Consular Service, Leo J. Frankenthal, one of the best consular officers the government had in Europe before the war. Rob still finds London the financial hub of the world, with institutions carrying upwards of two billion dollars of assets, and compared to which our greatest banks at home are mere children. But best of it, he is successful and popular with these banks. Ten years in the American Consular Service in England and on the

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# Making Themes of His Portraits

*Warde Traver's paintings have been reproduced by the millions in calendars—how he works out a theme with portraits—story of the career of an artist*

WHEN I stand before an old masterpiece on canvas I often think of how the expressions reflected in the human countenance and radiating beauty of Nature and colors of landscapes, sea and sky are made something akin to the eternal by the genius of the artist. The prosaic pigments are made to interpret the very soul of all life—organic and inorganic. The world's conception of Christ and the Apostles and the peoples of all the ages past, comes to us through the enduring expressions of art, where imagery becomes a reality.

As Victor Hugo said: "God declares himself to man through Nature while man ascends to God through art and ideals." Nations rise and fall—civilizations come but art remains the common inheritance for all time.

In the renaissance following the World War, America awakened to an appreciation of the artist's genius among her own sons and daughters. The genius and power of art expression reflecting the real soul of the people even in these swift moving times is indicated in the creative renaissance finding an expression in Florida in architectural color and symmetry amid an environment where Nature heralds hues and light in the profusion of exotic beauty of the tropics.

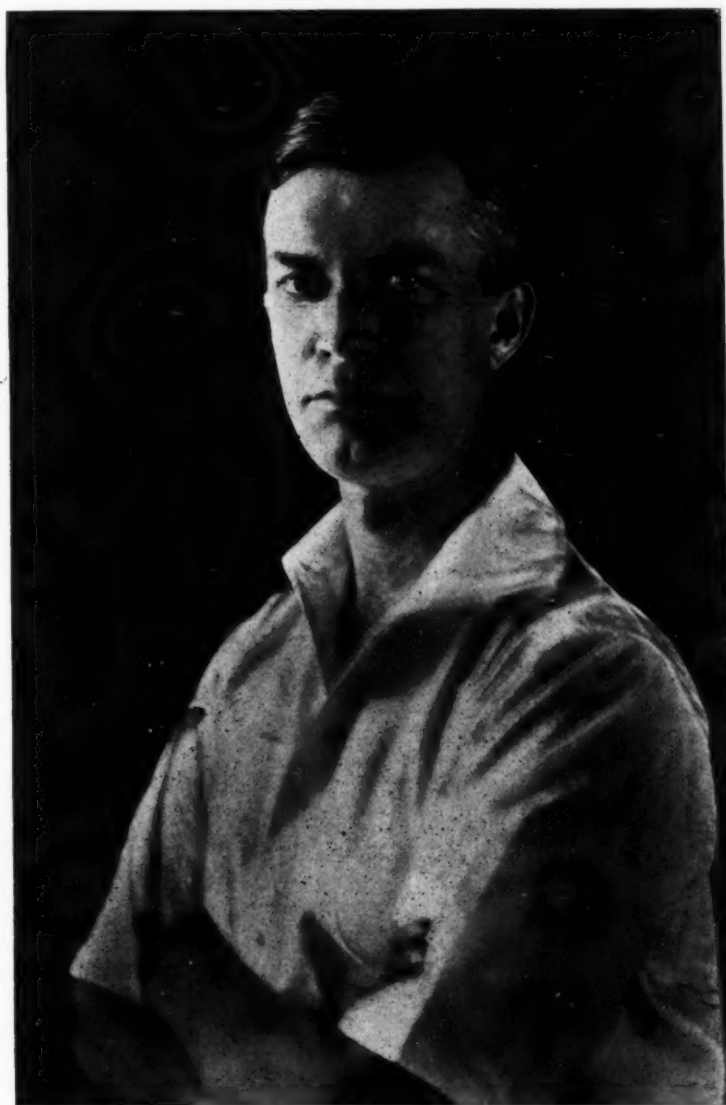
Under the sunny skies of Florida, I met my old friend, Warde Traver, the artist, doing the great work of his busy and successful career. Years ago, after three years as a struggling art student in the Royal Academy in Munich, he returned to America and announced with that enthusiastic twinkle in his eye: "I am ready to try my wings. I shall produce a cover for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that will make the public pay money for it at the news stands." This challenge was made at the time magazines had covers resembling chromos that used to hang on mother's kitchen wall.

Reproductions of putty-faced professional beauties hung aloft in show windows or stowed away in cigarette packages were the models. Colors ranging from drab indigo to a lurid carmine shone out like a red flannel petticoat on a white-washed fence and constituted an "attractive cover" of the days.

Entering the office later with a food hunger look on his face, a soul satisfying smile radiated as he lifted the veil of tissue paper and revealed the portrait of a beautiful young girl, who seemed to greet us with the saucy piquancy of a young American girl, challenging admiration with a modest beauty that was charming. The impres-

sions of that Traver cover were never forgotten by readers and editor. Since that time, about sixty-eight million reproductions have been scattered over the country of the creations of Warde Traver in attractive calendars. The *Saturday Evening*

in art circles. Prominent among some of his best known pictures are: "The Path of Dreams," "The Shepherd Boy," "The Peace of Evening," "The Love that Keeps This Old World Sweet," "Rainbow, Land of Dreams," and "The End of a Perfect Day."



Warde Traver, one of America's young artists

*Post* and other magazines have used covers on which the spell of the Traver girl held sway.

In the brief span of fifteen years' work, Warde Traver's paintings have been exhibited in many of the leading hotels in the country, for a Traver Exhibit is an event

Two recent subjects had a combined edition of eleven million copies. Altogether this is a great audience for one individual artist.

Back of this work is the charm of a personality that stands out in the roll call of modern artists. Born in Ann Arbor, Michi-

gan, Warde Traver, evidenced in early life a love of art and produced his first picture at the tender age of five years. After thirteen years of rigorous schooling, he began his study of art in Detroit and later at the Chicago Art Institute.

Desiring to perfect himself in portraiture, he studied under Karl Marr, at the Royal Academy in Munich for three years and later he made another pilgrimage to southern England to perfect himself in landscape under Henry P. Snell. Upon his return to America, he located in New York and proved a practical dreamer, for he did not indulge in the freakish and cubist stunts but followed the fundamental appeal of heart interest. The sweetness and simplicity of his work reflects the sincerity of the man.

His Central Park Studio in New York City was a rendezvous for many eminent artists, musical and author friends. In a way it resembles a monastery chapel with altar, archways and Gothic windows through which shines artificial moonlight at night. The soothing, restful nook is supplemented with a mezzanine bedroom and disappearing kitchenette, revealing how beauty and utility can be combined. The rolling pulpit and ball-bearing dining tables, adjustable rolling stairway, leading to a choir loft, is a complete setting for a Warde Traver studio.

Warde Traver believes that the three greatest things in the world are: love, religion and art. With the same enthusiasm I observed in the young artist fifteen years ago, I met Warde Traver in Florida.

He was already at work on his new pictures: "At Dawning," "Land of the Sky Blue Water," "The Shepherd Boy," "Evening Prayer," "Spreading Dawn" and other themes which he is painting amid an inspiring environment of the beauties of nature in her most glorious moods. In this land of enchantment, he found the many old friends and admirers familiar with his work, looking forward with eager interest, to the completion of these scenes on which he is concentrating a strong heart appeal combined with the great beauties of nature in the tropics.

This is the same young artist who cre-

ated a sensation last summer in Montreal by painting with both hands at the same time. Standing upon a swinging scaffold twenty inches wide and one hundred feet above the heads of a throng of gaping spectators, ambidextrous Warde Traver, nationally known painter of beautiful women, whose lovely subjects smile pensively out at you from the covers of popular magazines, art calendars and reproductions in the galleries of art dealers and whose sunset, twilight, moonlight and water effects have become world famous, hummed the refrain of popular old time songs, using both hands at the same time; he put the finishing touches to his six-day, twenty-five foot masterpiece, "Where Balmy Moonlight Lulls to Dreams," also finishing in eight days his subject "Fond Recollections at Twilight" forty feet high by fifty wide and enlarging another of his pictures seven hundred and fifty times.

Dressed in a plum-colored smock which harmonizes appropriately with the color scheme of the studio or beside the still waters of lake or stream, Warde Traver works away at his pigmented sonatas, attuned to the spirit he is trying to portray.

He believes in the proper frame of mind for the artist and the appropriate mental attitude for the model. He has made the psychology of the painter and poser a part of his study for years and feels so firm in his conviction in this connection that he draws models into the mood of the particular picture with music and beautiful passages from literature.

"If I am picturing a Madonna type, I bring peace, tenderness and an enduring religious quality into the eyes of my model by having 'Ave Maria' played as I paint.

"If I desire a moonlight effect, I secure it by posing my models in floods of blue light generated from a movable winged-like electrical apparatus. If I wish a setting sun effect, I obtain it by the use of amber-colored electric bulbs. In this way I can secure almost any desired atmosphere and instill the actual spirit of the subject in both myself and my models."

Traver's fondness for Gothic architecture and Italian monasteries once led to a commission from the Sante Fe Railroad to tour California, painting the old missions and the crumbling remainders and

other evidences of the Spanish days along the Pacific coast.

"I sometimes wonder," the artist asserted in a low voice, a dreamy look in his eyes, "if there is really anything in the theory of reincarnation, and if there is, whether I was not an artist-monk in my last existence. In my younger day, you know, I spent most of my time painting angels and Easter lilies."

As a matter of fact, it was this that first brought him to the attention of critics and other interested persons and led to his present successful career. His paintings of religious subjects came to the attention of Frederick H. Rindge, a Boston millionaire who, struck by the naive ability displayed in the young painter's pictures, sent him abroad for a three-year course of study.

Traver is tall and slim, thoughtful and pleasant-looking and speaks of his art with that conviction which comes not only of having one's head in the clouds, but of keeping one's feet on the ground, a queer combination of dreamer and realist. His work is sincere and simple, and embodies the ideals that have been part of his mental make-up since his earliest days as a painter. A fervent believer in art and the spiritual, his innermost ideals are reflected in his eyes, and the student of human nature who meets him for the first time is tempted to exclaim, as did Karl Marr when the young man from Michigan first presented his work at the master's studio in Munich—

"Traver—your work looks as if it had sat at the feet of Fra Angelico himself!"

In Florida he had a traveling studio—an automobile fitted up with a tractor which he calls "Traver's travel trailer." With his companion, Mr. Harper Leming, he is painting at first hand, the matchless hues of favored Florida, the beaches, lakes, jungles, everglades and forests of pine—stopping now and then to fill a commission for portraits that come to him from many eminent people visiting Florida. In this land of enchantment they seem to feel that they can give to the artist the best glimpse of their material selves, free from the petty arrogances and distractions of routine life where the angel of their better selves holds sway in the sunny skies that reflect the smile of a loving Creator."

## Berea College Born in Old Kentucky

*Continued from page 111*

their decisions, amid the wildest of acclaim. Outdoors are held the contests in cow-milking, sheep-shearing, and mule-harnessing. At the close of the exercises certificates are given to students who have shown through the year fidelity and skill in office or shop, in janitor or monitor work.

Nor is work confined to the boys alone. The girls, too, carry on their share of the industrial and domestic activities. They leave Berea experts with the needle, the broom and the frying pan, as well as with their books.

A number of years ago, while touring the country lecturing on behalf of the College, President Frost stopped off in Boston. With him he had several of the home-made

bed covers fashioned by the girls at Berea. When he returned home, the president took with him a sheaf of orders which the girls had a hard time filling. But, today, the making of these covers is one of their principal activities.

As to the curriculum itself, Berea has four separate divisions, each of which is accompanied by opportunities for vocational training. There is, first of all, the College, with a four-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and a two-year course in Normal instruction giving a State Certificate.

Some, there are, who question the wisdom of a college at Berea. But to these cynics the reply of the faculty is, "Why a college department in any other educational

institution?" These mountain students, they declare rightly, have as good a right to a higher education as anyone else, and they are fully as likely to make a worthy use of it. And then, as it has already been pointed out, for the majority of students who attend, it is Berea or nothing.

That the College pays in results is borne out by the fact that in the past two years Berea College has won twelve out of seventeen intercollegiate debates; that this year a student in the graduating class won the state contest in the Kentucky Women's Oratorical Association, and the school's representatives won the first women's intercollegiate debate ever held in Kentucky, and that, after four years of medical work in the University of Cincinnati, a graduate of

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## A Modern Joan of Arc

Continued from page 114

Sincerity is given as the outstanding virtue by Christ, Confucius, Mohamet, and this item was pursued by the immortal Lincoln and the lowly Nazarene.

Several years ago Uldine Utley developed a wonderful talent for writing as well as speaking. She began the publication of a magazine called, "Petals from the Rose of Sharon." Bound copies of this publication for the past two years indicate an unusual and marvelous talent for writing and editorial work. Copies of this periodical are preserved by thousands of admirers who are binding them in book form, volume by volume. In her own publication she is leaving a record of her work and achievements with an occasional bit of verse and philosophical comment that astonishes the reader with its maturity and perfection. The magazine is in a way an autobiography of a wonderful little girl in the succeeding triumphs of her marvelous career.

Revivals may come and go, but there is a refreshing and inspiring memory that the Biblical prophecy has been again fulfilled "and a little child shall lead them" in the person of Uldine Utley, who in the light of the cross, with a power and faith fortified by the same Bible that lighted the way for the Pilgrim Fathers to establish in America a home and haven for religious freedom—now a fundamental birthright, the heritage, hope and inspiration of our native land.

## The Economic Mission of Morris Plan Banks

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growth carefully trained and its sucker growth cut out.

Thomas Coughlin, a past President of the Association and President of the Morris Plan Bank of Cleveland, presided as Toast Master of the Banquet Tuesday evening. He is one of the outstanding executives of the system, and his polished presentation of the Banquet speakers was a feature of the Convention. Among those who addressed the delegates and guests were Governor McLean of North Carolina. After complementing the delegates upon their selection of North Carolina for the greatest Convention they have yet held, the Governor paid an eloquent tribute to the purpose of the Morris Plan System.

Among other speakers was Dr. D. W. Daniel of the Clemson Agricultural College, one of the most eloquent speakers of the South. He is widely traveled and educated, and his witty address struck a high note in the evening. President Green, Arthur J. Morris and other Morris Plan executives followed with brief talks.

The Annual Golf Tournament of Morris Plan Bank Executives and Directors throughout the country was played at the Biltmore Forest Country Club, Biltmore, N. C., Wednesday, October 20th and terminated the three-day Convention of The Morris Plan Bankers' Association. The tournament this year was thirty-six holes.



However storms may interfere with travel, telephone operators are at their posts

## An Unfailing Service

AMERICANS rely upon quick communication and prove it by using the telephone seventy million times every twenty-four hours. In each case some one person of a hundred million has been called for by some other person and connected with him by means of telephone wires.

So commonly used is the telephone that it has come to be taken for granted. Like the air they breathe, people do not think of it except when in rare instances they feel the lack of it.

Imagine the seventeen million American telephones dumb, and the wires dead. Many of the every-day activities would be paralyzed. Mails,

telegraphs and every means of communication and transportation would be overburdened. The streets and elevators would be crowded with messengers. Newspaper men, doctors, policemen, firemen and business men would find themselves facing conditions more difficult than those of fifty years ago, before the telephone had been invented.

To prevent such a catastrophe is the daily work of three hundred thousand telephone men and women. To maintain an uninterrupted and dependable telephone service is the purpose of the Bell System, and to that purpose all its energy and resources are devoted.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD  
TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Prizes were awarded for the low gross score, low net, blind bogey, greatest number of strokes for any one hole, best dressed golfer, duffer golfer.

## Life as Seen in the Passing Age

Continued from page 118

tonics, not forgetting the annual dosing of sulphur and molasses and onion poultices, betimes commenting on boiled dinners as the forerunner of fancy combination salads.

Oh Fie! jocund friend, why this closing chapter alluding to a grave stone? Oh! Fie! Commenting on the epitaph "What is it to thee, that passeth by?" he concludes that after all the real purpose is to feel that we have contributed something to the

great scheme of world progress and to have faith to toil and struggle upward.

As I laid down the book I could see this little man with the big soul, his eyes twinkling merrily as he asks anxiously, "Have you really read the book?"

Bless your heart, I have read it as thousands and hundreds of thousands of others will and should read it. Wholesome, it leaves a good taste in the mouth and has cheered me in the hour when I just felt I had to visit with a friend like Arthur Staples.

The book was put away high on a shelf of honor to be reread in the glow of magical memories. I turned out the light, tiptoed out of the room, sure of pleasant dreams after an evening enjoyed with Arthur Staples, in his "The Passing Age."

# El Jobe-An as a Terminal Port

By JOEL BEAN

*Founder and Sponsor of El Jobe-An*

The recent storm in Florida was the most destructive that has ever visited Florida and the Gulf Coast, and while such a storm is most deplorable, it brought with it an admonition and a warning to those who would build a commercial or tourist city in that part of the United States, or, in fact, in any part of the world near the seacoast. Such a storm, so destructive in lives and property, most strongly emphasizes that in building great cities near seacoasts, the sites must be chosen on well-protected harbors or well up navigable streams, as practically all Old World cities and such of our own cities as New York, Boston, Providence, San Francisco, Tampa, and Jacksonville, and practically every other city or town of any importance in the United States on the seacoast, have demonstrated. You can no more depend upon beach sand for a city site of great commercial prospects in Florida than you can on the Texas, Louisiana, or other exposed coasts.

In selecting the site of the proposed commercial and tourist city of EL JOBE-AN, we were influenced to a great extent by its apparent security from great tropical storms and tidal waves. The North shore of Charlotte Harbor, on which is the site of EL JOBE-AN, we were convinced would (in the natural course of events) become one of the great, if not the greatest, commercial and tourist city in Florida. Due to the expanse and depth of the harbor itself, its almost perfectly land-locked situation, and the fact that on this North shore railroads can be economically built without bridging across rivers, and the solid conditions of the millions of acres of very fertile land that has a steady rise inward, we believed, and now since the storm, more firmly believe, that there must be concentrated here the greatest agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial city on the West Coast of Florida. The site of EL JOBE-AN has, with its other advantages, the geographical position for practically all of the Pan-American commerce.

We cannot lay too much stress on the almost absolute freedom of the site of EL JOBE-AN from destructive storms.

A report made a few years ago to the Government at Washington by one of the ablest engineers in the Government employ, called the attention of our Government to the superiority of Charlotte Harbor over Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Tampa, and Key West, as a great terminal port. In his report he gives seven requirements for a great terminal Harbor and of the seven the very first is protection from great storms. Under this head he states: "The Harbor (that is, Charlotte Harbor) as proposed, is not on the sand strip as is Galveston, but is removed inland, so that even a tidal wave could not destroy it, as such waves by expansion, after passing a narrow inlet, are so reduced that they do but little damage; but in this case, in addition to expansion, there is an angular deflection which, of course, would further reduce their harmful effect." Under the seventh caption he says: "As a general proposition, the storms come from Northeast, Southeast, Southwest and Northwest. The coast line is about at an angle North thirty degrees West. Ordinary storms are of small moment. The great tropical storms, when they reach the size of a cyclone, rarely strike this coast from the Southwest or West. In the respect of coast alignment, this site is particularly fortunate." He concludes his report on the proposed terminal port in Charlotte Harbor as follows: "It could (that is, Charlotte Harbor), in my judgment be made to surpass the others and I am familiar with all of them."

**Boston and Florida Realty Trust**

**Rooms 454, 455, Park Square Building**

**Boston, Massachusetts**



## YORK *of* TENNESSEE

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THEY say his rifle, ringing  
Along the valley's crest,  
Made the deer spring to its covert,  
The turkey steal to its nest,  
And the eagle turn to the Border  
Where the Smoky Mountains be,  
Safe from the matchless hunter—  
Bold York of Tennessee

Yet, when above Wolf River  
The Sabbath morns shone fair,  
And to the church the country folk  
Had come for song and prayer,  
Who led the hymns with voice now low,  
Now rising full and free?  
Who but the Second Elder—  
Brave York of Tennessee?

Then the World War! Then Liberty  
Wild-eyed, with frantic breath,  
Called to her sons to save her  
From treachery and death!  
Her cry woke town and hamlet,  
From mountain peak to lea,  
And heart and deed he pledged to her—  
Bold York of Tennessee.

Was ever such home-coming!  
His joyful mother there,  
And the dear girl who waited him,  
With throngs his fame to share;  
And lo! The Governor and his men,  
In militant array,  
Bring him the homage of the State  
And crown his wedding day!  
Ah, while the Border mountains tower,  
And the Forks of Wolf are three,  
And valor fires the heart—will live  
Bold York of Tennessee!

Good-bye to home and kindred,  
And the girl he held so dear;  
Good-bye to Wolf's bright valley  
Where happiest falls the year;  
"And can you fight?" the Colonel asked,  
When to the camp came he;  
"That's what I'm here for," firm replied  
Brave York of Tennessee

And he has sailed the ocean,  
And in the battle's van  
Has proved how like a god can be  
The valor of a man!  
The strength of the hills was in his arm  
When the hot fight was on,  
And right and left he hurled the foe  
That day in the Argonne—

And Foch, the great commander, said  
When glory's cross he won,  
"No man of Europe's armies  
Has done what you have done!"  
And his own country, sealing  
The Marshal's proud decree,  
Its highest meed of honor gave  
To York of Tennessee!



## Massachusetts, Where She Stands—Continued from page 96

it desirable, if Massachusetts and New England were on the verge of industrial decadency, to locate the United Drug Company in Boston, as he did. The fact that he chose to incorporate the concern under the laws of Massachusetts and to establish its main headquarters in the capital city of the Commonwealth, rather than in one of the great industrial marts of the Middle West, is merely added evidence that the Bay State is still favorably regarded as a desirable place in which to locate the great industrial enterprises of modern times.

To indicate, specifically, an idea of the general interest which Mr. Stone's report awakened in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE institution, it might be interesting to state that when the copy came in and was given out to the typesetting machine operators, it was noticed that they became so engrossed in the text that they would forget themselves and read along faster than they could manipulate the keyboard. As one of them said: "It was like setting up a most interesting novel in short chapters"—a practical elucidation of the truism that facts when entertainingly presented are more interesting than fiction.

The same interest was maintained in the proof reading, where the readers would almost forget to mark typographical errors on account of the series of fascinating stories about real, live institutions. It was also noted that the superintendent in the composition room kept reading the printed sheets as they came from the press room, in entirety, and then gathering the signatures, as rapidly as they were sent up from the press room for final scrutiny, clipped them together, cutting them with

his penknife and became absorbingly interested in Mr. Stone's presentation of his Annual Report by means of this original "advance proof copy."

Of course it will be necessary for the reader to in some manner get possession of a copy of Mr. Stone's report to get out of it fully the complete and absorbing interest which leaps out from every page.

Associated Industries of Massachusetts has hundreds of members and at the headquarters in the Park Square Building, Boston, there is an efficient corps of experts to cover matters pertaining to the welfare and development of Massachusetts industry as a whole. There is legislative action to be watched and worked over; there is data and information regarding freight rates and shipping, taxes, etc.; in fact, expert attention is given by well-trained experts to all the problems that confront the development of all manner of industrial enterprises. It is not without reason that the Associated Industries of Massachusetts is declared to be the most efficiently conducted institution of its kind in the entire country.

In this report for the Annual Meeting, which was held at the Copley Plaza, October 20th and 21st, Mr. Stone has struck a keynote of optimism backed by facts and figures which are indisputable. His document is a clear call to the associated business interests of the Commonwealth. Mr. Stone has given us such an appealing account of the accomplishments of Massachusetts to become a fitting sequel to Daniel Webster's famous peroration, "Massachusetts, there she stands!"

## Berea College Born in Old Kentucky—Continued from page 128

Berea in the class of 1921 was selected by the Rockefeller Foundation to go as physician to the great medical school and hospital of Peking, China.

Then there is the Normal School, with a three-year professional course and institutional certificate. Next in line is the Academy or High School offering a three-year course with diploma, and last, but perhaps most important of all, is the Foundation Junior High School for students over 15 years of age who wish to complete the first nine grades.

A Hospital Training School affiliated with the Cincinnati General Hospital prepares students for State registration as nurses, and a Music Department trains

them to bring joy and the inspiration of music into all relations of after life.

Besides the courses mentioned, there are more or less vocational courses in Agriculture, Business, Home Economics and Industrial Arts. To sum up, in the words of the authorities, "Berea is not aiming to give a new kind of education, but to give as many kinds of education as a great and varied group of people need."

In securing results, Berea stretches dollars to almost unimaginable limits. Tuition is free; furnished rooms, with heat and light are provided for 60 cents a week; board is fixed at \$2.50 a week—an average of 11 cents a meal; student fees range from \$15.00 to \$21.00 a year.

The total cost to the student for a year's schooling, including room and board, fees and all expenses, except clothing and travel, is \$150. This leaves a net yearly cost to the College of \$128.00 for each student enrolled.

And besides the work described, and which is carried on within the school itself, Berea carries its colors into the field. It has, for instance, its "Opportunity School" of 25 days of study for grown-ups that costs them 60 cents a day. Under her wing, too, there are county contests of various kinds. In one of these, counties and College co-operated. The Courier Journal offered Berea two prizes, one of \$3000 and one of \$2000, to be given to the county that has made the greatest gain in its school system. Berea's work is all-embracing; catholic to the nth degree.

"I do not know another institution," Theodore Roosevelt once told Dr. Frost, "that is doing a more necessary work. You fill a peculiar field, for you work among native Americans of fine natural capacities who have been denied the chance that should be theirs for higher education."

President Hutchins, scholarly, human, ever-smiling, "who ought to be giving every minute of his time to running the College,"

never rests, but spends as much of his time as he can spare travelling over the country, riding the rails from town to town, passing the hat to eke out the precarious income of the institution. And as only one who knows every in and out of the business of providing the mountain children with an education to make them better men and women, understands the value of every contribution, no matter how small, to the funds of Berea, Dr. Hutchins understands and appreciates the help that such men as Adolph Ochs, Senator Ernst, Bruce Barton and the hundreds of others who are working heart and soul for Berea are rendering.

To do things for other people is the ruling passion of Dr. Hutchins' life. That his efforts bear fruit is shown by the fact that throughout five of the most backward states, better homes, better food, better child health, better churches, better schools; no more feuds and a lower death rate are rapidly becoming the order of the day.

Fighting the battles of peace, unconscious almost of self, Dr. Hutchins' continual prayer is:

"Thank God, none of us ever gets too old to carry on!"

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, ETC.

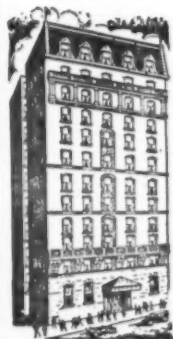
of National Magazine, published monthly at 952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., required by the act of August 24, 1912.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, and both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post-office.

Name of Publisher, Chapple Publishing Company, Limited, Boston, Mass.  
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Business Manager, Will H. Chapple, Newton Highlands, Mass.  
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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of October, 1926.  
Ronald D. Birch, Notary Public.  
[Seal] (My commission expires March 10, 1927.)

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Within 3 minutes Grand Central 5 minutes Pennsylvania Terminals.  
W. JOHNSON QUINN, President

## Rob Thompson, Teacher in the Art of Saving

*Continued from page 126*

Continent, gave him a pretty good preparatory course for his present work in the matter of thrift promotion amongst the workers of Europe.

In an address to the International Thrift Congress in Milan in 1924, Thompson said: "While Mr. Henry Ford has been putting out his ten million cars, the eight or ten million recording home banks supplied to the bankers of the world will have brought to their vaults as savings more money than was spent on those cars; that is, say about five billion dollars; and I, for one concerned in this specialized modern business am proud of the fact that I have been responsible, or instrumental, in ever so small a measure in bringing into the bank and up to the deposit windows the innumerable savers and ambitious ones from the fields, the factories, mills, shops, schools and homes of the world who use the home savings bank, or who have learned the way to the bank through its instrumentality."

## Lyman J. Gage Going Strong at Ninety

*Continued from page 102*

in 1898, that the first American war loan was offered to the people and it was Mr. Gage who conceived the plan of a popularized subscription in the time of national need. At the start of the war, the year after he was appointed to President McKinley's Cabinet, Congress authorized the issuance of \$200,000,000 in bonds bearing 3 per cent interest.

Leading financiers of the time and high government officials were skeptical of the reception that would be given the issue. It was popularly believed that bonds bearing such a low rate of interest would fail to create much demand and that the issue would of necessity have to be sold at a large discount.

But Mr. Gage's proposal to sell the issue to individuals—America's small investors, rather than to the monied class—was adopted and the entire loan was absorbed by the people in offers for amounts less than \$4,500. More than 320,000 persons answered the call for financial help and purchased the war bonds.

In speaking of the action, Mr. Gage refers modestly to his part in the popularizing of the loan, but there is an expression of personal satisfaction about his face as he recalls the overwhelming popular response to his plan that at first was scoffed at by the governmental leaders.

Mr. Gage declares the experiment a justifiable one, as it worked out in a way to strengthen the national credit and to open the doors to similar steps when an even greater need was faced by the United States during the recent World War. It showed that the wage earner and the small-salaried man was willing to invest in government securities from which money would be raised for a worthy cause.

In 1920, Mr. Gage made his last real contact with the world when in company with Frank A. Vanderlip, Henry W. Taft, Darwin P. Kingsley, Jacob Gould Schur-

man and several others, he toured the Orient.

"That is one trip I would like to take again, as I enjoyed it more than any other travel in my life," he says.

Mr. Gage has but one regret on reaching ninety. He promised his family that he will relinquish one of the most prized of his daily activities. He will no longer drive his automobile.

"In a way I hated to see my birthday roll around this year, as I really love to drive my automobile," he said sadly, "but then I said I would quit driving, and I'll keep my word."

So Lyman Judson Gage, financier, man of the world and until the last twenty years a man of dynamic action, will face a con-

## West Indies Wonder Cruises



Sailing from New York  
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To summery seas—ises of exotic beauty—ports of high romance—where American history began.

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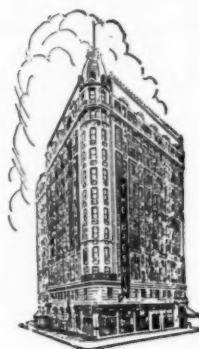
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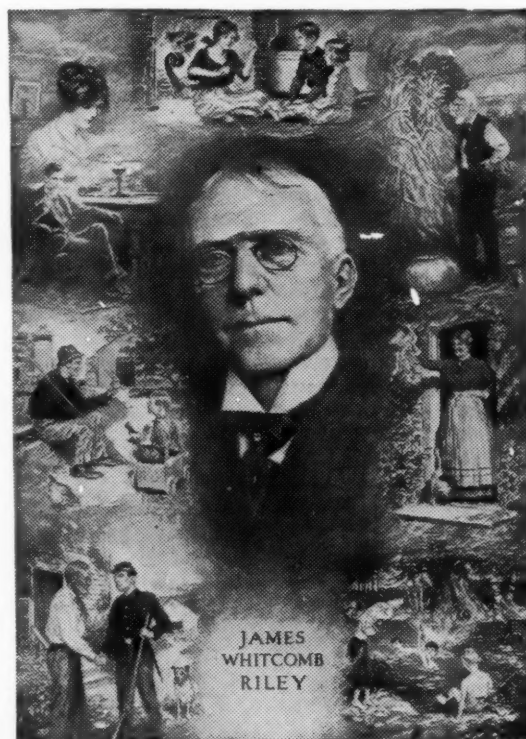


HIS superb art tribute to James Whitcomb Riley, painted by A. Hutchins. Original prints done in duotone ink on rich, soft stock for framing, are now offered to "folks at home," schools, libraries and all lovers of Riley at \$1.00 per copy, postpaid. *The most perfect portrait of all.* The groups include "Little Orphant Annie," "The Raggedy Man," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "Goodbye Jim," "Old Aunt Mary's," "The Old Swimmin' Hole," and "When Frost is on the Punkin'."

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WHITCOMB  
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# The Truth About Storm Damage IN FLORIDA

At Miami, Florida, October 12, 1926.

## To the Public:

The Management of the Seaboard Air Line Railway believes it to be a railroad's duty to give those who use its service information respecting the territory traversed by its lines. Controversies that have unfortunately arisen in connection with the recent storm damage in Florida render it especially desirable that the facts be stated.

No agency is better qualified to gather the facts and ascertain conditions within its territory than the organization of a railroad.

The Seaboard Railway is extending its lines from West Palm Beach to Miami (67 miles) and below on the East Coast; to Fort Myers and Naples (100 miles) on the West Coast. Its existing lines traverse seven Southern States from Richmond, Va., to the Gulf, with 1,713 miles in the State of Florida.

It is not necessary here to discuss West Coast storm conditions; the damage to buildings in that territory was comparatively slight, except at Pensacola, which the Seaboard reaches through connections, not by direct lines.

### PUBLIC OFFICIALS UNDULY CRITICIZED?

It is regrettable that the good faith of certain public officials in Florida has been questioned by a high official of the American Red Cross because of their statements limiting the storm damage to actual conditions. There is no purpose here to detract from the admirable service performed by the American Red Cross, nor to impede its collection of funds for the storm sufferers. It is unfortunate that calls for money for helping those in distress were not confined to the directions in which relief was required and not leave deductions to be drawn of wholesale ruin or devastation of a city or of a community.

The President of this railroad has had the opportunity to judge of the public spirit of the Governor of Florida; of the Mayor and City Commissioners of Miami, and of public officials of the affected localities; they have earned the confidence of the people of Florida.

Mayor Romfh of Miami and other public officials were required by the very nature of their offices to inform the public of the facts concerning the business, general conditions and the future of their respective communities. This was unfairly characterized as placing "tourist business" above the proper care of those in distress.

First reports coming from the storm area were "greatly exaggerated." This was the expression used by Florida public officials and it was properly used.

### THE RAILWAY OFFERS FACILITIES

Upon ascertaining the necessities, the Seaboard Railway offered its entire facilities to the Red Cross, the Governor of Florida, and to all Relief Committees, free of cost, Seaboard wires being kept open to the storm area for their use. The first special Seaboard trains from West Palm Beach to Jacksonville carried 1,400 women and children, other trains carrying doctors, nurses, medicinal supplies, food and workers, all without charge, to and from the affected area.

Mr. Henry M. Baker, in full charge of Red Cross activities in Florida, stated:

"The American Red Cross has been most appreciative of the generosity and efficiency of the Seaboard Air Line Railway Company in handling without cost upon our recommendation and recommendations of local committees free transportation for refugees from the disaster area."

Mr. Neal F. Tyler and Mr. Elliott W. Butts, in charge of transportation for the relief committee at Jacksonville, in a letter to the President of the railway, stated:

"Frankly, it would have been impossible for Jacksonville (transfer point for all lines) to handle these refugees with such quick dispatch to their points of destination had it not been for the fact that the Seaboard officials were the first on the ground in South and Central Florida, where the needs for transportation facilities were most urgent."

The President of this railroad has visited the hurricane area personally, except remote points from which responsible reports are in hand.

## THE FACTS

At Miami, Miami Beach and Coral Gables there are approximately: 137 hotels; 1,200 apartment houses; 10,000 places of business, including bank, office and business buildings and stores, and 35,000 to 40,000 dwellings.

Of the hotels damaged, approximately 85% sustained slight damage and all will be in full operation by December 1st; year-round hotels are now in operation.

Of the apartment houses, approximately 75%, mostly now in operation, sustained slight damage and will be repaired by December 1st.

Of places of business, approximately 85%, with substantially all at present in operation, sustained some damage and all repaired by December 15th, excepting a few.

Dwellings of modern permanent construction withstood the storm, sustaining slight or no damage, while buildings of flimsy construction were damaged to the extent of 70%.

Property owned by the city of Miami to the value of \$24,813,236 is reported by the authorities as sustaining a damage of only \$328,200, or 1.33%.

Of all permanent school buildings in Miami and vicinity, one only was destroyed, classes continuing in the others.

At Hollywood, the three large hotels of modern permanent construction withstood the storm, with more or less damage local to each, two being now in operation and the third—the Beach Hotel—will be in full operation by December 15th. The remaining hotels in the Hollywood district sustained damage and will be in operation about the same period. Apartment houses, places of business and dwellings of modern permanent construction withstood the storm; the damage local to each has been or will be repaired by December 15th. Buildings of flimsy construction sustained severe injury.

At Fort Lauderdale, which in some sections suffered considerably from the storm, it is represented that the damage will be repaired by December 15th and that the damage to structures will average approximately 20% of their total value.

In the intervening territory to Deerfield (25 miles south of West Palm Beach), where buildings were of modern construction, they suffered to the extent of approximately 5%. Repairs will be completed by December 1st.

From Deerfield to West Palm Beach damage to buildings was slight, in many cases none. This applies to West Palm Beach-Palm Beach, to the City of Lake Worth and other places in this area.

At Moorehaven (approximately 800 inhabitants), south of Lake Okechobee, the damage and loss of life was considerable from the breaking of the levee which was built to protect the town from the rising waters of Lake Okechobee. A permanent levee should be built by the State, if practicable. Every serious rise of water in Lake Okechobee has damaged Moorehaven. The overflow inundates a large section of the Everglades south of Moorehaven. The death loss at Moorehaven was approximately 150, nearly one-half of the total deaths of 370 reported by the American Red Cross in the entire storm area.

The State of Florida contains 55,000 square miles. The area affected by the storm covered approximately 495 square miles confined to Southern Florida. A large part of this area was not seriously affected.

Florida's citrus fruit crop, while considerably damaged within the storm area, will equal that of last year, this year's original crop having been much larger.

The storm fell hardest on the poorer classes of the communities. Within the area mentioned there were approximately 125 automobile camps of flimsy construction, without foundations and covered with canvas, in any hard storm subject to damage. The occupants numbered approximately 18,000, mostly non-permanent.

The President of the State Board of Health has announced that there has been no case of communicable disease developed in the storm area attributable to the storm. This effectively answers rumors to the contrary.

### REHABILITATION

The progress of the work of rehabilitation has been remarkable. Those who have visited these particular sections of Florida in the past will find before the season opens facilities equal to, if not surpassing, those of 1925; reasonable hotel rates are promised.

The principal streets of Miami and Coral Gables now give little outward evidence of the storm.

Foto, golf, tennis and other amusement grounds will be ready for the coming season, including the Hialeah and other race tracks.

In view of these conditions there was no foundation for such statements as "Miami Wiped Out," "Miami Prostrate," "Miami Destroyed," and like terms applied to other points affected.

Galveston, Texas, suffered a tidal wave and storm damage in 1900 of \$30,000,000 with 7,000 lives lost. San Francisco, Santa Barbara, San Jose and other parts of California were visited by earthquakes with great monetary loss. Mexico was recently visited by floods with reputed damage of millions of dollars; Illinois, Oklahoma and parts of the West from Illinois to Nevada have recently suffered severe flood damage. Baltimore, Maryland, suffered from the great fire of 1904 a loss of \$135,000,000, wiping out most of the business area. Chicago had its great conflagration. In every instance a better and more prosperous community has resulted. So will it be with Miami, Hollywood, Fort Lauderdale and other parts affected.

### SLIGHT DAMAGE TO RAILWAY

The Seaboard's Miami extension from West Palm Beach (67 miles) was nearly all graded at time of storm, mostly laid with ties and rail, largely surfaced from both termini. Twelve canals are crossed, with bridge piers and abutments at canal crossings nearly completed.

Where new earth has been thrown up for construction of grade, many instances three to four feet, on a line traversing the affected territory so great a distance, if there was the "devastation" reported, this grade and line would have been very seriously damaged.

On the contrary, and as a fact, the damage to this construction, including bridge piers and abutments, will not exceed \$30,000.

Contractors' houses for labor and in many cases equipment implements were blown down, causing delay, but monetary damage comparatively slight.

A contributing factor in the rehabilitation of the affected territory will be the completion of the Seaboard's Miami extension; every agency is at work for speedy operation of freight trains as construction progresses.

On November 10th, twenty miles of the new line from West Palm Beach will be put in freight train service, with through freight service to Miami by December 15th.

Passenger train service to Miami will be inaugurated during the first week in January.

### SEABOARD RAILWAY SERVICE

The Seaboard high-grade seasonal train service will meet the increasing travel to Florida and to all Southern points.

In answer to the many inquiries as to Seaboard service the coming season, it should be stated:

1. The Orange Blossom Special—the Seaboard's crack one night out train—will make its initial trip the coming season on December 6th in two sections, one to West Palm Beach-Palm Beach connecting with comfortable bus service to Miami; present East Coast terminus (to be later extended to Miami); its companion train (West Coast section) to Tampa and St. Petersburg, both trains leaving New York at the same time.

2. The Seaboard Florida Limited will make its initial trip on January 3rd in two sections—one to the East Coast, and its companion train (West Coast section) to Tampa and St. Petersburg. Both trains leave New York at the same time.

3. The Seaboard All-Florida Special will make its initial trip on November 2nd.

All these trains are in addition to the all-year-round and other service.

Florida—the world's winter playground—with its unmatched climate, its fertile soil which has no superior, the length of the seasons, its freedom from the rigors of winters, will continue to prosper and grow, and the area affected by this storm will take on a new aspect, profiting by the experience gained.

### S. DAVIES WARFIELD

President, Seaboard Air Line Railway.

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# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



WHEN the President of the United States sits down to his dinner on December 5th, he will doubtless follow the general custom of the Golden Rule Dinner, which has been in vogue for some years past. This is to emphasize and call attention to the great work that the Near East have accomplished. One man alone has given nearly one-half million dollars for this work and has never had his name in print as a philanthropist.

I have seen something of their work, where thirty thousand children in the Orient have not only been saved from physical starvation, but molded and built into men and women and started in life with a trade or some vocation to earn a livelihood. This work has been called the Internationalized-Philanthropy, and is proving an effective anti-war insurance. It has also been christened The New Children's Crusade, even transcending the glory of the crusaders of the Middle Ages, who left their homes to go to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, while the modern crusade reaches Palestine, Syria and the Near East to save the children. The movement has emphasized the ultimate goal of American philosophy and philanthropy, placing emphasis on child welfare, which promises to regenerate the Near East and may spread all over the eastern world.

Over one hundred million dollars has been expended with the best methods of efficiency and economics, patterned on the system of modern big business, for the Near East not only buys, but distributes and sells the work of the children so they can become self-supporting. Expert comptrollers look carefully after the welfare and products of thousands of children, which has been hailed as "The World's greatest Kindergarten." The Golden Rule dinner, if universally observed, would represent a concrete saving, on that one meal, to provide enough money to carry on this magnificent philanthropy which has saved millions of lives and accomplished definite and specific results that are revealed in the thousands of photographs showing the children and orphans of the Orient enjoying the rightful heritage of every child born in a peace-loving age—of food, clothing—an education and learning a trade with which to earn a livelihood and becoming a useful and desirable citizen for every country.

\* \* \*

DID you ever laugh heartily about something and then, when you wished to pass the amusing incident along, find you had forgotten what it was? Every month when I am in Washington, something or other is seen or heard which makes me laugh until the tears course down my face, but when I am ready to write, it just simply evaporates. The one thing that I actually have remembered about Washington, however, is that a rather sober, almost cynical friend of mine there was forever urging me to develop "that saving sense of remembering and

writing humor." Yet one Christmas he sent me a book entitled "The Charm of Warts!" This was the first time that the fascination of warts had been brought to my attention and I certainly would have forgotten even these if I did not happen to have that book before me. It makes me wish I could remember all those other things.



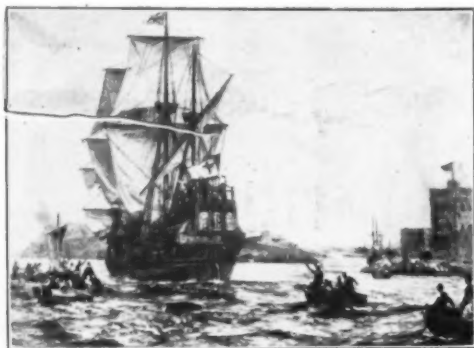
Vice-President Charles G. Dawes and his escort at the American Legion convention

For the sense of humor is a great thing. It will soften many a hard blow. It will cause the heart to beat in sympathy with that of the race. The sense of humor will even burn out the wrong that lingers there. I can never forget the humorous twinkle in the eye of Primo de Rivera when he was talking about the proceedings for executing a few artillery officers. And the humor of justice in the Hall-Mills trial is the kind that causes grim laughter while it strips from humanity the wrappings of civilization. New Jersey has been noted for famous murder trials that were never settled. It is fruitful soil for newspapers to cultivate a real going and continuous sensation. New Jersey in its administration of justice demonstrates a vigorous sense of humor.

\* \* \*

THE President issued his Thanksgiving proclamation, made a trip to Kansas City and delivered an address at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument. The first part of the address seemed to meet with popular approval, but European papers were aroused that he should

have referred to the matter of debts or even dollars and cents in connection with this occasion. No matter what is said, Europe will associate action and sayings of America with dollars and cents, because, after all, that seems to be what is uppermost on their minds at this time.



*Starting of the Mayflower from England, by Gribble*

The cabinet meetings are continuing in the same old methodical way, and there have been few changes during the year. The short session of Congress will simply mark time and make a survey of what is to be done when the 70th Congress is organized and becomes a fact.

\* \* \*

**T**HE full measure of the economic havoc wrought by fire in the United States, approximating more than one billion dollars annually, was taken at the meeting of the National Fire Waste Council, sponsored by the Insurance Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in Washington on September 29.

In addition to the ordinary property losses due to fire, aggregating \$570,000,000 last year, the losses due to forest fires,—of which there were 90,000 in 1925, with a tangible loss of \$28,000,000 and an estimated collateral loss of \$500,000,000,—were brought before the council for discussion.

This aggregate figure of \$1,095,000,000, representing the annual fire waste in the United States, does not include the economic loss due to deaths and injuries by fire. Reports from a number of states on fire casualties were separately considered.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN Warren Harding was inaugurated I stood beside the carriage where President Wilson, Warren G. Harding, Senator Knox and Uncle Joe Cannon were ready for their ride down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol to attend the inaugural ceremonies. These four men have now passed along and the eldest was the last.

At the ripe age of ninety, four score and ten years, "Uncle Joe" Cannon passed away at his home in Danville.



*Landing of the Mayflower in America, by Tyler*

He was, for forty-six years, a member of Congress, Speaker of the House, a man whose career was linked with that of the great Lincoln. The rugged character of this grand old man, born in North Carolina, a resident of Illinois, is already a part of American history. Generations used to come and go, but "Uncle Joe" went merrily on. There was that twinkle in his eye, the shaking of the head and the ever-present sense of humor that



*The late Joseph Guernsey Cannon*

might forecast an outburst of rugged and stirring patriotic emotions. When they sought to tear him from the Speaker's chair, he stood with arms folded and defied, and to the last of his career possessed two virtues that live on in connection with his memory—he was courageous; he was honest. Even as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, handling billions of money, there was never a taint of suspicion concerning the rugged honesty of the Grand Old Man from Vermillion County, whose long and useful life will long remain an inspiration to young representatives in Congress who may aspire to fill a niche of fame in public life.

FEW statesmen will be more missed in Washington than the magician, Harry Houdini. Six Presidents were counted his friends and wondered at his wiles, but more than that were charmed with the personality of the magician. He was a wonder-man in more ways than one; a wizard in his grasp of subtle subjects involving spiritualism and the occult. The contest with Conan Doyle will be memorable in history.

There is not a man, woman or child in America who does not know of Houdini, and his untimely death was mourned. To see him hold an audience breathless on the stage, to visit with him at his home and to have him as a guest was my rare privilege, and from every angle, Harry Houdini possessed the elements of greatness. Simple, modest, faithful and generous, the boy born in Appleton, Wisconsin, who started in life as a trapeze performer with the one purpose of emulating the Houdini whom he had read about, his career has even surpassed in brilliant achievement the hero of his boyhood.

He was buried in the casket which he had used on the stage, the one from which in life he had many times extricated himself, but the grim reaper held him fast this time. He was the son of a Rabbi, and deeply and devoutly religious and serious-minded, although never without the sense of humor. How often have I seen him take the needles from his mouth, or with his dexterous hand, do something that would make the audience stare in open-eyed wonderment, and yet he brought you right back to earth as he grasped your hand, with a twinkle in his eye, and said: "Remember, it is all a trick."

There was something about Houdini that made him seem in some ways like a superman. I have seen him in his mind-reading tricks, where his keen mind seemed to grasp details and deductions that would baffle the ordinary intellect. He never seemed to forget anything, and one time recalled with perfect lucidity the incidents



*Houdini greeting his mother, whose letters formed a pillow of his bier*



*Houdini, when he was appearing before kings and queens*

which occurred in the twenty-five times we had met—where we were, and the details surrounding, even to the color of the necktie that I wore.

The tributes paid to him by various Senators and Congressmen, who, after many a weary day at the Capitol, had found relaxation and delight when Houdini was in town, were inspiring. He had appeared before kings, queens and the crown heads of the world and had made several trips around the world. He was a man who had lived his fifty-two years to the utmost. Always at his side was that little wife, his chum and companion, who had witnessed his advancement from humble surroundings to the realm of greatness.

The funeral service and procession in New York was witnessed by thousands. He was given distinguished honors and his funeral conducted as he would have

wished—impressively and simply in the Elk's Hall. His brother magicians gathered about his bier and broke the magic wand, feeling that the master had departed. The Masons paid their tribute according to ancient rite. The Elks paid the honors due an absent brother, tested and not found wanting. The pallbearers included many eminent men, and the funeral seemed like a dream, for could



*Will Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cuddihy and the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE returning on the Leviathan*

it be true that Houdini, the Great, had gone from among us? He has passed the borderland between life and death, and the spiritualists who had their contentions with him are trying to call his spirit back.

For many hours, days and years he pondered over the subject of communication with the dead. Without bitterness or rancor, he made his plea, not against spiritualism, but against the charlatry which was fleecing poor people from their funds in the belief that they were receiving something and through a method which he exposed as a trick.

The author of a book, and magazine articles, his busy life was filled with good deeds. He was a true friend to man in the highest sense of the word. What more can you say of Houdini?

\* \* \*

WHEN General Summerall was made Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, it was a recognition of a brave soldier and one who has done much to bring the people to a proper understanding and appreciation of the standing army. General Summerall might be called a contact man. Wherever he has been stationed he has always considered himself first a citizen, insisting that a military body does not lose its civic responsibilities and sympathies. The splendid receptions given him in New York, while Commander of that Corps Area, and the many dinners given him on his leave-taking for Washington, indicate the impression that he has made upon the people in the country's metropolis. A banquet given him at the Advertising Club by the Advertising Association of New York, the Rotary Clubs and other organizations were manifestations of a keen appreciation of the splendid qualities of General Summerall as a citizen as well as a soldier.

The presentation made to him by the advertising men of New York, by Mr. Hector Fuller, was an eloquent and most comprehensive tribute which few men wearing the uniform have been given by civic organizations.

Hector Fuller said: "I esteem it a high honor to be selected by the fellow members of this Club, to take part in the regretful fare-ye-well which—as a body, we extend to our good and tried friend, General Summerall.

"It must be a matter of great pride to many of us that he has so often honored this Club with his presence, and has helped us, with that gracious suavity for which he is noted the world over, to receive such distinguished guests as our French and British envoys, our North Pole discoverers; our heroes of the Steamship Roosevelt and others.

"On all these previous occasions this distinguished representative of our Army has sat on the side lines. Now he goes to Washington to assume the high rank he has so signally earned, he is the center of attraction and our honored guest.

"And before I fulfill that function assigned me, the task of reading to our visitor our token of Greeting and Fare Ye Well, I feel that you would like to know something of the brave soldier whom it is our delight to honor.

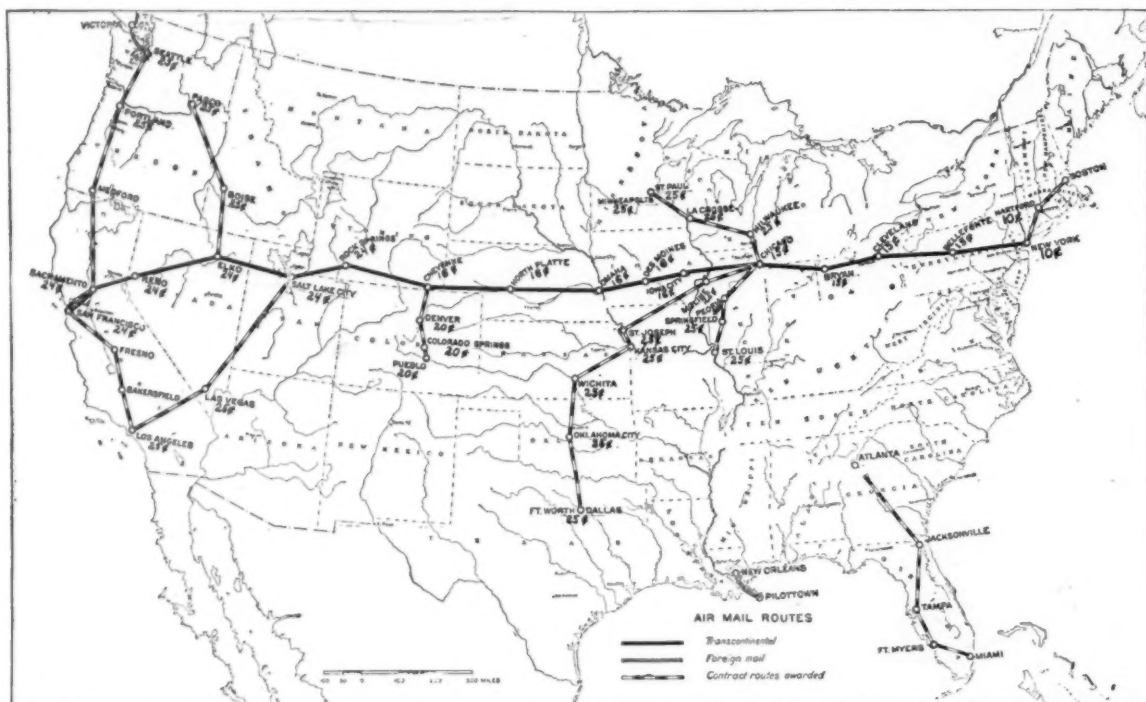
"Modesty is one of the characteristics of the brave and

American War Medal; the Philippines Campaign Medal, with two silver stars for gallantry in action. His fine work in China brought him the Chinese Campaign Medal with two silver stars and the World War brought him another medal with no less than five palms for major operations.

He was decorated as Commander of the Legion of Honor by France, and as Grand Officer of the Crown of Belgium. Italy made him a Commander of the Crown. He was awarded the Military Medal by Panama and he received the honors of Prince Danilo from Montenegro.

"It is the function of a soldier, as Shakespeare says, 'to seek the bubble reputation even at the canon's mouth'; we have as our guest, a man who has sought and found it and who wears the reputation bravely.

"We count ourselves truly happy that he has graced us with his presence. And, while he receives the plaudits



A graphic map showing present United States air mail routes in operation

he would not tell you I am sure, of the steps along his military career which have won him the high honor which is his today.

"From the time when the young soldier, Summerall joined the Fifth Artillery at the Presidio in San Francisco, March, 1893 he made the Artillery his favorite arm, as it was, indeed, the arm of the young soldier, Napoleon.

"He won his first promotion in the jungles of the Philippines. He was in command of a battery whose guns helped to make a breach in the walls of the Forbidden City during the Boxer Rebellion.

"In times of peace he busied himself in building forts or laying out artillery ranges, all the way from Texas in the South, West to Alaska in the North.

"In the World War his artillery took part in the first American offensive which resulted in the capture of Cantigny. He commanded the First Division at Soissons and at St. Mihiel, and he was promoted to the command of the Fifth Army Corps which occupied the center of the American line until the Armistice was won.

"It is fortunate that General Summerall is a broad-chested man, for he needed a wide space on which to hang his many decorations, so bravely won.

"He wears the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery under fire. In France he won the Distinguished Service Medal and the Croix de Guerre. He wears the Spanish-

of 'All sorts and conditions of men,' may I not assure him in your name that he will receive no greeting, nor token of farewell, more heartfelt and sincere than ours?"

\* \* \*

**G**REATER prospects for increased consumption of American farm products in China and Japan are seen by the United States Department of Agriculture. Tobacco, cotton and wheat are the three principal commodities for which there is promise of increased consumption in China and Japan, in the opinion of department officials. There is also considerable interest in developing markets for dried fruits, pears and apples from the Pacific Coast.

The Orient, through the development of big coast cities with large foreign population, the industrialization of which has taken place since the war, and because of the large number of natives who have travelled abroad and who have changed their living habits and are inculcating similar changes in the people at home, is becoming an increasingly important international market.

Department records show that China took more wheat from the United States in 1923-24 than did England. China has become the second largest American tobacco market, and is pushing Great Britain for first place.

Japan, since the war, has become one of our leading foreign markets for cotton.

Of the 1923 American wheat crop we exported some 44,000,000 bushels to the Orient. Although China produces large quantities of wheat, the cost of shipping the product from central China to coast cities is more than the cost of water transportation direct from the United States.

Oriental have become great tobacco users in recent years, according to the department records, China now being our largest market for made cigarettes. Less than 1,000,000,000 cigarettes were exported from the United States to China in 1913, whereas our exports to that country the past year totalled approximately 5,500,000,000.

China's imports of leaf tobacco from the United States jumped from an average of 15,000,000 pounds before the war to over 100,000,000 pounds in 1925. This is more than our exports to any other country except the United Kingdom.

There has been a tremendous increase in the spinning industry in Japan. That country last year took over 1,000,000 bales of American cotton, compared with 280,000 bales before the war.

\* \* \*

IT has been my good fortune to look from an upper window, or from the unstable seat of many an airplane, out over the roofs of many cities. I have circled about the Eiffel tower in Paris, set amid the sheen of the Seine and the billowy leaves of Champs Elysees. I have



Harris & Ewing

Frank D. Waterman, president of the L. E. Waterman Company, at the White House, just before he presented to President and Mrs. Coolidge these two gold pens manufactured for this purpose

seen the dome of St. Sophia lending its tone to Constantinople; the leaning tower of Pisa; the minarets of the Mosque of Omar reaching heavenward from Cairo; the Campanile at Venice, mirrored in moonlight waters; the stolid conservatism of Sir Christopher Wren's magnificent dome of St. Paul's, the leading motif of the harmony of London.

But for sheer picturesqueness, for the magic of in-

spiration commend me to the view I have from the oval window of my room high up in the Attic of the Waldorf-Astoria—a port-hole to the northward in the witchery of a moonlight in New York. In the daytime in the glare



At the window in the "Attic"

of the sun, it is true that artistic impulse is somewhat rudely checked by the view of the purely utilitarian water-tanks—insurance against fire—which rest ungainly on many roofs; but the eye attuned to beauty, can look through these, and beyond them. Ignore them and your eye is captivated by the golden towers of the American Radiator building, which at night, with the gilded pinnacles piercing the cloudy sky, are like a dream of gilded domes imaged from the Arabian Nights. A little farther off and to the West, there rises the illuminated roof of the Bush Terminal building, a dream of that master of architecture, Harry Corbett, whose plans for the New York of the future are slowly maturing into actualities.

On top of this tall business building, there is a purely Gothic structure, as religious in its feeling as any of the ancient cathedrals, and by a wonderful system of hidden lighting, this delicate tracery of stone and steel seems suspended in the air, as on a magic carpet. Further north, through the darkness there shines the lighted, triumphant cock, as if in the act of crowing, like Ros-tand's Chanticleer, defying the rising dawn, on the summit of the majestic Hecksher building. Why try to name them, or catalogue them? The vision, as a whole, defies analysis. It is a compact of towers and turrets; strongholds of commerce, with the grim aspect of fortresses; towers of Babel reaching far into the sky, proclaiming the majesty of commerce and typifying the reign of industrialism into which the modern builders of the world we live in, have breathed the soul of beauty.

Time was, you remember, as you viewed the vista of Fifth Avenue from this lofty vantage point, when the white spires of the Cathedral of St. Patrick dominated this scene. Not now, alas, for modern builders have borrowed those architectural beauties which the church preserved for the world, and using them in the industrial palaces of today, have so dwarfed the aspiring symbols of the church, that you have to peer here and there to search if you would find amid the glories of this modern Babylon, the quiet places for the cure of souls.

Does all this mean merely money-making and the glorification of things material? The answer is to be found in what the vision means to you. To a Kipling it would mean a new life and a new dress for the Old Romance, a Romance perhaps closer to the hearts of men than any that has gone before. For these utilitarian palaces of industry have, you thank God, clung to beautiful ideals

and you realize that even in the modern mart, our craze for wealth has not blinded us, as Americans, to the need of clinging to and, in a sense, perpetuating:

"The glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome."

\* \* \*

THE irrepressible reformer, a "refiner" is already at work in Washington. He commented in these words: "How many of us stop to think how odious and offensive are some of the words we use? For instance,

cal speech of a soldier serves to give young people an idea that oaths and blasphemy can be palliated in a play depicting the glory of heroism that closely approaches the sublimity of Divinity. That oaths and other words unbecoming to a soldier and gentleman add strength to a situation is a platitude, the constant repetition of which adds not at all to truth. Onions and sewers are 'strong', but no one attempts to multiply their offensiveness. The plea for this set realism is a conference of maudlin weakness. Why look down into the depths of crime and degradation, when there is beauty to look upon? Why always look into the mire and muck beneath us when the



Harris & Ewing

Everett Sanders, secretary to the President of the United States, and Mrs. Sanders, who have returned to their apartment at *The Mayflower*, Washington, D. C.

we constantly hear the word 'rotten', which cannot be disassociated from the thought of ancient and decrepit eggs. Why is it necessary, in polite conversation, to use a word that carries such a strong suggestion of putrescence? Why speak of a drama or a book as being 'rotten'? Why say that you are feeling 'rotten,' when you mean you have a slight cold? One's gentility is often determined by one's choice of words. Is it not well for us to repel these offenders of good taste, and cast them into oblivion as far as ordinary conversation is concerned, using them only in their right places, and with their proper meanings?"

Certain slang words seem to add *much* to the virility of our language. But to drift into a rough and slovenly manner of speech is quite as revolting as never taking a bath. Mental baths, as a matter of fact, are quite as necessary as those of a physical nature.

But the mentor continued: "The language in some of the dramas playing in New York last year reeked with a vileness that compelled even the deaf ears to rebel in hearing. The original lines in the play, 'What Price Glory,' presuming to depict the life of a soldier in France, were an insult to the character of the doughboy. Such language may have been used in isolated instances, but to spread it before the public in a play as being the typi-

cal speech of a soldier serves to give young people an idea that oaths and blasphemy can be palliated in a play depicting the glory of heroism that closely approaches the sublimity of Divinity. That oaths and other words unbecoming to a soldier and gentleman add strength to a situation is a platitude, the constant repetition of which adds not at all to truth. Onions and sewers are 'strong', but no one attempts to multiply their offensiveness. The plea for this set realism is a conference of maudlin weakness. Why look down into the depths of crime and degradation, when there is beauty to look upon? Why always look into the mire and muck beneath us when the

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LACK of financial preparedness on the part of the Federal Government was given as one of the causes of the heavy public losses from fires in the National Forests during the past season by Secretary of Agriculture Jardine in an address before a meeting of State Foresters recently held at Washington. "What we need to protect these great public properties," the Secretary continued, "is to have in advance enough money, men, and facilities to prevent fires or to cope with them before they grow large. As it is now we are forced to spend large sums of money after the fires have got out of bounds and then ask Congress to make up the costs through a deficiency appropriation. What we need is advanced appropriations sufficient to meet the National Forest fire problem. And the Federal Government must furthermore discharge the financial obligations it has assumed toward the States under the Clarke-McNary cooperative forestry act."

State rather than Federal activity in forest conservation must be looked to from now on for the main prog-

ress in timber growing. The Federal forest policy for a good many years to come, was completed with the enactment of the Clarke-McNary Law in 1924, providing for financial co-operation in forest fire control between the Federal Government, the States, and private landowners, and the chief development henceforth should be in the forestry undertakings of States, local institutions, and individuals.

\* \* \*

**A**CTING as its own junk dealer, the Army sold enough rags, old rubber, tin cans, bottles, and other hitherto waste material during the last fiscal year to turn into the treasury exactly \$1,050,410. This will pay the salaries of all its high officials, as well as a large number of those not so high.

\* \* \*

**E**VERY year Washington is gaining in popularity as the convention city, for it is the one place which everyone in the United States wants to visit one time or another. Why not then, during a convention? The dome of the Capitol is a tourist magnet. Here you meet and mingle with people active in public and diplomatic life. Mr. C. E. LaVigne, executive director of the new Washington Convention Bureau, has pronounced Washington the greatest capital city of the world—the soul of America—the memorial of the past and the promise of the future. Richly endowed by nature and design is Washington. Mr. LaVigne believes that Washington, far away from the hum of industry, is the place for conventions to deliberate as it is the place for Congress to deliberate.



Mrs. Odgen Hammond, wife of the American Ambassador to Spain

A list of the conventions already booked for Washington for the coming year representing various organizations of the country, resembles a big, fat telephone directory. The place selected by George Washington for a capital city is a fitting place for people to meet, mingle, deliberate and find recreation.

**P**ARING down the government payroll is evidently becoming a prevalent method of setting financial households in order in Europe. Austria, Hungary and other countries have, upon expert advice, lopped off sundry thousands of employees. France is now attacking the problem of deflation from the same angle, it is reported by Basil Miles, American commissioner to the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris.

"Some of the measures taken to reduce government expenditures are as follows:" says Mr. Miles. "Suppression of 182 administrative posts (106 sub-prefects and 76 general secretaries); reduction of the list of active army officers by 2,700 and the dismissal of 1,200 officers in temporary employment; the sale of 7,000 cavalry horses, with an additional sale of 2,000 horses subsequently available; the sale of two naval arsenals and the turning over to civil uses of about half the present 350 military barracks; and the suspension of further civil service entrance examinations until next year.

"These measures follow those already taken by which 218 local state prisons, 228 minor law courts and 87 prefectorial advisory boards were abolished."



"Leviathan" committee which raised \$40,000 for Florida relief

**A** LITTLE homely incident just learned about Abraham Lincoln discloses the reason why one of his greatest speeches was never published—and a new Lincoln incident always arrests attention. The address had been written hastily by the President, to be given at a serenade to him upon the occasion of General Lee's surrender. It was the last he ever delivered—and it was the very night of the tragedy. Those present recall that it was about the length of the Gettysburg address and in it the President appealed to the Union soldiers to conduct themselves properly in this hour of victory. For the South he had words of cheer and fraternity and promised to visit them shortly. And if he had lived to carry out this plan, it is believed that many of the evils of the reconstruction period would have been avoided.

The night of the serenade Lincoln's son "Tad" had been allowed to stay up. With his father, he went into the East Room, where the President spoke from a window. As he finished the sheets, he placed them on a table by his side and the strong breeze which was blowing that evening scattered them on the floor. When the President had almost finished this address, Tad interrupted with: "Throw them down faster, daddy." And the President, looking down, saw that the sheets had been torn into small pieces.

# A Vivid Hour *with* King Alfonso

*The King of Spain is keenly interested in American affairs. An executive who understands modern business methods. The elimination of politicians and graft a feature of the dictatorship that the people voted to continue three years more*

AMERICANS must be tolerated for their lively interest now and then in the glitter of Courts and the personalities of a royal entourage in Europe or the East. Crowned heads are becoming scarce these days. In the story-book periods of our young lives, the mere mention of a monarch summons before our mind's eye a vivid picture of a gleaming canopy with royal personages overhung with robes of fleeciest ermine, be-decked with jewels, with a crown sparkling with radiant gems, a majestic sceptre and couriers hovering

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Fairchild  
West

about. These scenes are still flashed in motion pictures and witnessed on the stage, but lack all semblance to the real royalty of today.

To look upon a twentieth century king is quite another matter. There is neither the pomp, the pageantry, color nor formalities of court life to intrigue and sophisticate us in matters royal. Our President lives in comparative simplicity in the White House, scarcely as elaborate as that of the palatial residences of our sausage magnates, motor monarchs, or pre-eminent pickle princes. He is guarded by a handful of secret service men, arrayed with no more idea of formality than the President himself. His going and coming is a mere matter of the day's news, not always on the front page. There are times when he enjoys privacy, yea, even fishing, just as we mortals. It is also decreed that in a few years he will return to the rank

and file and become, as the rest of us, "one of the plain people" Lincoln loved.

Consequently, our interest in kings and courts, which at times amazes our Continental cousins, is nothing more than a natural sequence of living our days amid the drab surroundings of the official democracy.

\* \* \*

My desire to have a glimpse of the Spanish Court and the King and Queen surprised my dark-eyed Spanish friend, who facetiously insisted that my interest in kings and queens was occasioned by an American love of the gentle pastime of poker, in which two pairs of face cards, or "four of a kind," even without an ace, is likely to be interesting and raise an eyebrow across the table. Discussing this matter in a casual way at breakfast "in old Madrid," accustoming my palate to cafe au lait, the news was brought to me, while breaking my eggs and waiting for griddle cakes, that I was "royally" commanded to appear at the palace of King Alfonso XIII. The Ambassador smiled as he handed me the belated letter containing the royal seal which was translated as follows, while I was thinking out a few other Spanish words besides "Si Si!" and "simpatico."

Palacio 2 de Noviembre de 1925  
Excmo. Senor Alexander P. Moore,  
Embajador de los Estados Unidos de America,

Mi querido amigo: recibo su amable carta a la que tengo el gusto de contestar para significarle que Su Majestad el Rey, recibira en audiencia manana martes a las once y cuarto, a M. J. Mitchell Chapple por lo que le agradecere se lo comunique asi a dicho senor.

Se reitera de V. con la mayor consideracion su afectisimo y atento amigo s. s.

q. b. s. m.

Ee Duque de Miranda.

Translated, the import of the letter was as follows:

The Palace

Second of November, 1925

From the Lord of the Household of his Majesty the King  
to  
His Excellency Ambassador of the U. S. of A.

My dear Friend:

I have received your amiable letter which I will answer with pleasure to inform you that His Majesty, the King will receive in audience, tomorrow at quarter past eleven, Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple and I will be pleased if you will communicate this to the said gentleman.

With expressions of the greatest consideration, I am

Your affectionate friend and servant,  
The Duke of Miranda.

\* \* \*

In another hour we were speeding along in the Ambassador's limousine toward the home of King Alfonso XIII of Spain. I call it a "home" because there is no equivalent for this Saxon word in the Latin language; consequently, we must call it a "palace." Passing the palatial post office, with its striking facade, the famed art gallery called a "musee," on through the beautiful and picturesque plaza where the populace are wont to promenade evenings in twos and fours and listen to the exquisite "nine-eight" time music of the famous Spanish bands, I wondered, like Cinderella, whether the hour of twelve would soon strike for me,

bringing with it a ruesome awakening. Through the streets with their American-like, cosmopolitan subway bustle, the motor fairly catapulted toward the royal domicile.

The Ambassador and myself tried to maintain an impressive diplomatic dignity as the newspaper photographers gathered around and the cameras clicked just as they do for a "before-entrance" flash at the Executive Offices in Washington. Later came the "upon-leaving" photo, with the age-old query of gossips, "what did he say? how did he look?"

On either side were armed sentinels, pacing up and down, or peering at us out of the little sentry boxes. As we approached, they craned their necks in my direction, with a "Stealthy Steve" detective glance. The regulation attire of a private citizen making an official call is usually the high silk hat, frock coat, striped trousers, gray spats, gray gloves and a cane. When the guards, in their gay uniforms, doublets, hose and shining helmets, observed me with my Knox fedora hat, Biltmore loom homespun suit, and noted my only concession to royalty, the new pair of gray suede gloves, curiosity and suspicion gleamed in their eyes. Accompanied by the Ambassador, who, as the titular representative of the U. S. A., is entitled to special privileges by royalty, I passed the first outer guard in the great corridors with a sigh of relief.

Presenting credentials was not so simple a matter as I thought, even with Ambassadorial backing. Despite the fact that the Ambassador was a frequent caller at the palace, Kings are still as exclusive as American sales managers "in conference." At the second threshold we were halted as the guards scanned the list of callers scheduled for that day. The name of the Ambassador was not on the list. It appeared that His Excellency had neglected to announce his own appearance with the stout gentleman in gray, whose name, the guards insisted, was the only one appearing on the card. Our billet they declaimed with many words and excited gestures, was for "one person only."

We had to convince Senor Cortez San Salvador, the inner guard, that *we were one*. For a moment it looked as though Joe Mitchell Chapple would have to pay his respects without the Ambassador, but matters were satisfactorily settled and arm in arm we climbed the red-carpeted, broad, marble stairs.

On either side the walls were hung with paintings and the staircase adorned with works of art. On the landings we passed numerous statuesque guards, wearing steel helmets and armed with spears, clad in black and red costumes of triangle pattern. As we passed they seemed suddenly to come to life, and with their spears, rapped on the marble to announce our coming to the sentinel beyond, who, in turn, passed the word along to the next turn—as they do in a lodge room.

While I had been face to face with royal personages before, and the experience of meeting a real king was not exactly new to me, it seemed, as I ascended that massive staircase, that I was assuming a part in a medieval play in a costume not befitting a Knight of Old. It is remembered that this was not an official formality, but a quest on my part to glimpse the friendliness and good will which I felt existed between the kinfolk of two nations. Modern Florida, with its Spanish architecture and ever increasing interest in things Spanish, indicates a close relationship between the two countries, which I believe will sooner or later prove advantageous to the United States of America and the Motherland of Spain, and explain "Why these Spanish homes in America?"

Passing from one great high studded room or hall to another, the way to the reception room was indeed a revelation. Blurred glimpses in hurried fashion of mirrors, mantels, chairs, divans, rare "objets d'art," handsome carved furniture and appointments, stately pieces beyond description gave ample reason for Napoleon Bonaparte's pronouncing this palace "the finest

in all Europe," and telling his brother he would like to have it for his own.

There were rooms where red was the dominant color; rooms in blue, and rooms in which green was most profuse. As I passed on, there came to me memories of my first visit to our own White House, with its "red" room, its "blue" room and its "green" room, all so simple, yet withal, so stately, a reflection, perhaps, of the palaces of kings of Europe.

As we waited in the outer room for the "coming of the King," the strains of martial music and the clarion notes of a bugle were wafted up to us through the wide-open casement windows over-looking the parade ground below. It was the hour of "guard mount," and crowds had gathered outside the iron fence to witness this daily ceremony, with its accompaniment of gay



Hon. Alexander P. Moore and editor of the  
National Magazine

colors, glittering helmets, fluttering flags and prancing steeds. The solemnity of it all, the advance and retreat of the lancers, the coming in of the new guard and the passing out of the old, recalled to my mind pictures I had seen of pageantry in the Court of Isabella. It also reminded me of the days when our own khaki-clad boys embarked for Europe and the groups that dotted the parade ground at West Point. Here in Old Madrid the ceremony seemed all the more impressive because we could hear faintly the commands in Spanish, the clatter of hoofs, the click of rifles, and the tramp of feet.

The horsemen dismounted, were put "at ease" and dismissed. Then came the gleeful scurry to "quarters," for to those going through the ceremony day after day, guard mount is no joke, and the soldiers seemed happy when the military ceremonial, established in Caesar's time, was over. As we saluted from the balcony, the band master, observing the American Ambassador's and my handkerchief, played "Stars and Stripes Forever" and we applauded.

Little time was lost in further preliminaries, for within a few minutes we somehow found ourselves in the presence of the King. There was little formality in our meeting with Alphonso. Before many moments had passed, all present were very much at home—so much so, in my case, that I could scarcely believe I was really in a real King's inner sanctum. In fact, King Alphonso himself was less formidable than his guards, and my homespun suit and odd trousers attracted less notice from him than they did from the outer guard.

With true simplicity, the King offered cigarettes from his silver case, and pointed to a divan on which

we were soon seated and began chatting affably, each doing his bit. The King was evidently keen to exchange ideas with his American visitor; myself quite as eager to get a first hand glimpse of the inner personality of the man whom Spain loves. Even on such short acquaintance it was evident, that while Alphonso is a real king in every sense of the word, he is first of all, a man—one who makes friends quickly by the sheer force of his personality. There was no hint of officious authority or vanity in his demeanour. His appearance in a simple morning business suit, comfortable negligee shirt, with soft collar attached, brown necktie, and silk handkerchief to match peeping from his coat pocket, put me instantly at ease. He seemed more like the young executive of a large corporation ready for business, than a king of the realm. The amiable smile was accentuated by the rise and fall of his upturned black mustache, as he chatted with us in English, with the accent of one educated in England.



A new Moorish apartment house in Seville, Spain

Expressing lively interest in matters American, one of his first questions was: "How about Florida?" Then came inquiry concerning prohibition. He noted a great falling off in the exports of Spanish wines since the adoption of our 18th Amendment—although most of the wines had been sold to England.

"Wine is one of our principal exports, you know, and now we know that America was one of our best customers," he said with a twinkle in his eye, as if sounding me on the subject.

The King's dark eyes lighted with interest when I replied rather facetiously:

"We are still a drinking nation. There remains something like 1,647,424 soda fountains in the United States of America. Why not," I boldly suggested, "help supply the bubbling drinks of America and export Spanish grape juice for our 'sizzle-water' loving throng? The juice of the grape could very well be shipped in the empty oil tankers returning to America."

It was a sickly attempt at a jest, I admit, but being a monarch with vision, Alphonso seemed to recognize the possibilities which such a plan unfolded, and seemed quite eager to have a report in detail as to the feasibility of exporting Spain's aromatic grape juice, which the late William Jennings Bryan endorsed.

"This is the day of fresh fruit juices, and orange juice is fast becoming a national beverage, mixed and otherwise," I fumbled on, trying to change the subject.

Unlike most of the monarchs of Europe, who were obliged to wait half a century before succeeding to the

throne, King Alphonso became king from the very moment of his birth. His father had been interred at Escorial six months before Alphonso was born, May 17, 1886. It seemed difficult to realize that I, a farm lad who did chores in the old red barn, was actually chatting in the small, but thoroughly comfortable room, impressively equipped, wherein a king, with the blood of Bourbons, Hapsburgs and Stuarts in his veins, received his personal guests. It was a more modest private office than that which would satisfy the executive of a budding oil company in Kansas. On one side was his writing desk, covered with reports and papers neatly arranged. At this thoroughly business-like affair he works day after day with the system and dispatch characteristic of a high-powered executive.

When the King entered the room, as though in a well-arranged stage setting, the fire in the fireplace seemed to flare up brilliantly in deference to His Majesty. And I noticed, as he advanced to meet us, that he was much better looking than any of his pictures portrayed. High lights and shadows emphasized the characteristics of his facial appearance. His strong lower jaw, his Hapsburg mouth and nose, his black moustache and white teeth gave a pleasant, whole-hearted welcoming expression to his rather long and narrow face, which is the rare type distinctive of the Phillips of Spain.

It is the custom in the palace, the Ambassador informed me as we entered, for the guests to carry their hats and gloves, as evidence that they are visitors and not members of the royal household. With hands both occupied, the visitor is often at a loss to know how to manipulate himself when the King (fond of his little joke) offers him a cigarette, in order that he may watch the hasty and surreptitious search for a vacant spot upon which to deposit the articles and strike a match. Usually the visitor, discovering that he has but one hand in which to hold two articles of clothing and a match as well, gives up in despair and goes without a light. In my case, this little joke was dispensed with, of necessity, I suppose, for the fedora was hastily perched on the Ambassador's cane which was parked in a corner. After again graciously helping ourselves to Alphonso's royal supply of Russian cigarettes, the conversation proceeded for over an hour at a rapid pace between whiffs.

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Chatting for a while on various subjects, I tried to describe to him the architectural beauties of Spain that are being followed in the course of construction of American homes in other parts of the country possessing the salient characteristics of Moorish and Iberian art. Wherever climate and color forms an appropriate background, America seems to have remembered Espagna. When I mentioned St. Augustine, the first permanent settlement in America and that Spain built the first homes in America, the King smiled and said: "Our own kinsfolk." When I further mentioned that nine of the states in our Union have Spanish names, he became very enthusiastic, and launched into a delightful expression of the pleasure with which he was looking forward to his first visit in America.

"You know, we own a home in Florida!" he informed me, and genially offered to shake hands again to commemorate comradeship as Florida home-owners.

There is an old tradition that only the King may change the subject while conversing with his guests. Our chat covered a wide range of topics, while my eyes had strayed constantly to the rich carpet of yellow and brown, of rare coloring and impressive design, on the floor of the room. Observing my interest, His Majesty remarked, after I had said something about the many new hotels in the course of construction:

"This carpet was on this floor before I was King."

Expatriating on its many qualities, its strength and durability, he then, not unlike a good salesman that he is, stooped and, on his knees, found on the back of

the rug the mark indicating that it had been made in 1877.

Referring to the Seville Exposition to be held in 1927, the King remarked that he was especially pleased with America's co-operation in the project, in providing a generous appropriation of one million dollars for a building which is to be turned over to the City of Seville as an educational institution. Several times when the conversation became rapid, the King intimated that he naturally thought better in Spanish, and hoped in the future that more Americans would learn to speak Spanish and more Spaniards learn to speak English.

Referring to the many palatial hotels in America with Spanish furnishings, Alphonso intimated that the best of Spanish craftsmanship was at the disposal of America. Judging by the amount of old vases, relics, hinges, lanterns, tiles and other Spanish antiques in evidence in homes and mansions along the East and West coasts of Florida and in California and New York, home builders in the U. S. A. are well inclined to make use of the royal suggestion.

\* \* \*

Justly proud, as he is, of the products of his country, King Alphonso knows whereof he speaks. There is not a province nor a city, town or hamlet that the King does not visit at some time or other, either officially or travelling incognito—a thing which he dearly loves to do, so that he can see for himself the condition of his people and their activities.

"My first thought is for Spain and the one thing for which I live and work is a united, industrious and happy Spain," the King declared impressively.

Holding such sentiments, and being both unafraid and unwilling to send others where he himself would scorn to go, the King is beloved by his subjects. He is trusted because he does not abuse the prerogatives of his office and because he has shown repeatedly, in most trying crises, that he handles his responsibilities in a manner befitting a business executive, without, at the same time, compromising his dignity as a King. Conversant with modern methods the world over, his ideas with regard to politics, commerce and industry are thoroughly up-to-date. Few executives, in fact, know more about the details of costs, markets and business management. He keeps an eye on the balance sheet of every industry in the country, and can tell in less time than it takes to wink an eye whether it is gaining or declining.

Discussing the tourist situation, His Majesty declared that he believed Spain is now coming into her own as one of the most interesting countries in Europe. The belief, prevalent in the past, that Spain has ill-equipped hotels and faulty transportation service, is being quickly dispelled. The propaganda against Spain that tended to bring the country unfavorably to the notice of tourists was something like that which is now being circulated concerning Florida by envious sects in other parts.

Besides its recreational opportunities, there are summer schools throughout the country at which foreigners may register for attendance, as well as numerous well-equipped libraries and laboratories for research and study in art, literature and science, amid the charms of Spanish atmosphere and environment—as inspirational as they are refreshing. Railroad improvements are planned which will reduce the time from Vigo to Madrid to twelve hours. Already Spain has the nearest port to America—less than four days sail by fast steamers from New York.

Coincident with the installation of a very modern and perfectly efficient system of automatic telephones in Spain, bringing the country abreast of the most advanced of nations, it is believed there will be a great increase in the amount of travel, as well as the number of travellers. The air routes, already established, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean from Bar-

celona and Malaga and on to Tangiers, Africa, should prove a magnet to thousands of tourists. For five years now mail has been carried via Seville to the dark continent every day without an accident. The charting of the air currents over the Spanish domain has made aviation as safe and stable as other and older methods of transportation. His analysis of aviation was succinct and to the point.

"With the surprisingly rapid development of aviation in the last few years, backed by the government and capital, Spanish aviators may yet make Spain a European if not a world aviation center. Aviation will bring North and South America closer to Spain than any other European country."

\* \* \*

The hour with King Alphonso was a succession of swift-flying moments. True to his Latin politeness, Alphonso did not once look at his wrist watch, or make



Wash day on the road between Toledo and Madrid, Spain

a single movement that could be interpreted as a desire to end the interview. Only the diplomatic hint of the Ambassador indicated that we had had our share of the Monarch's working day. A small mountain of used cigarettes in the ash tray on the King's desk was an indication of the time that had passed.

To my request for his favorite song to add to my collection of "Heart Songs," the King smiled and replied:

"Really, I have little ear for music, but do enjoy and love the folk songs of Spain when they reflect a light heart or a happy and contented home. Of course," he added in qualification, "some of our Spanish songs are tragic to a degree undreamed of in your poesy," and instanced "La Sucida," a song of a suicide in seventeen verses, as an example.

Expressing regret that the first and foremost event an American wants to see in Spain is a bull-fight, he insisted that Spain should not be judged altogether by outside impressions of its national sport. There are many other interesting and less brutal sports in which the nation indulges—golf, for instance, polo, and our own national game of baseball. The time will come, Alphonso believes, when the horrors of bull-fighting will be eliminated and left only to the romanticists to describe as a pastime of ancient days.

\* \* \*

Leaving the palace by the red carpeted royal entrance, we met the Infanta Christina, who greeted the Ambassador with charming friendliness. I made my best courtier bow. There was little of the short-story glamour apparent. She typified the real spirit of mod-

ern Youth, with her candid English appearance, and the blue eyes of her mother. Her Latin charm of gesture, free from consciousness of rank and state, the manner in which she carried her sixteen years, the dignity and stateliness which seemed so well to blend with her charm of youth, were evidently a heritage from her father. Laughingly she remarked to the Ambassador that she was "keeping house" for her mother, who was away on a holiday.

Leaving the historic palace, I felt as though I had had a homey chat with a real citizen of a great nation—the father of a family—an executive who directs. The King seemed more like a general manager of Spain, working and planning with every bit of his ability for the welfare of his country, than a monarch of royal line. To bring back to Spain some of its old-time commercial prestige by making it a country attractive to tourists, and build up really vital industries, is the dominant motive of the most modern of all monarchs.



One of the old gates of Toledo, Spain

A real King, with a great majority of the people his ardent supporters in a definite plan and the ability to see it through to a finish, is Alphonso of Spain. Far different is he from the familiar conception of the figure-head, who sits on his throne without an idea of what it is all about. In his thirty-ninth year, he typifies the modern business genius of the age in Spain, and is keeping pace with the progress of the world. The fact that more than seven hundred schools have been established in Spain within the last two years indicates that his real work has only begun.

Divested of all his titles and regal majesty, King Alphonso is what we Americans would call "a prince

of good fellows," and a king by right and deed as well as birth.

Like all Latins, and the Spanish in particular, King Alphonso is devoted to his family. With all his royal duties, he remembers first that he is a Spanish father. And so it is throughout the family. Referring to the King, the children say "Father" and the Queen says "My husband"—not His Majesty, as one would expect. They express in home life that perfect unity and love of family so dear to the Spanish heart.

The respect, admiration and reverence of the Spanish people for their King is on a par with the American's respect for the flag. In their eyes "the King can do no wrong," and while he himself reminds them often that he is only human and frankly admits the possibility of his making mistakes, he exercises much less of tyrannical power than do some of the newly-elected sheriffs of America.

The King and Queen of Spain believe in the ancient Greek idea that only with a knowledge of the human body is health possible. Dr. Javier Bartrina Costa, personal physician to King Alphonso, has prescribed the "daily dozen" on the beach at Santander, for the Royal family. The King is not only an all-around sportsman and scholar, but a physical culturist who carries out, even in zero weather, the orders of the royal director of athletics, and sees that his family, down to his youngest son, Prince Gonzalo, likewise goes through those setting up exercises. It was in this way that the King has built up his strength. In his youth he had to make much the same fight to build up his health as did Theodore Roosevelt, whom he greatly admired—even if he was a "Rough Rider" in Cuba. The Crown Prince, a young stripling, shows a marked interest in mechanical problems and the Queen has stated that the boy is going to be an engineer.

With an almost Spartan regard for family discipline, the King and Queen reprimand the faults and praise the virtues of their several children impartially, keeping always in close touch with their youngsters, and with their work in school. Both are deeply interested in the work of the Red Cross and in its services to the soldiers in the Riff country.

While the age-old conflict between Christianity and Mohammedanism still exists, the question now arises from an economic and humane standpoint: "Does it Pay?" One cannot forget that the Moors dwelt for centuries in Spain and that they have left their impress deep on her civilization. With her foundations of historic oriental culture, perhaps Spain, whose language is used by more nations than any other, may be the medium of bringing about, after these many centuries of religious misunderstanding and racial distrust, a rapprochement between the Orient and the Occident that will lead to a universal recognition of the essential humanity of all nations, and the kinship of God's people, everywhere, through the modern impulses that still throbs with the spirit of discovery in Hispania, "Ancient of Days."



# Washington's Boyhood Home

*The most famous farm in America, where the immortal cherry tree grew—The story now challenged by modern legends, but the cherries still bloom the while*

NEAR Fredericksburg, Virginia, lies America's most famous farm—"Pine Grove," where George Washington lived as a boy. The approach of Washington's Bicentenary is bringing this



Mr. and Mrs. James B. Colbert and Miss Belle Colbert standing in front of George Washington's world-famous cherry tree

farm into the national spotlight, as well it may. For there cluster more memories and relics of Washington, the real boy, than anywhere else on earth. There stands the world-famous Cherry Tree!

Pine Grove is owned by James B. Colbert, who operates it as a high-grade dairying establishment. A princely domain it is, of fertile fields and rolling, wooded hills, of orchards, vineyards and richly-varied crops, comprising some 460 acres of the Old Dominion's choicest land; a farm worthy to have been Washington's own.

The Father of His Country spent much of his boyhood there. Augustine Washington, George's father, died there in 1743, when George was only eleven. Mary, his mother, lived there some thirty years. Every foot of this Farm is redolent of Washington memories.

At Pine Grove there still flourishes what all traditions identify as a scion of George's immortal Cherry Tree. What's more, this scion is still bearing fine cherries. Mr. Colbert shows this tree to innumerable visitors. No more kindly, genial and hospitable Vir-

By GEORGE ALLEN  
ENGLAND

gian lives than he. The courtesy of the whole Colbert family—whose picture appears herewith—is never-failing to tourists. It was Mr. Colbert himself who, not long ago, remarked to me:

"This tree is different from other cherry-trees. Crows and blackbirds eat fruit from my other cherry-trees, but never touch any from this one. Surely, they must know the difference!" And Mrs. Colbert makes cherry-preserves and jelly each year from the fruit of this historic tree. None could be better than those produced by her justly-celebrated skill.

It is fitting that Pine Grove should be today, as in Washington's time, the home of a true Virginian, following the best agricultural traditions of the Southland. This is as Washington would have had it, for was he not a great lover of agriculture and finely-blooded stock? Never have I seen a more splendid pedigreed herd of cattle than Mr. Colbert's Guernseys. Beautiful animals, they would greatly have delighted Washington himself. Justly is Virginia proud of them and of the Washington Farm!

Not far from the Tree lies the Washington Spring, still flowing eighteen gallons a minute. At this very spring, George used to drink when a lad. Hard by is the spot where George threw the Spanish dollar

across the Rappahannock. Somewhat up-river you still find the old, original ferry-house, owned by the Washingtons when they operated the ferry to Fredericksburg just across the stream. Back toward the King's Highway extends the broad pasture where young George, in attempting to ride his mother's ungovernable sorrel colt, caused it to burst a blood-vessel and fall dead.

Near the pasture stands the tasteful and handsomely-furnished dwelling of the Colberts, built on the original brick foundations of the Washington home. And very close to this is a time-worn old building, the most valuable one to-day in private hands—the ancient "survey-office" where young George studied to become a surveyor and to fit himself for the employ of Lord Fairfax. This building is the only one still standing in the world, so intimately associated with Washington's youth. It still retains the old, original clapboards and hand-made shingles, and is becoming a veritable shrine for lovers of their country's history. With its old-time fireplace and chimney, well may it become such. A thought-inspiring relic it is, indeed, and one that should—like the whole Farm, become a national shrine for all American patriots.

Mr. Colbert has very wisely built a corrugated-iron roof over this humble, but sacred little house, to shield it from the elements. It shows signs of deterioration which, if not soon arrested, will lead to complete decay. Most urgently it needs preservation by some patriotic individual or association. If left much longer, a priceless

*Continued on page 183*



A view of the Washington survey office with a glimpse of the Colbert residence in the background

# William Hodge—Hailed Nestor of Actors

*His appearance in New York in "The Judge's Husband" indicate the distinctive place of the Lincoln of actors in the hearts of the people—metropolis and main street unite to do him honor*

PASSING years only serve to deepen the hold that William Hodge, the actor, has upon the American theatre-going folk. It is difficult to name another man in the profession who enjoys the close-up personal relation that William Hodge indisputably has with his audiences. Harking back to the mellow memories of "The Man from Home" that ran for years on Broadway and in all the large cities of the country, followed by "The Guest of Honor" and other plays year by year, up to and including "All of Us," the reappearance of William Hodge in New York in his last play, "The Judge's Husband", is an event that even transcends the limitations of theatre-going people. When I witnessed Mr. Hodge's last comedy, "The Judge's Husband", in New York, there were people present who insisted that they had not attended a theatre since William Hodge was last in town. From the opening scene in the Kirby home in Connecticut to the denouement, there were outbursts of real laughter, rollicking applause, something more than the cackle that follows the slap-stick process often used and labelled humor. As the play proceeded it seemed like dropping in at the home of William Hodge for an evening of friendly entertainment, and what more suggestive of the old days of the salon than a host to present a play of his own to friends? Forgetting, forsooth, all the cares and worriments of the day, we enjoy William Hodge first to last. The cast of characters resembled a large family which had foregathered for the purpose. The lines are refreshingly Hodge-sque. Written by Mr. Hodge, they convey his abiding humor with a cleverness that is impressive in these days, by way of comparison.

The second act is intensely dramatic and handles a situation that has been at once the despair and admiration of seasoned practitioners at the bar. It represents the wife of the Judge sitting on the bench, hearing her own divorce trial. Her husband, as defendant, is his own attorney, while she and her daughter are called as witnesses. The legal complications involved indicate how thoroughly Mr. Hodge studied and evolved information from eminent legal authorities to make his situations and lines absolutely statute proof. The scene in the courtroom is so thoroughly enhaloed with the tragedy of love and domestic affections that it strikes home. The secret of the daughter, kept from her mother by a brave and courageous father, who found her in New York after one of

those flask-party debauches, strikes deep in the hearts of parents. Every daughter, yes and every son, finds something in this play that makes them think—and sons see the point without any preaching process. William Hodge is himself a father, with sons and daughter, and he has a way of talking to other sons and daughters, through his plays, in a kindly way that is bound to be effective.



William Hodge, the playwright-actor

In the closing scene the mother realizes the mistake of "o'erweaning ambition" to become Governor. She feels it has threatened the very life of her daughter and alienated the husband who has helped make her career. There is a tense silence following this moment which transcends all the power of words to portray. While the presentation of the life of today, as reflected in the play, are a stirring arraignment of certain conditions, there is not the slightest suggestion in the satire of bitter ridicule or sneering at the advancement of woman to the professions and callings of men. The domestic affections are enthroned, as superceding all the petty jealousies and ambitions that play so great a part in the real tragedies of life, which are not necessarily blood-thirsty homicides or first-page tragedies, but even more cruel in their far-reaching influences and dire results. Many unheard of tragedies and upheavals in the home life of the country mark the horror of a dying or fading affection and divorce between man and wife, leaving little children worse than orphans, domestic derelicts to

fight the battles of life, not knowing the love and sympathy of an endearing parent.

The setting in the third act is a replica of the interior of the house which Mr. Hodge built on his farm near Greenwich, Connecticut—a barn built a century ago transformed into a beautiful home which was recently burned. Mr. and Mrs. Hodge's friends still carry memories of scenes around the old house, where the priceless painting of Lincoln hangs over the fireplace made of boulders gathered on the farm.

Few actors have more unerringly and entertainingly presented contemporaneous life more effectively than William Hodge. Long ago the long, lank, lean form of William Hodge with his droll sense of humor and sincerity, was hailed as the Lincoln of the stage. Born in Albion, N. Y., he moved at an early age to Rochester, where his ambition focused upon becoming an actor. Joining James A. Hearn, he was, after many vicissitudes, assigned the role of the village painter in "Sag Harbor." He immediately started out and purchased the clothes off the back of a painter who was actually engaged in painting a house. This is indicative of his insistence on looking after every detail of a play, even to having the real paint-be-smear uniform in his wardrobe. The hat he wears as Judge Joe Kirby is a masterpiece of patches, with the shading of age reflecting years of usage and styles of other days.

Already at work on a new play for the coming season, William Hodge's efforts will be sure of a welcome by the theatre folk of the country because he always has something to say and a play that is worth while.

Leaving the theatre after a Hodge play, there is a feeling of satisfaction that you have seen something worth remembering, and heard some clever lines, and have not wasted hours in looking upon the frivolous nothingness that sometimes commands the price of a theatre ticket in New York.

Theatrical successes will come and go, some fascinating and imposing, and others disappointing, leading on to the ghostly shadows of the route to the storehouse, but William Hodge and his players go on year after year with new plays adjusted to the peculiar needs and demands of the times. With his legion of admirers William Hodge has almost become an institution as well as an outstanding personality on the stage.

# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

**I**N the new order of things, every well appointed hotel of modern times has a social manager. The status of the hostelry is often determined by the character of its social functions. Among those who have given a distinction to this calling is Miss Martha Maynard, who has conducted the social lectures of the new Hotel Roosevelt ever since its doors were thrown open to guests. She was born in an old Virginia mansion, her maternal grandparents were members of the F.F.V.'s and she was early trained in the fine arts, studying music and living in an atmosphere of a social circle where everyone played some instrument, sang or contributed something to the social measure of entertainment. It was natural when the family fortunes waned, that Miss Maynard should have gone to New York and begun a musical career. In a short time Miss Maynard became a successful organizer of symphony concerts and of society affairs in aid of various charities, and was one of the few women who ever personally managed a great hotel, having charge of the exclusive "Hill Top Inn" at fashionable Newport, Rhode Island.

As director of the social activities at the new Roosevelt Hotel in New York, her



Miss Martha Maynard, director of social activities at the Roosevelt Hotel, New York

age of the French government she organized and was executive secretary of *L'Union des Arts*. While working under the French banner she managed the tour of the society known as *Les Instruments Ancien*, an organization of noted musicians who played the old airs of Lully, Couperin and the other fifteenth century musicians on the clavichords, harpsicords and ancient viols.

**W**HEN, ten years ago, young William Rosenwald, son of Julius Rosenwald of Sears-Roebuck, as well as philanthropic fame, reached the age of fourteen, his father took him to the age-old city of Munich, Germany. Before leaving this country he had planned with thorough-going carefulness an itinerary with the city itself as the "big" top and little side-trips to various points of interest as the side-shows of the vast and informative circus of travel.

They had no sooner reached Munich, however, than young William displayed a tendency to neglect the itinerary so carefully planned, and to wander off by himself to various exhibits about the city. At first he lost himself altogether, and his father had no means of knowing what was attracting his attention. Then, gradually it dawned upon his father that there was method to his son's rambles about Munich. Time and time again he came upon the youth in the famous Munich Museum, and questioning brought out the fact that the lad had been officiating as "button presser" at the industrial exhibit which is so widely known throughout Europe.

Later, upon completing his preparatory school course, and deciding upon a technical course at college, a few questions on the part of Mr. Rosenwald soon brought out the fact that the exhibits the youth had been so interested in at Munich were the direct incentive to his deciding to become an engineer. Then it was borne in upon the elder Rosenwald that quite often to such chance encounters with the subject matter in the various fields of endeavor, is due youth's decision. For his son's decision he gave full credit to the industrial museum of the great and famous Munich institution.

That, say his friends, is the particular reason why recently the wealthy Chicagoan has announced his sponsorship of a \$20,000,000 industrial museum which is soon to occupy the site of the Chicago Fine Arts Building in Jackson Park.

Anything quite like the proposed museum the United States has never seen, and it is to be hoped that its establishment in Chicago will be the signal for the sponsorship

of other and similar museums throughout the country.

According to what little information has been made available, at the Rosenwald museum it will be possible for the interested



Julius Rosenwald, Chicago's philanthropist

youth—and the adult as well, for the museum in Munich is as much an attraction and is quite as much frequented by one as the other—to put in a call on one of the telephones at the exhibit of telephony, and see it progress through open circuits, hear explanations by instructor-operators, and answer himself when the bell jingles. It will likewise be possible for the visitor to press a button and release swirls of air to blow into action a cluster of windmills that would be the envy of Don Quixote.

In the chemical division it will be possible to study the mining and use of coal; to see the precious black fuel synthesized into its various commercial products molding finally into the tiny white aspirin tablet.

Undoubtedly one of the exhibits will be devoted to the new science of radio engineering—an exhibit which will clear up, in the visitor's mind, many of the questions which are constantly being asked concerning the business of broadcasting.

Like as not, too, there will be a section devoted to aviation and aeronautical engineering. There will be cross-sections most likely of every great industry in the country.

brilliant social gifts form a background which, added to her delightful personality soon gave distinction to the entertainments scheduled at this popular hostelry. Particularly successful in arranging details for debutantes and children's parties, as well as the regular musical affairs, her fame spread abroad. Under the patron-

"For education and entertainment it is invaluable," says Sewell L. Avery, chairman of the Commercial Club committee which has endorsed the museum project.

Among the "button-controlled" devices, for example, he describes the room where a slight pressure makes available X-ray machines at which the visitor may examine



District Justice Louis J. Walsh of Donegal, Irish Free State

*Photograph and article furnished by Captain A. I. Horobin, representing all the English and Irish papers in Donegal County*

his own bones. A physics exhibit shows a rubber ball suspended in air by the breeze from an electric fan.

Every day in the Munich Museum fifteen-minute lectures on constellations and earth phenomena are given from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. It is in this darkened room that the pressing of a button will produce a replica of that marvellous spectacle, the "Milky Way."

That these lectures will be part of the Museum's work has not been made known, but there is great likelihood that everything of importance at the Munich exhibition will be made part and parcel of that which is to become one of the show points of the Metropolis of the West. Surely the American museum will not take second place to any in the world, especially when the amount of the fund contributed to establish it is considered, and the calibre of the man sponsoring it is taken into account.

Young William Rosenwald's "hooked" excursions from the itinerary planned by his father have borne fruit, and there is every reason to suppose that one of the Museum's staunchest supporters and most interested workers will be the boy, now grown to young manhood, who displayed such a predilection for the industrial exhibits, rather than the artistic ones at the Munich Museum.

THE accompanying photograph is that of District Justice Walsh of Donegal in the new Judicial robes of the Irish Free State.

Mr. Walsh is well known, both as a lawyer and literary man. He practised as a Solicitor at Ballycastle, County Antrim, and whilst there he wrote the popular and amusing Ulster comedy "The Pope in Killybuck." He is also the author of

the diverting book of legal stories "The Yarns of a Country Attorney." His historical novel "The Next Time" has been translated into Flemish by the distinguished lawyer and Flemish patriot Lodewijk Dosfel-Tysmans and his wife, and has enjoyed a wide popularity in Belgium. His last book, "Twilight Reveries" has also been translated into Flemish and is now being published in that language.

Mr. Walsh was the first Judicial appointment made by the Free State Government under the new system, he having been "number one" in the first list of District Justices when they were created in 1922. He has also probably the unique distinction of being the only Judge in Great Britain or Ireland, or possibly in Europe, who spent a term in prison, as he was arrested during the Sinn Fein troubles in Ireland by order of Sir Hamer Greenwood and spent several months in Derry Gaol and in the Internment camp at Ballykinlar. He was arrested on suspicion and interned under the Restoration of Order Act, and no charge was made against him, but Judge Walsh tells an amusing story of how a fellow prisoner filled in the charge sheet outside his cell one morning by scribbling on it in pencil under the word "Offence," "Inflicting on an Unoffending public 'The Yarns of a Country Attorney'." The literary prisoner made full use of his opportunities inside prison walls, because he has recounted his goal experiences in a book which enjoyed a wide popularity, when it appeared, entitled "On my Keeping and in Their's." Mr. Walsh was a prominent member of Lord Glenavy's "Judicature Committee" on the recommendation of which were based the new Free State judicial system. He has also been an advocate of an Irish judicial dress, which would be in some way indicative of Ireland's distinct culture and civilization, and he has had his ideas carried into effect in the District Court.

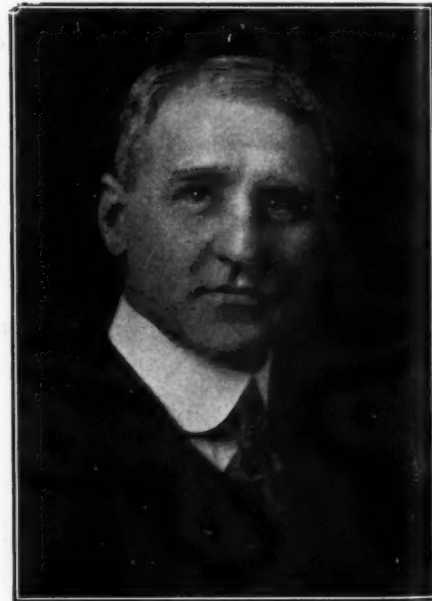
Judge Walsh is a competent Irish scholar, and conducts many cases in the Irish speaking portions of Donegal, in the national language. As a Judge he is humane and sympathetic, and his court is always brightened by his kindly and spontaneous gift of humor.

LONG before radio was indicated by the zigzag line of the electric wave, Alfred Cleveland prepared an advertisement to vividly portray the virtues of his Flash antiseptic hand and house cleaner. The object of the advertisement was to indicate that dirt was removed quickly; with the speed of lightning. The very lines of that first advertisement twenty years ago looks like an up-to-date radio advertisement of today. Perchance Mr. Cleveland had some vision of the future when he was launching a new industry. The ether waves which provide radio all over the world, existed twenty years ago just as they do now. Flash came at a time when people were beginning to take care of their own automobiles, spending Saturday afternoon, Saturday night and Sunday morning getting ready to ride a few miles on Sunday afternoon.

How swiftly the world is moving. It would seem as if life was but a flash, a picture now and then in swiftly moving events, proceeding at the rapid pace of the film in the camera. We have a glimpse—it is gone. There are fade-ins and fade-outs and so the merry world goes on with a succession of flashes, accelerating each generation and each age until finally we may move forward at the pace of lightning itself into an infinitude limitless as the skies.

WHEN Joseph Bean discovered that wonderful site for a city on the west coast of Florida, he had the vision of a modern municipality, adapted to modern needs and institutions in the southland. A friend suggested a name of Spanish origin, and so it was called El-Jobe-An. It was then discovered, by some inquiring mind, that El-Jobe-An contained the name of its founder, Joe Bean. Since that time the name has evoked comment far and near, not only in Florida but all through the United States and even in Spain. Naturally, anything new evokes discussion and many of the Spanish scholars have been very much interested in trying to find a root and derivative and translate the name of the magic little town located in the territory originally discovered by Spanish explorers.

In some of the correspondence in reference to the name, there is a gleam of good humor. In answering the queries himself,



Alfred Cleveland

Joe Bean makes one statement that is all conclusive. "First of all, I think we have one of the best locations for the building of a future city on the west coast of Florida. The location and not the name governs, in my judgment, the possibilities of a city's growth, but then, we must necessarily take cognizance of the query: 'What's in a name?'"

It is generally admitted that El-Jobe-An is an unusual name. Truly it is an unusual place. It is pronounced El Jo Bay An, accent on the "Jo." The Castilian pronounci-

ation would be El Ho Bay An, the j taking the sound of h. But in all events it should be pronounced trippingly on the tongue, as Shakespeare said.

"But what about the meaning of the word?"

At this Joe smiled. He said: "We will call for an interpreter rather than a translator, and being guided by every sign and augury surrounding El Jobe An at the present time, we would interpret the word as meaning 'the next largest city on the west coast of Florida.'"

There was one letter from "down in Maine," with a postmark Houlton. To this inquiry he replied:

"Suppose we imply what you have said to your own city of Houlton, pronounced 'Hole Tun.' Who would ever believe that a town, with such a name, would ever, in the course of time, become the prosperous city of the metropolis of Aroostick County of Maine. Then there are Skowhegan and Millinocket, Maine, to say nothing of the cities of Walla Walla, Washington, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Kankakee, Illinois, Kokomo, Indiana, Paw Paw, Michigan.

"The history of American cities does not seem to indicate that the name has much to do with the city. There was the same sort of perplexity among Easterners when Chicago was announced. They called it 'Chic-a-go,' and everything but Chicago that the world knows today. If the name alone were considered as a basic essential, the great master of English language would have had a hard time living down his name Shakespeare, which, heard over once, would conjure up a man whose occupation consisted of shaking spears instead of wielding a master pen. Instead, in the name that indicates the swash buckling rattler of sabers, we have a master writer of the English tongue."

The discussion as to the christening of El Jobe An naturally concluded with a rehearsal of the facts that are becoming so well known to the people of the country—that El Jobe An is located at the head of the land-locked harbor, the best natural harbor between Pensacola and Port Royal, with excellent water, rail and auto transportation, with a back country of millions of acres of the richest land in the world. Within twenty-four months a million and a half dollars has been invested by residents and non-residents in this new city called El Jobe An, and a list of the purchasers reads like a social register or report from Bradstreet. This, after all, tells what illuminates the discussion concerning that well-known quotation: "What's in a name?"—"A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet."

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**T**HE future leadership of America in every walk of life should be characterized by wisdom and vision. Therefore, the boys now in our schools must be given not merely secular education, but religious education. These facts make the significant projects being carried on at the Silver Bay School for Boys of world-wide importance.

This unique school is not just another experiment. In fact it has long since passed

the experimental stage, having recently begun its tenth season. Silver Bay, Lake George, is well known for its various summer conferences, attended by more than 50,000 people in two decades. Comparatively few, however, are familiar with the fact that here from fall through spring each year 75 to 100 alert, carefully-selected youngsters from twelve to eighteen are studying, playing and working amid unsurpassed surroundings, under expert leadership. Although tuition is charged the aim is not to make money but to make men!

English courses are so designed as to help the students to become familiar with the world's great literature, and to understand



Joe Bean, founder of El-Jobe-An

human values and conduct. History is planned so that the workings of an all-wise Providence are not obscured, and right living and good citizenship become inevitable ideals. Mathematics and Physics take on new meanings as the boys figure out the geometric angles, tensile strength and relative values of materials in a bridge, and then actually build it. Class room study is continually correlated with outdoor work. These men of the future learn to apply theories and principles while they survey mountains, blaze trails, lay out athletic fields, construct telephone lines, study the weather, improve sanitation and water-supply, harvest ice, build boats, prune and graft trees, study and plow the soil, build roads and engage in a hundred other tasks which are "good fun" rather than "labor."

Professor John Dewey well says that "the moral advantages of an active form of education reinforce its intellectual benefits." Certainly in the carefully correlated outdoor work these potential citizens develop qualities of initiative, resourcefulness, quick judgment, co-operation, faithfulness and efficiency which characterized our pioneer forefathers. They solve problems akin to those which must be met in later years,

in a way which makes for a sturdy self-reliance and the stabilization of character. And all the time the God of Nature is making His impress in untold ways. Who shall say that a lad who has collected and classified 140 varieties of wild flowers and learned to recognize readily scores of trees, birds and fish does not appreciate more keenly the Divine Power of the Creator?

Silver Bay is a complete all-year-round community with a distinct dynamic. The boys have a real home-life away from home. Their health habits are guarded with the greatest care. Wholesome food, daily showerbaths, exercises and sports are the rule, and thorough physical examinations are frequent. Athletics are designed not primarily to create winning teams, but to get "everybody in the game," and to teach fair play, courtesy, courage, self-control and cleanness of speech and life.

The boys themselves have determined qualifications for a true sportsman, which include entering whatever game is on, playing clean and fair, always doing one's best, never being discouraged or quitting, accepting decisions cheerfully, never losing one's temper or swearing, being generous and applauding an opponent's good plays, not criticizing team mates for errors or boasting in victory, under no circumstances breaking training. Thus on the football field and baseball diamond ideals grow, character improves and manhood becomes realizable.

Every graduate of the Silver Bay School for Boys ought to look back upon their student days and be able to say, as it was said of a great Leader, that he "increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man."

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**P**OPPY DAY has become a part of our national life. On that day we wear our flower and contribute to the fund which is being raised to carry on post-war work. To be sure, all of us know that the red poppy is inseparably associated with the World War, but why? Why the poppy instead of the rose or some other fragrant emblem?

If we should hazard a guess, perhaps we could recall some war poems with the poppy idea in them. A few of us with good memories can quote "We Shall Not Sleep", popularly known as "In Flanders Fields" and the spirited answer to its challenge. That is about as far as we can go. It comes as a distinct shock to learn that the person who made the poppy concept a reality is a woman—who has never seen the blood stained battle "front."

The originator of the poppy as a memorial symbol is Miss Moina Michael, a Georgia teacher. The ex-service men and those who know of her work call her the "Poppy Princess." Whatever her title, she has created a perpetual symbol and in addition has originated many other patriotic memorials.

Previous to the World War Miss Michael had been a teacher in a girls' college. During 1914 she spent a great part of the year on the continent of Europe. Going for pleasure, she was detained in Rome with many other stranded tourists after war was declared on France and Russia.

Returning to the United States a short time after, in spite of the peril that menaced ships at sea, her harrowing experiences gave her a conception of what war was like and enabled her to grasp the situation.

"My European experience stimulated my desire to be of service and as soon as



Miss Miona Michael gathering poppies from the memorial poppy bed

America entered the war I joined the staff of the Y. M. C. A. Overseas Headquarters at Hamilton Hall, Columbia University:

"One day a soldier gave me an illustrated copy of a journal with Colonel John McCrae's 'We Shall Not Sleep.' Alone in my office I read and re-read this beautiful verse which immortalized the poppy, and studied the graphic illustration. Grasping the message I dedicated myself to the service of my country, resolving to keep the faith by always wearing the poppy of Flanders Field as a sign of remembrance of the sacrifices made by those who fell. I put these thoughts in verse."

The verse Miss Michael referred to is the poem entitled "We Shall Keep The Faith." A number of poets have written replies to John McCrae's famous lines, but Miss Michael's is probably the best known and is often sold as the companion piece.

"On the same morning that the poppy idea first came to me, the 25th Conference of the Y. M. C. A. was meeting and a committee brought me a check for ten dollars in appreciation of my efforts to make the

Hostess House attractive. (I had always purchased the flowers at my own expense.) I voiced aloud the thought which came to me, 'I shall buy with this money the bright red poppies, Flanders Fields poppies. Do you know why?' I asked them.

"Catching my idea, they presented it to the Conference; afterwards the members came down and asked for poppies to wear—the first scene in America of wearing the poppy for those who made the supreme sacrifice.

"Since then other conferences have adopted the poppy. The first street sale of the poppies in a large city was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June, 1919, by the American Legion to raise money for the 32nd Division Homecoming."

Miss Michael was too modest to tell the rest. It is due to her untiring efforts that the American Legion came to adopt the poppy as a memorial flower. Her part was that of an outsider.

On the eve of the Georgia Department Convention of the American Legion to be held in Augusta, August 18-20, Miss Michael appeared before the Legion Headquarters and turned over to the post all the data concerning the adoption of the flower. This was submitted at Augusta and passed. A month later, in accordance with her idea, the Georgia delegation requested the adoption of the poppy at the Cleveland Convention of the American Legion. Again it was adopted as a memorial flower—for the first time by a large national organization.

Many things in Miss Michael's life are expressed in symbols. It was she who initiated the plan to have the beautiful new bridges, built in Georgia since the World War, dedicated to the heroes who took part in the struggle.

"Bridges make continuous the highways of civilization—the men of the World War fought and died to keep civilization on the highway.

"My experience with a Gold Star Mother whose son went down at sea constrained me to promise this mother that her boy should have his flowers as definitely as the boys whose graves were on land—her boy and all who went down at sea. So it has become the custom to place anchors of poppies on the waves of the sea as a tribute to those whose last resting place is unmarked by monuments or visible graves.

"This is done annually with beautiful ceremonies at Savannah on Memorial Day. Also by the United States war ships. For those who made the supreme sacrifice in the air, poppies are showered from airplanes in their memory. It is the least we can do."

Miss Michael is 57 years old and was born and reared in Walton County, Georgia. As a young girl she had to undergo many hardships and at times contributed to the support of her dependent sisters. It was due to her help that they were educated. In the course of time she took up college work and became Dean of Women where she mothered the students just as she had mothered her sisters. So, when the War brought forth an army of mother-sick dough boys, it was perfectly natural that Miss Michael should attempt to mother all she met.

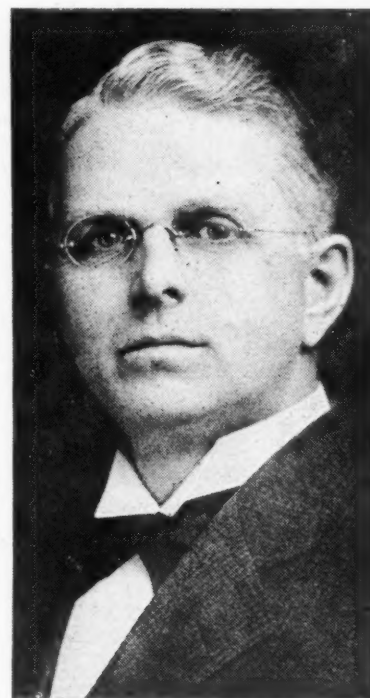
Having always looked out for others, it was Miss Michael again who sponsored the disabled veterans and the American Legion when many others had seemingly forgotten that the work did not end with the war. She is an honorary member of the D.A.V. and the only honorary member of the local Legion post.

The poppy has made hundreds of thousands of dollars for those patriotic organizations that have sold it and it has gone to help those who would have suffered if the money had not been forthcoming. As for Miss Michael: "Why should I get anything out of it? It would not be a gift if I did. No amount of money could equal the joy of serving my country—I know as long as poppies blow that we shall not forget!"

NELL UPSHAW GANNON.

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FLORIDA remains the land of enterprise and push. There is an intrepid spirit and an abiding faith that assures ultimate results. Among those whom I have met on various trips to Florida, is A. R. Stansifer. He came from Litchfield, Illinois and soon after his arrival in Florida envisioned Fort Myers as the growing metropolis—as the virgin territory in the southwest of Florida. He utilized his long years of experience and



A. R. Stansifer, secretary and treasurer of the Fort Myers Building and Loan Association

established the Fort Myers Building and Loan Association and the first few months had nearly a thousand shareholders that made it possible to extend loans, which has had much to do with making Fort Myers a city of home owners. He is also the manager of the Morris Plan Company and insists that the hurricane only marks a new era of enduring and substantial development for the winter home city of Thomas Alva Edison.

## Two Popular Novelists Are One

*A. Hamilton Gibbs and Jeannette Phillips while one in the eyes of the law have also won distinctive reputations in the literary world—both are authors of "best sellers"*

WITHIN the classic shadows of Williamstown, Massachusetts, where the Institute of Politics holds sway in the summer time and students and distinguished faculty members from the four corners of the world foregather, I had the pleasure of a meeting with Arthur Hamilton Gibbs. He was then, he told me, at work upon a new novel, in the writing of which he was making great headway.

The younger brother of two famous English writers, Cosmo Hamilton and Sir Philip Gibbs, like them, he broke away from the traditional professions of the family, banking, the bar, the Church and Civil Service, and plunged headlong to success in the literary seas.

From Cosmo Hamilton whom I had already known for some time, I heard one memorable night at a banquet the story of his thrilling trip across the Syrian Desert. Since then, I have had the pleasure of seeing him rehearse one of his plays.

Sir Philip Gibbs I met in France during the dark days of the World War when, as a newspaper correspondent, he was rendering a service which gained him enduring fame throughout the world.

Notwithstanding his brothers are better known to fame, the youthful A. Hamilton Gibbs has already achieved several remarkable best-sellers. But it was not this so much as his natural and irresistible charm that attracted me.

Born in London, England, in 1888, young Gibbs was educated at the College de St. Malo, France, where he learned to speak French like a native, and at St. John's College, Oxford, where he won his "blue" for boxing against Cambridge. An athlete, obviously, of no mean ability, he was, as well, a distinguished student, and the editor of the famous "Tuesday Review" which he and his brother, Cosmo Hamilton, founded.

The youngest of the Gibbs began to write when he was about fourteen, his first literary work consisting of a weekly London letter for a Cambridge University magazine. Four years before he entered college he had several published short-stories to his credit, to say nothing of numerous vagrant bits of verse. From that time on he turned his experiences into articles, stories, verse and novels.

With the appearance of "The Compleat Oxford Man," his first published novel, discerning critics declared that Arthur Hamilton Gibbs stood upon the threshold of a distinguished literary career. Then, in succession, came his "The Hour of Conflict," "Blue-bottles," a volume of verse, and "Gunfodder," which was first pub-

lished in 1919 and was praised as "one of the six best books about the war." For his data, among other things, he drew upon his wartime experience of four years' duration.

After finishing college several years before the war, young Gibbs became secretary to his brother, Cosmo Hamilton, and in this capacity came to America, in 1914, to take a part in Hamilton's new

play, "The Blindness of Virtue." Later that year he returned to England for a short visit just before the war broke out.

Enlisting as a private, he saw service with the 21st Lancers. Some time later he was commissioned and transferred to the Royal Field Artillery with which he saw service in France, in Serbia and in France again. In 1919, he was mustered out with the rank of Major.



Major A. Hamilton Gibbs and Jeannette Phillips Gibbs

Like Rudyard Kipling, the youngest of the distinguished Gibbss married an American girl and counts himself fortunate in having so done. In 1920, upon his return from a visit to England, he made known his intention to take up his residence in New York City, and he has since found there the most congenial surroundings for his literary effort. Last year, from the deck of the S.S. Adriatic, returning from a cruise in the Mediterranean, he announced his intention of becoming an American citizen.

His first real novel, "Soundings," ran serially in "The Forum," following the publication of "The Little French Girl" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. It was published by Little, Brown & Company on March 7, 1925, and became the best seller of the year according to the books of the month.

As was the case with the Brownings, this particular Gibbs family is literary in respect to both its members, for Arthur Hamilton Gibbs' wife has just had the pleasure of seeing her first novel, "Portia

cently I assisted in the writing of the brief for an international arbitration case which was ultimately settled in the House of Lords.

"Last year I was a member of the round table on international law at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. I am here this year to continue this work which I find exceedingly interesting.

"I lost my American citizenship through marriage, but was later one of the first American women to be naturalized under the Cable Act. Prior to the passing of this Act, I wrote many articles urging its passage."

\* \* \*

Though his interest in politics is not as strong as that of his wife, Arthur Hamilton Gibbs accompanies his wife to Williamstown each year.

"Not yet having arrived—thank goodness!—at the emancipated condition in which a husband and wife spend their summer at different places," he declared with a winning smile, "I am delighted to be able to report that my wife and myself are in the thick of the Williamstown Institute of Politics for the month of August. My wife does the politics and I play golf.

"When this clamor has subsided we shall return to Cape Cod, where we shall golf together and incidentally map out scenarios of a new novel each. This being perpetrated, we shall sail for the seclusion of the French Riviera in order to write these novels, or as much of them as possible, during the winter. Such is our interpretation of what Bertrand Russell calls 'the good life.'

"Labels," which made its appearance on September 10, is A. Hamilton Gibbs' latest novel—a novel of post-war conditions. In the last chapter of Part 1 of the book is the real crux of the plot. Here are displayed in all their sordidness and with that candidness that only a soldier who has been through it all can portray, the feelings of the men who served in the war as to its object and its results. In the last chapter but one is expressed the attitude of the American officers, brought out in a discussion with some English officers in a restaurant.

That luncheon in Williamstown, that discussion of a book with its author, is an experience I shall not soon forget.

"The entire book," he declared, "represents hard work. Not a line of it came easily, but, of course, as is always the case, there was one chapter during the writing of which I suffered the tortures of the damned. Time and again it seemed to me that I had reached the end of my patience—that love's labors were truly lost. I put more work, more intense concentration into that last but one chapter of 'Labels' than I have ever before put into any piece of my writing."

What a wonderful home life must be theirs—husband and wife, two lions of the literary world, discussing their books together and dreaming of their future works! A fleeting insight into it was that I got at the luncheon table. Laughingly they criticized one another's books—without, however, the least trace of harshness, of jealousy, or even of the satiric wit which is

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"America is the only country to live in during this generation," he told the reporters. "England, for me, is no longer what it was. It seems to me that the era of the New World has actually come, and the New World opens up bigger opportunities for living and thinking."

For some time after taking up his residence in New York he was connected with a firm of literary agents, but is now devoting all his time to writing.

A great athlete, Gibbs swims like a fish, is an enthusiastic and what is more, a "par" golfer, and plays tennis. He makes a hobby of collecting old brass. Though now every inch an American citizen, he cannot be weaned of his English custom of carrying a cane, and does it even in the face of withering ridicule.

"I dislike 'tea fights' and speech-making, and my ultimate ambition is two-fold," he declared, "first, to win an amateur golf championship, and second, to write a book that completely satisfies myself."

Marries" appear in print. A good-natured, but inspiring rivalry is the result of this union of literary workers.

Jeannette Phillips Gibbs was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, and educated at Smith College and the Boston University Law School. In 1918 she was admitted to the Massachusetts bar.

"Benjamin Phillips, patent lawyer of Boston was my father," Mrs. Gibbs told me. "The family is an old New England one among the well known members of which are Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks.

"I first began writing in 1914, as a contributor to 'Life.' Since then, I have been a frequent contributor to the 'New York Times' magazine. I have had a series of articles running in the 'Vogue' magazine for the past eighteen months.

"As a lawyer I practised in Boston for two years and a half, and have continued in New York to do brief work for various attorneys up to the present time. Re-

# World Tuning in for a Reign of Radio

*The magic of modern times is radio bringing the people closer together in appreciation of the best things to be seen and heard in their day and generation—General Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, tested out radio during the war, and is making it a great force for peace time*

SIX years ago, a student in one of our largest universities, "listening in"—although that phrase was hardly known then—upon a lecture in psychology, heard the awakening interest in radio described as one phase of mob psychology! The professor in charge, great a man as he was, could not accept this new development at its face value. To him it was nothing more than a fad. He was only repeating what had been said about the telephone—called a "fad" or "toy," exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

To most of us who call ourselves fans, so important a place has radio taken in our daily lives, that broadcasting is a matter of less than six years' existence. How *did* the country ever get along without it is now the question.

So accustomed have we grown to having entertainment, reports of the news of the day, and even instruction projected into our very sitting rooms on the magic carpet of the ether wave, that we can hardly envision a day when, coming home from our everyday travail to our dinners, there was a familiar cabinet receiver, a mere turn of the dials of which brought us from the farthest points of the country, snatched out of the very air with which we fill the tires on our automobiles, according only to our likes and dislikes, the latest jazz, the oldest of classical music, the full-throated, melodious beauty of the great voices of the earth.

And all this without a single cent of expense, beyond the cost of the radio-receiving apparatus. In the case of radio it has been truly said that the first cost is the only cost. The music of the leading symphony orchestra, the voices of the stars of the Metropolitan, snatches from the latest musical comedies, market reports, police reports, news reports—they are all ours for the mere adjustment of the tuning apparatus.

Appreciating the wonders of radio, as we who live in the big cities do, we have hardly any conception of what this seventh wonder of the world means to the dwellers in the country towns, in the homes, in the wheat fields, or high up in the mountains or forests, dissipating, as if by a magic wand, the terrors and even horrors of isolation. Statistics show that at one time, nearly sixty per cent of the inmates of the insane asylum, supported by the state of Iowa and Kansas, were the wives of farmers who lost their minds through the wearing monotony of their lives. Utter loneliness, awful isolation is more dangerous than nerve-wracking work from morn till the end of day, without a let-up—without a touch of humor

or entertainment, which every human craves. The percentage of insanity from this cause has been cut down perceptibly. One of the chief causes for this condition of affairs is eliminated by radio. Those in



General James Guthrie Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America

charge of the asylums, questioned as to the reason, will reply without a moment's hesitation, "the radio."

The most isolated country home now has the comfort and conveniences of the metropolitan residence. Ether waves are radiating the programs of the big broadcasting stations, transformed by the broadcasting apparatus into the stuff that the silent chatter of the air is made of, now sent out into the world in ever-widening concentric circles that reach every nook and cranny of this merry old world.

The program broadcast from Aeolian

Hall in New York, the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, or the latest "Follies" in Chicago, is as much within the reach of the farmer's wife shelling peas in the kitchen or knitting before the fire of her isolated cornbelt home, as it is of the millionaire clubman, owner of an eight-tuber super-something-or-other in the den of his mansion on Riverside Drive. Radio is the leaven creating the greatest waves of real democracy ever known.

General Harbord, as the nominal head of the great American Radio Corporation, is looked upon today as one of the most outstanding figures in the radio world. Though he has been connected with the radio field for many years and has watched it develop into what it is today, he has also had a broad fundamental experience in many other lines—not the last of these, the business of commanding an army in the American Expeditionary Forces in France during the World War. He first became interested in radio almost before radio was dreamed of back in the days when the war was the prevailing topic of discussion. General Harbord was connected with General Dawes in the work of the Service of Supplies—the "S. O. S." as it was known to the doughboys in the trenches and holding the lines in a French sector. General Harbord had much to do with getting food and munitions to the boys at the front in the best fed army in the war.

General Harbord was born in Bloomington, Illinois. Like many of the boys in the mid-west in his time, he chose for himself a career in life with visions of becoming an officer in the army. As he grew older, the idea was more and more favored, until, as soon as he reached the proper age, he enlisted and actually had the thrill of wearing the uniform of the picturesque Marine.

There is an old saying to the effect that you can't keep a good man down. Young Harbord did not remain in the ranks for any great length of time. From a private, he was promoted to a corporal, and by 1889, had been made a sergeant of the utmost promise. In '91 the present beacon light of the radio industry was in command of the Second Cavalry, and as soon as the United States entered the World War, a niche suitable to his abilities was found. When things began to hum at Chateau Thierry and a Marine Brigade was sent to that sector to take things in hand, General Harbord was in charge—and a clean sweep he made of his job. Later he was given command of the Second Division in the Soissons Sector.

During his services in the World War, General Harbord first became intensely in-

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# A Glimpse of Political Life in Cuba

*An interview and visit with Senator Barreras, Senador por la Habana, President Machado and his Cabinet. Impressions of America from the "Pearl of the Antilles"*

WHEN he entered the banquet hall at the Waldorf, New York, everyone was attracted to the distinguished Cuban whose face was beaming. Elected Governor of the Province of Habana, Cuba, for a term of ten years, Senator Alberto Barreras retired from the office eight years later to take up his new duties as Senator from the district whose people had so highly honored him and whom he had so efficiently served. As first vice-president of the Senate, Senator Barreras now maintains an enviable reputation throughout Cuba for a consistent integrity during his active career of twenty-three years in Cuban politics.

Born in Havana, Senor Barreras saw, and is familiar with every detail of the great struggle for "Cuba libre." He played an important part in the actual fighting. A student when the Revolution broke out, he abandoned his law books and joined forces with the Revolutionists. Enlisting in the War for Independence as a private, he rose on his merits to the commission of Commander, and in this capacity served throughout the struggle. Captured during one of the frequent frays, he was imprisoned for some time in the old castle beside the former Lieutenant-General's palace, where the Cuban Senate now holds its sessions.

After the Revolution he was named Commander Instructor-General of the Province upon the order of Professor Alexander Emmett Frye, of Harvard University, first superintendent of schools in the Cuban Republic. His term of office witnessed a marvellous improvement in educational conditions, and it is remembered by his constituents with reverence.

Entering the political field, young Barreras' first position was as secretary of the Board of Education. Later, General Asbert designated him secretary-general. Still later, he was elected representative to the Chamber of Deputies from Havana for four years, and in the 1916 elections, was returned Governor of Havana and re-elected for three successive terms. With two more years to serve in the Governorship, he was elected to the Senate and resigned his office to don the toga of a Cuban Senator.

There are twenty-four members in the Cuban Senate, four from each Province. Patterned after the Government of the United States, the rules and regulations of the Cuban Senate are approximately the same as in the United States body. The Senatorial seats are arranged in a semicircle and flanked by comfortable cane-seated chairs outside a railing for the accommodation of distinguished visitors—and

to one as amplitudinous as myself, they certainly were a treat.

All Cuba is divided into six provinces: Pinar del Rio, Habana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Camaguey and Oriente. These provinces are much like our states, and are



Alberto Barreras, Senador par la Habana

represented in the Cuban Congress equally in the Senate, and according to population in the Chamber of Deputies. Both Senators and Representatives are elected by the people. Women do not vote in Cuba, but at the present time there is every indication that Cuban women will ask for the ballot shortly. Even now there is a pronounced movement in favor of female suffrage which Senator Barreras favors, believing that the right of franchise will never be complete until the women in Cuba, like those in the United States, have free and equal voting power.

On that day Senator Barreras was receiving summer callers in his office. Busy as he was, he always found time to welcome visitors from the United States. As we shook hands and discussed various topics of mutual interest, the Senator kept up a running fire of comment.

"Friendliness toward the United States," he insisted, "is becoming much more general among the Cubans. My people re-

member that the United States is, after all, the mother country of their freedom as a nation.

"The tariff treaty between the United States and Cuba needs to be readjusted for the well-being of both the United States and Cuba. After the World War there was trouble with the banks here, but since that time prosperity has once more become general. The process has been slow—but it has also been sure. During the past year, the expenses of the government were approximately seventy million dollars and the surplus thirty millions."

The Senator is deeply interested in the intellectual life of the former American dependency, and took great pleasure in telling the representative of the press about the literature and the literary life of Cuba. "Marquez Sterling," he said, "is one of our leading authors and publicists and has been very popular for years as a writer of valuable literature on political subjects. Your country-man, Arthur Brisbane, has a column in the *El Mundo* called 'Hoy Today.' *El Mundo* is one of our three leading newspapers."

In regard to the Cuban attitude toward the present administration in the United States, Senator Barreras replied:

"President Coolidge seems to be as well understood in Cuba as in America. My people recognize him as a man strict for justice, and straight as a die in his dealings with all who deserve his confidence.

"There seems little doubt that relations between our countries are becoming more and more amicable, and it is certainly encouraging to find that both your people and mine are solidly behind this policy. When President Machado spoke in New York at the Astor Hotel he was heard throughout Havana and received a vast number of commendatory telegrams lauding his address. It was in this speech that he emphasized the fact that friendly relations between Cuba and America will be strengthened by bonds of real friendship as the years go by.

"Cuba still retains intimate relations with the mother country, Spain. We are naturally very friendly, for there remains upon our part, a filial affection for the Spanish. Immigration from Spain to Cuba continues, and we welcome it. The Spanish immigrants are the very first to shout 'Viva Cuba!' We are still distinctly latin and all our music, our drama, our literature is Spanish. Even our games are Spanish in origin. 'Jai-a-lai,' of course, is still the most popular of these."

In his early days, Senator Barreras was

a famous athlete and sportsman, being a star third baseman in the team playing American baseball.

"As most of our immigration is from Spain," the Senator declared, "our melting pot works well. Those who come from the mother country are almost immediately amalgamated with the present generation. So you see our immigration problem is comparatively simple, as the process of assimilation works almost automatically.

"It is only since the United States put up the bars that we have had any undesirable at our gates. Immigrants now come to Cuba for the purpose of being later smuggled into your country. They come

ter of sanitation, for we have also developed an efficient educational system.

"What do I think of prohibition?" he asked, repeating my question. "The Volstead Act," he replied, "is a law. While the American people may not drink as much as they did formerly, what they do drink does them more harm. If your fellow citizens could be made to obey the law it would be a wonderful thing. I do not think that it will ever be repealed, for I feel that as time goes on and the novelty of the Act wears off the people will begin more and more to obey, and not seek to evade it. There is a definite correlation between the increase in savings bank deposits, general

of the joint resolution of the U. S. Congress giving to Cuba its freedom. That is the Cuban declaration of independence.

"An impressive monument to the memory of the 'Maine' has been erected and upon one of its sides the joint resolution has been inscribed. The twin columns symbolize the friendship of the two nations and there is a note of sorrow in the old guns from the sunken battleship which form part of the pedestal."

The great majority of Cuba imports from the United States and to Havana. Automobiles are imported in great numbers and Henry Ford asserts that Havana is the haven of the largest foreign fleet of Fords in the world in proportion to population. Radio sets are almost as popular there as they are here. Sugar still remains the dominant Cuban product, but stock raising is increasing in importance at a rapid pace.

"President Machado himself is a cattle dealer—a rancher," the Senator declared. "He was born in Santa Clara and did not enter politics until after the Revolution. During the struggle he held the rank of General—at the age of fifty-one. They were all young who took part in the Revolution. I, myself, was but twenty-five.

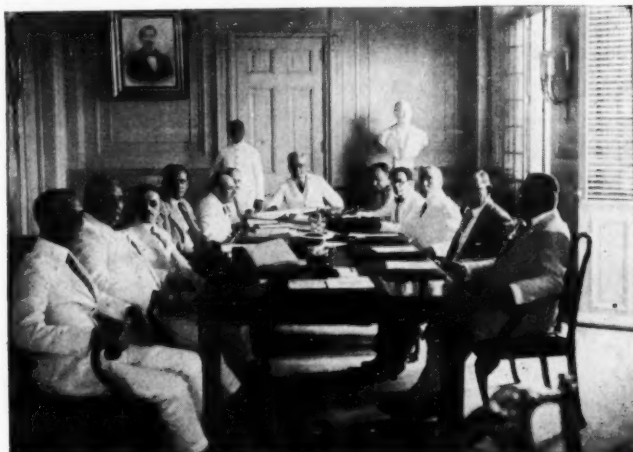
"Later the President became Mayor of Santa Clara and Inspector General of the army. During the administration of Jose Miguel Gomez, he was Secretary of the Government and of the Interior, and later a candidate for the governorship of Havana, and of Santa Clara as well, but in both cases Machado met with defeat. A candidate for the Liberal Party in the last election, he won by a substantial plurality.

Cuba has a modest navy, a naval academy, and an army of 1800 men, including the rural guards or constabulary. An army school is maintained at old Moro Castle, while a group of fifty picked young men are sent to the United States to receive instruction in the American academies, as well as at West Point and Annapolis.

"Yes, Cuba is enjoying a surplus above its needs and is investing it in constructive enterprises. Much of its money is going into building construction. In the cities, scarcely a block is without its new constructions. There has been an increase of over 23,000 homes in the twenty-three years of the Republic's existence."

Senator Barreras has his facts and figures concerning Cuba at the tip of his tongue. He knows his country from A to Z—what it lacks, as well as what it does not. He realizes that it has a long way yet to go, and expects to see much new constructive legislation enacted in the new future that brings the "big brother nation" of the south closer than ever to people inhabiting the "Pearl of the Antilles."

President Machado of Cuba and his Cabinet



mainly from Syria, Palestine, and other countries of the Orient. The greatest proportion of all immigrants is, of course, Spanish, who come to remain with us.

"Most of our younger generation speak English," Senor Barreras replied in answer to a question. "English is one of the studies taught in the public schools. My son-in-law, daughter and grand-children all speak English."

Senator Barreras, of youthful appearance, is proud of his distinction of being a grandfather, and the little grandchildren are the apple of his eyes. When he was last in New York, he spent many an hour searching for a doll with long hair, that could not be broken. "I did not dare bring home a doll with short hair, because I knew my little grand-daughter would not have a bobbed-hair dolly," the Senator remarked with a smile.

"Cuba has made great progress in sanitation," Senor Barreras informed me. "Epidemics have been almost entirely wiped out and the country is as healthful a place as any in the world. Our progress has by no means been confined to the mat-

conditions among the working people and the existence of prohibition in the U. S. A., that impresses me. I do not doubt that much of what formerly went over the bar into the saloon-keeper's register is now going into the savings accounts."

As to the Isle of Pines treaty, Senator Barreras declared:

"The value of the Isle of Pines is comparatively small. It is really more valuable from a historical point of view than from a pecuniary standpoint. The decision of the United States not to divorce the Isle of Pines from Cuba is an act of justice which is deeply appreciated by Cubans. President Coolidge, by his firm position upon this question, has made many friends in my country.

"I think that my people know more about the United States than your people do about my country," Senator Barreras remarked casually. "You see, a study of United States History—at least so far as it concerns us—is part of the course of instruction in the Cuban schools. The history of Cuba, as it is taught in our schools, and the courses in civics include the study



# Revival of "Iolanthe," the Fairy Opera

*Winthrop Ames production of the Gilbert & Sullivan comic opera has made the old young and the young mature enough to appreciate the most popular and wholesome attractions for two New York seasons*

**S**TANDING before the statue of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan on the Thames embankment at London, I could hear echoes of his music coming from the Savoy, where his operas were first produced. The beautiful figure of Grief seems to shine out among the trees in the fog, proclaiming the

improvised. Following the soft interlude, came the stirring, triumphant tones of the closing bars of "The Lost Chord," as the words of Adelaide Proctor came to him, so appropriate and consoling at that hour. The words were appropriate to the emotions that inspired the music.

manner that the presentation proved a veritable hit—and the performances have proven more popular and had a longer run than many of their later musical comedies or comic operas that have come and gone.

Why Winthrop Ames chose "Iolanthe" I do not know, but it has served a purpose in winning from many of the younger generation, an appreciation of wholesome comic opera productions. The fact that "Iolanthe" is "half a fairy tale and half mortal" may have something to do with its popularity, for fairy stories never fail to interest both young and old. The cleverness in the lines of Gilbert, which scintillate with satire, is difficult for the present generation at times to comprehend. The plot has to do with the House of Lords, which has since passed to almost a stage of "competitive examinations," thoroughly bereft of the veto power which it so long held over the British Parliament. The plot also seems to prophesy the entrance of women into politics and public affairs, for since the time it was written, women have become members of Parliament and exercise legal, as well as a purely feminine influence over the Lord High Chancellor.

The choruses have a rollicking rhythm that fascinates, although there is a noted absence of the syncopated jazz that makes the tempo seem rather slow compared with the presto dash of the more modern comic operas. The costumes of the lords in "procession assembled" are gorgeous and indicate that there was a time when masculine, instead of feminine attire, dominated the stage.

In our party was a young lady, a university graduate, who was astonished to learn then and there, between acts, that Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer of "Iolanthe" was the author of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and other hymns which she had sung in church service. She was fairly entranced when she realized that the composer of "Iolanthe" had given to the world "The Lost Chord," the favorite song of her mother, which only indicates how often we overlook the small, fine print in the corner which indicates the author of a song or a book.

Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the grand opera "Ivanhoe" for the late Madam Nordica, an American prima donna, whom he devotedly admired. He aspired to write a grand opera in English for her and was engaged upon the score when the "grand amen" of his own mortal life was sung.

\* \* \*

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas are of the sort that seem to improve with age. You can hear "Pinafore" and "Mikado" time and time again and enjoy it. Each

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J. Humbird Duffey, Ernest Lawford and John Barclay in "Iolanthe"

soul of his song "The Lost Chord." From his own lips I heard how the music of that matchless refrain came to him while at the bedside of his dying brother. In the shadow of the impending parting on earth forever, his brother had asked him to play something on the old piano. Assenting, his fingers "wandered idly over the keys" as he

Knighted by Queen Victoria for this one song, which was counted her favorite, Sir Arthur Sullivan soon after was counted one of the world's famous composers. These recollections came to my mind when Winthrop Ames announced a revival of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas in New York, beginning with "Iolanthe." It stages in such a

# How Edison Found His Florida Home

*Thomas Alva Edison relates the incidents associated with his personal discovery of Florida and founding a winter home at Fort Myers—his vision being realized*

**A**BOUT forty-two years ago I happened to be with a friend at Jacksonville, Florida. We had some idea of finding a place in Florida to build homes, so that we could come down in the winter.

"We started out from Jacksonville on a railroad running to Cedar Keys. This railroad was in a deplorable condition. The ties were rotten and the rails in some places were scrap iron. It was said that the Western Union Telegraph Company had moved their poles to a considerable distance from the track to prevent their being knocked down. We ran off the track three times. At one place we were detained a day and a half. At another place we ran off the track where there was no operator at the station. I happened to have with me a pocket telegraph instrument. I cut into this station wire and got connection with Jacksonville. They sent on a little train to help us on our way.

"We finally got into Cedar Keys and went to the only hotel. The next morning we went out to see the town. There were probably fifteen or twenty houses in it, occupied by fishermen and men employed by the Faber Pencil Company. This company had a mill there for preparing cedar, which was shipped north to be made into lead pencils. The cedar was a peculiar type called swamp cedar. They paid \$20 to \$30 per log, which were about thirty to forty feet long. From the shavings they extracted oil of cedar which, I believe, was the only source of that commodity. These logs were piled up six to eight feet high over an area of three or four acres. We learned that at night they were guarded by two men with Winchester rifles, because they were expensive and hard to get, and because those in the business were a little rough and were likely to steal the logs at night, and resell them to the company.

"We tried to get on south, but there was no railroad. There was a man named Armada who had a little fishing sloop and we hired him to take us as far as Punta Rassa, which was the terminal of the Cuban cable wire, which station was in charge of Mr. Shultz. Mr. Shultz told us of a pretty little town up the Caloosahatchee River, so we sailed up this river with Mr. Armada. Armada had a son about 15 years of age on this trip. This young man afterwards became captain of a vessel that sailed for many years. He is still living in Fort Myers,—Nick Armada.

"As far as I can remember, Fort Myers had about fifty houses and the only hotel was kept by Captain Hendry, which was situated almost where the Royal Palm now stands. Mr. Evans had a store almost ex-

actly where his present store now stands. I also remember Captain Hendry. This town was at that time mostly a cattle town—mostly cattle and saloons,—and the residents were mostly cattlemen or fishermen; cowboys were very common sights on the street. The cattle were shipped out on schooners and sailing vessels to Cuba.



Thomas Alva Edison, the wizard of Menlo Park

"I remember we saw birds of many kinds,—American eagles. I saw deer; I also saw flamingoes. Alligators were also very plentiful, especially on Orange River. I have seen as many as twenty at least ten to twelve feet long at the neck of the Caloosahatchee.

"We concluded that Fort Myers was the most desirable place for us to build our houses. We had everything in our favor,—wonderful climate, beautiful surroundings, plenty of fish and game. So I bought my present place from a man named Summerlin.

"I had all the houses framed in Maine,

loaded on a vessel called the "Edna," and had them sent down by sea to Fort Myers. I planted all kinds of tropical trees that I could get hold of. I was assisted very much by Major Evans, who seemed to be retired, and who was very much interested in tropical trees. He had only a small place, but I had never seen such growth as he had. I gave him orders to set my place out with every kind of tropical tree that he could get to grow here.

"I said to him one day, 'How does it happen that your trees grow so rapidly?' and he replied: 'I put lots of fertilizer in the holes before planting and they are trying to get away from it.'

"On the place when I bought it I found one seedling orange tree, 30 feet high; it is still living and bearing profusely."

(What is the future of Fort Myers, as you see it, Mr. Edison? the interviewer inquired.)

"I believe the greatest future prospect is for winter homes. I do not see that any place can be finer for winter homes and truck gardening. I believe that something will be found that will be a great aid to the farming industry."

(How about possibilities for a rubber industry?)

"There is no doubt that rubber trees will grow fine here, but the trouble is labor. Labor receives 30 to 40 cents a day in Malaya, with whose products we would have to compete in the markets,—here \$3 to \$4 a day. Many varieties of plants yield rubber, but we cannot compete where the rubber must be collected by hand. It must be of such a character that it may be sown and reaped by machinery. There are over 200 varieties of milk weed alone that produce rubber. Some kinds of milk weed produce only resin. There is a plant now growing from which there are hundreds of thousands of pounds produced annually in Mexico and sold in the United States. It also grows in Arizona and Texas. It seems to stand frost—about 25 to 30 degrees. It is remarkable the amount of rubber it yields. I tried some of it in my greenhouse, but it died,—soil was too rich. I placed some in pure sand, and it did better."

(What do you think of saw-grass as raw material for a paper-making industry?)

"There have been many saw-grass mills put up and then they died down,—perhaps due to bad management. I guess there was something wrong somewhere. It is a question whether the Leesburg mill can continue.

"So many things in Florida have been killed by bad management. You take this case of catching sharks. I went down to

see it. They had a seine running out a half mile long, made of clothesline about three-eighths inch thick. They pulled it in twice a day. We stopped to see them pull it in. They pulled up first a turtle, then a small hammerhead shark, then a turtle and a porpoise, then an 18-foot 6-inch leopard shark. All but the turtles had killed themselves, but this last had a little life. Then there were more sharks, turtles, and porpoises, and so on until they almost had that scow loaded down. They put them in a slaughter house, bled the turtles to get the blood, took the hides off, made oil of the porpoises and sharks, shipped the hides to New York, and the refuse was used as fertilizer. They had only five men and brought in twenty-five tons a day, but bad management broke it up."



Winter home of Thomas A. Edison, Fort Myers, Florida

(What effect will the Tamiami Trail have upon the growth of Fort Myers and South Florida?)

"I think the result will be that the thousands of tourists who now come down the

East Coast will have a chance to see that Fort Myers is a better place for homes. They don't get the cold ocean winds here, and there is better soil. I see that Dr.



Thomas A. Edison at his winter home at Fort Myers, Florida

Sheldon (Flagler's physician) comes over here every winter now; he ought to know."

(Speaking of the many progressive people who are coming to Florida and the tenacity with which some adhere to old scenes and traditions, Mr. Edison was reminded of the following incident.)

"I was coming down from Newark with two automobiles. I remember that we went to Washington, and took the old Lincoln-Lee Road, but it was all gone. On that trip I saw something funny near Leesburg, Virginia. Every once in a while we saw old colonial mansions. We came to a bridge which was very dilapidated, as was everything else. We found a moss-covered stone, bearing the inscription: "This bridge was erected in 17—under the reign of his gracious Majesty George II." About two miles farther on we came to a very large and extremely dilapidated mansion, and saw a carriage with two footmen on a high seat,

all in the last stage of ruin, apparently. In this old carriage, with the wheels wobbling, sat a little old lady—one of the F. F. Vs. There she sat in that old carriage, with a tiny parasol, side-curls, hoopskirts, and all. We stopped in astonishment to look. Everything may have gone to ruin, but she was true to the last,—she was an F. F. V. of Virginia."

(The writer of this prelude has resided in Lee County, Florida, of which Fort Myers is the county seat, for nearly thirty years, and it occurred to us some months since that the story of how Mr. Edison discovered Fort Myers nearly a half-century ago would make interesting reading, especially in view of the fact that he has regularly made his winter home here ever since. Mrs. Edison very graciously granted



Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison doing their chores at Edison's winter home

the interview with her husband, but stipulated that she very much desired the narrative in his own words, which was complied with, a stenographer taking down the story as he related it.—Interviewer's Note.)

## Two Popular Novelists Are One

*Continued from page 156*

so common among married couples of equal ability in the same field.

An American girl, Mrs. Gibbs seems thoroughly to understand her English husband, and he in turn, due in part, perhaps, to his long residence in this country, understands his American wife. It would, as a result, be difficult to picture two people whose real interests seem more concentrated in each other's work.

With the truest of feminine chivalry and pride, Mrs. Gibbs talked most fluently about her husband's work, and except for a verbal prod now and then from Mr. Gibbs, or a question from the interviewer, the fact that she was herself a novelist of great ability might still remain a secret. She spoke of her husband's books with all the pride of a life-long chum and companion, and there was a sparkle in her eye at each mention of his name.

He, too, spoke most freely of the works of his writer-wife, and was loathe to com-

ment upon his own writings. "Portia Marrises" he naturally considers one of the best books he has ever read, but he feels certain that Mrs. Gibbs' later works will even surpass this, both in regard to sheer display of literary ability, and popularity.

"It's rather unusual, you know," he commented with a smile, "for the novels of a husband and wife to be handled in the same year by the same publisher."

I had not thought of that. It is unusual, and when the expression upon my face made evident the fact, Gibbs laughed quietly.

"You see," he declared, "we have become virtual rivals for popularity—but it's a case of good-natured rivalry."

Rivalry?—may it not rather be a case of the solution to the age-old problem of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before? Will not the public's attitude be one of the purchase of two books, where ordinarily it would have purchased but one?

While the novels of husband and wife differ very markedly as to style and treatment, plot and theme, they are virtually companion volumes, and in their possession there is a unique pleasure—the pleasure of having upon the library shelf, nestling side by side, in a peace and comfort comparable to the home life of the authors, two novels, the work of a distinguished husband, and an equally—Mr. Gibbs insists upon this, while Mrs. Gibbs as strenuously objects to it—distinguished wife.

Jolly days, from their description, are those which the Gibbsses are enjoying among the hills and haunts at Williamstown, where President James A. Garfield used to wander as a college student. Under the elms, deep within the spotted shadows on the great green carpet of the links and the wide streets of Williamstown they are a familiar sight and an inspiring one—lovers, and lovers of nature, who love to think, to meditate and write.

# Phnom Penh, City of Pagodas

*Rambling among the ancient and motley civilization of the Orient, through a portion of France's great Indo-Chinese empire*

IT was hot in Saigon. Not that it is generally known to be cool after sunrise there, but this day was even more oppressive, humid and soul-depressing than usual. At night-fall there would come a mighty rumble of thunder from the far-off mountains of Laos and Cambodia. The whirlwind would catch up the dead leaves of the tamarinds and drive them in great eddies about the streets and boulevards. The diminutive *pousse-coolies* would bow their heads before the blast and speed down the deserted roads. Belated congaes with their baskets of jack-fruit and bananas, or paniers quivering with evil-looking black jellies, would scurry to shelter mid the laughter and jibes of the *nhaque* (natives) loitering at the street corners. And then, with a roar and a crash the lightning would tear open the heavens and flood the earth with a torrent of cooling rain—such a downpour as only the tropics know.

Phnom Penh! Weird, outlandish name, one of the "Open Sesames" of dreamland! What visions the name conjures. Its gleaming slender spires, its vari-colored roofs glittering in the sun and the dim religious air of its pagodas. Through the drifting blue of incense-clouds kneel the worshippers once more before the statue of the great Gautama, the Sakamuni—while they intone the sonorous chant, the wonderful verses of the Dharmapada. The yellow-robed phikkahus, the sinuous, sampot-clad dancers of the King, the soldiers of the Empire, the brilliant life of market and of temple pass in review. One is dazzled with all the riot and extravaganza and color of the Arabian Nights, still existing in far-off Cambodia, on the banks of Mother Mekong.

The French are great believers in the "route automobiliers," and a network of wonderful military roads spreads over her great Indo-Chinese empire. As for the machines themselves—well, this section of the world seems to be the last resting place of the ancient decrepit automobiles of the world.

In some marvelous manner the "service" automobile had been fitted up with four traverse seats, jammed close to each other. Each seat was allotted a class number. The top was tied on with string and wire, and the whole contraption was so bound together with bits of rope that to cover any distance at all seemed almost improbable without it tumbling down.

And the passengers! In clambered an Annamite farmer, slim, effeminate, silk-clad, with oiled hair done up in the national chignon, and umbrella and market-basket under his arm. Followed a motley crew,

tall Tonkinese, little Cochin Chinese and honorable sons of Tong, for here, as elsewhere, from Harbin to Djokjakarta, the yellow man of the "Middle Country" controls internal trade, and the white man would starve without him.

\* \* \*

Once a fever-ridden pest-hole, Phnom Penh, was drained and modernized by the French engineer Fabre. The eatch excavated from the great drainage canal which surrounds the French quarter was used to fill in the low spots, and Phnom Penh is now as healthy as any city in the tropics.



The Silver Pagoda, one of the lovely examples of Brahmin architecture

It even boasts of a fine boulevard, electric lights and a pure water supply.

Phnom Penh itself, the hill where the widow Penh laid her lord and master to rest when, many centuries ago, he went the way of all flesh—is an artificial hill about thirty metres high, in the center of the city, surrounded by a beautiful park. It is said to have been built, hill and all, in a single night, with the aid of the powers of darkness. However that may be, there it stands, surmounted by the inevitable véat and dagoba, under which lies the remains of the ancient prince. But history recordeth nothing of him or his reign.

The approach to the park is over the Naga Bridge, a most quaint conception. The naga-benificent seven-headed snake of the Buddhist faith, stretches his mighty length along the parapets, rearing his fan-like necks at the terminals. In the park is a collection of animals, among which is the largest tiger ever captured alive.

Half-way up the Phnom is a monumental group in bronze and glazed tile, commemorating the return by Siam of the lost prov-

inces of Cambodia, including the glorious ruins of Angkor Wat and Angkor Thom.

By the palace of King Sisovath stands the famous "silver pagoda," the Véat Prah Keo, temple of the Emerald Buddha. The building lies in the center of a courtyard, and is surrounded with a hideous iron grille—thanks to the persuasions of some benighted commercial traveler. Climbing the steps which surround the building, glaring white in the pitiless sun of early afternoon, one enters the darkened temple. With much rattling of locks and hooks the guide throws open the shutters. The entire floor is paved

with pure silver tiles, reflecting the light of the sun like a great mirror. The walls are frescoed with vivid scenes of the Buddhist hell, horrible nightmare conceptions, out of keeping with the beauty of the rest of the temple. On this building Norodom lavished all the wealth and art of his generation, and wonder follows on wonder.

In the center is erected a great pyramidal altar, heaped high with a strange congeries of Buddhas, wax flowers and clocks under glass, cheap lamps and gewgaws of no value. On a golden pedestal above them all, glowing a weird green in the half-light, sits in majesty the "Emerald Buddha," the more imposing as an aperture is so arranged in the roof that a shaft of light always strikes the image and pierces the translucent stone of which it is composed.

But far more startling is the life-sized image before the altar. There, standing erect, with hands raised in benediction, is a Buddha of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds from head to foot, shining like a great jewel. Protected only by a glass case, with neither lock nor key, the gold in the

statue alone is valued at nearly a million dollars!

Around the altar are glass cases containing the royal treasures—crowns, diadems, bracelets, watches, rings, anklets and the like—worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yet they are under no guard, but are simply sealed with the autograph of the

ple matter, and thus the image of the descendant of the greatest kings in Southern Asia gazes haughtily upon us from its high pedestal!

Near it are two other pagodas, tiny replicas of the larger. One contains the wondrously beautiful, carved and gold-inlaid state sword, the priceless heirloom of gen-

scented flowers. About it crouch ancient, shaven-pated phikkus telling their beads, and here, in hushed reverence, come the simple folk of the town, to approach in deep obeisance the mark of the Tathagata, the Perfect One, the Giver of the Dharma.

Coming out of the dim religious light of the shrine into the bright sunshine of the

The seven-headed naga or sacred snake sprawls along the balustrade of the bridge



King. To the Cambodian, Sisovath is the vicerent of Buddha upon earth, and this simple seal suffices to hold his treasures inviolate.

To pass from this temple and its glories to the courtyard is to go from the sublime to the ridiculous. For there stands an equestrian statue of King Norodom, now dead these many years. The story has it that he petitioned the French Government for a statue. The Colonial Office in Paris cast about for something to satisfy the royal whim. It found a deposed statue of Napoleon the Little, on horseback, in full military uniform. The very thing! To cut off the head and replace it with the features of the King of the Khmers was a sim-

erations of royalty, ever guarded by the favorite warriors of the king.

Opposite the repository of the sword is another pagoda, containing the holy of holies of Phnom Penh. For here, according to the legends of the Khmers, the Lord Buddha trod the holy soil of Cambodia, and here he left his footprint for all men to see, and to testify to his presence. He is supposed to have been eighteen feet tall. To prove it there is his foot-print, enshrined in this tiny pagoda, four feet long and two feet wide! This great footprint covers nearly the whole floor, which is of solid gold. It bears the manifold footmarks of the True Buddha. It is always covered with a precious silken robe, strewn with sweet-

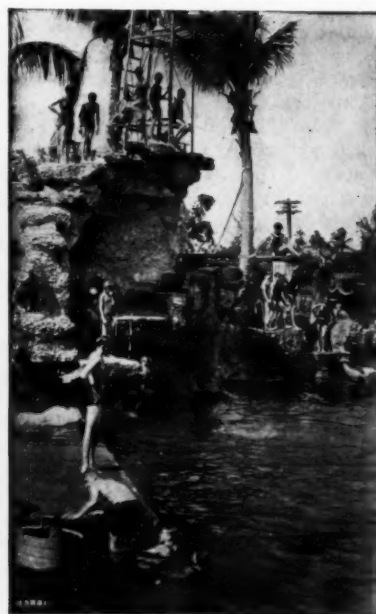
courtyard, is like passing from one dream to another. The clear turquoise sky is pierced with numberless slender spires, springing from vari-colored pagoda and palace roof, reflecting the brilliant light from red and green and chrome and purple tile and gilded gable.

The boat left for Banam all too soon. Who shall rule its valley in the centuries to come? Shall France hold it then as now, or shall the ancient line of builders again come into their own, and hold sway from the Shan States to the Sea, from the mountains of the Thai to the land of Tong?

Behind, glowing in the rosy warmth of the rising sun, lay Phnom Penh, city of pagodas.



Commercial Entrance on Douglas Road, Coral Gables



Group of Bathers at the Venetian Pool, Coral Gables

# Winter Again Echoes "Gone to Florida"

*Citizens of the incomparable state named for flowers have their houses set in order for a notable winter season—Bidding welcome with summer skies and happy spirit of hospitality—Characteristic American energy*

THIS is the time of year when America moves into the sun porch of its winter homes in favored Florida. Americans love sunshine. The sun seems to be a symbol of their optimism and warmth and energy. As the gay blizzards of the North begin and biting winter winds whistle around the corners of houses, humanity somehow feels the instinct of the bird and longs to "follow the swallow." When airplane service has been established, this will be quite accurate and Florida will be reached in ten hours. At present eighty million people find it only a few hours away by rail. That may be one reason why people go there, but there are many others.

Florida's very name brings to the imagination pictures and the fragrance of flowers—the shower of petals at christenings, exotic moonlight nights when lovers meet among perfumes and hidden by lacy shadows, weddings, even the wreaths of remembrance hung on the name post of the public square in memory of some soldier—all phases of life are softened by flowers.

And as all phases of life find something here, so all classes and conditions of people find a lure and a satisfaction also in this beautiful state of many attributes.

For instance, throughout our country there is an increasing interest in sport. And in Florida one discovers the most magnificent and best equipped country clubs in America. Sea bathing and the numerous wonderful beaches are too well known to be mentioned except in passing. The Country Club of the Miami Biltmore has an excellent polo field with several practise fields, tennis courts and swimming pool. And as far as golf is concerned, it is impossible to enumerate the multitude of marvellous courses. It has been said that golf has had much influence in building Florida. Not only will people go where the golf course is good, but it is half a proverb in these days that "more business plans are decided on the golf course than in the office."

For people who like the brilliancy of cosmopolitan life at big hotels, Miami, Palm Beach, Hollywood, Biltmore and other places possess hotels of such significance and proportions that the social aspirations of the most sophisticated may be satisfied, for Florida is in a way a transplanted New York City for the winter. At such places one constantly hears interesting stories of the celebrated people whose homes form the show places and much of the beauty of the cities.

For the artistic and literary people, there is beautiful Coral Gables, Coconut Grove,

which contained the home of William Jennings Bryan, and still remains the home of Admirals and Mrs. Augustus St. Gaudens, widow of the sculptor. Through Florida also flows the Anclote River, bordered by a tropical wilderness, vistas of which have been made immortal by the color tubes and brushes of George Innes, Sr., Dean of the American landscape painters.

For people who like simple living and contact with nature there are places of ap-

industrial cities of the country. Florida is the young man's state—a state of gigantic enterprise, as has been seen by the growth recorded the past year.

Then, too, we find the strongest lure of all lies in the romance of Florida itself. Throughout the ages people have visioned a place in which all the tender, whimsical sentiments of life may cluster, where sunshine warms the heart and touches the memory. For us this place may well be



The lure of beauty, a typical avenue in sunny Florida

peal. On Charlotte Harbor are El Jobe-An and Punta Gorda, known as the Courtesy City, because of its hospitality and thoughtfulness in regard to guests. Originally it was a sleepy little fishing community, awakened by the activities of the East Coast activities. Today it is the place par excellence to go tarpon fishing, for in the waters there the Silver King, his overlapped scales glistening in the light, gives the fisherman a game struggle. Fort Lauderdale, the irrepressible, at a bend of the Swannee River, is another place to find the tarpon, that ghostly vandal of the sea who destroys the edible fish.

Nor is Florida apparently a state sought solely by successful middle-aged men for their playtime away from smoke-grimed

Florida. And then there is the pageant at St. Augustine, taking us back to the days of Ponce de Leon himself.

\* \* \*

Within the borders of Florida flows that stream, the Swannee River, more sung about than any other river—even including the beautiful Blue Danube. Here are fishes highly colored like the glory of sunset and sunrise, with splashes of the rainbow, with the hues of turquoise seas. They make one long for a glass submarine through which to watch them in their native haunts.

At Leon there are famous potteries; at Boca Grande more tarpon fishing; throughout the state much undeveloped country with its interesting flora and fauna.

"But what about the hurricane?" some-

body asks. "Won't that affect living conditions and service this winter?"

That is a natural question, but it would make a Floridian smile. A few billboards are missing. A few hot dog stands will not be seen at their accustomed places. A few trees have been snapped off or denuded of foliage. Aside from these, nobody will especially notice the marks of the windstorm of September 18.

Within three weeks from that date in Miami, Palm Beach, Hollywood, Fort Lauderdale and West Palm Beach the banks, shops, hotels and offices were running and there was "business as usual."

The citizens personally went to work to clear up the debris and in many instances

age, the trucks tore and smashed their way through to the relief of the villages. The road had been completely ripped to pieces. That was slightly over three months ago. Yet today the repairs are finished and the road has been leveled into a faultless boulevard.

Another dramatic example of foresight, sacrifice and literal "riding into the jaws of death" was shown by the officials of the Florida East Coast Railway. Upon learning that the hurricane was quickly approaching Miami, these men had a train made ready and they themselves started on it toward that city. They met the storm "head on," stopped the train and rescued 400 people. Until the line was cleared it

are justified in considering sunshine as a symbol of optimism and energy. And many are the excellent reasons for moving into the "sunny room" of our land.

The hotel men have stabilized rates and there are over 22,000 rooms ready for guests in the magic city of Miami alone. The student body of the new Miami University has called its football team the "Hurricanes" and have made a record without parallel in the launching of a new university.

The spirit of Florida is awake as never before and she will find her friends all over the country willing to give a little push to make the record of the peninsular state fulfill the predictions of Secretary Hoover that Florida is now one of the fastest growing states in the union.

\* \* \*

To those who have never been to Florida it will not be necessary to recite all the advantages and allurements of the state. We know that the winters in the north are cold, and that the winters in Florida are warm—and there you are. It's a matter of calculating temperature. Pictures come to my mind of the trip from Pensacola, on the west, with its charm of pine forest and harbor, to quaint and picturesque Tallahassee. There is Jacksonville, the young giant metropolis on the St. John, still growing like a sunflower. Who could ever forget the days at Daytona, or the weeks at Orlando? Then there is Winter Haven, Winter Park and all that highland country of mid-Florida. Then there is Sanford, with its celery, and Eustis with its wonderful Waterman Hotel. Who could ever forget Clearwater and Tarpon Springs and that superb little city of St. Petersburg, where people sit on the green benches and bask in the sunlight, challenging Old Sol to send them a day without sunshine? The Gandy Bridge and Tampa, that entrancing harbor and port, have shown a commercial development that is unparalleled in proportion to population. On to the south is Sarasota and Venice-by-the-Sea, where the Ringlings have established the glory of the "greatest on earth." Fort Myers, the home of Thomas Edison, is an ambitious and growing metropolis of the south, pointing the way to Naples, the terminus of the Seaboard Air Line, and already boasting two railroads. Key West, the gateway to Cuba, with its romance, is reached by a railroad and is king of the incomparable Keys. Homestead is the capital of the Redland district. Then there is the realm of Collier County, a monument to the genius and faith of Barron G. Collier in developing an area that promises to be a garden spot of the tropical zone of Florida. Already the little capital city of Everglades has assumed metropolitan ways, and why not, for there are thousands of people going there every year from the various large cities of the north, finding here an opportunity to give expression to that impulse of creating and building, which is, after all, the lodestone of Florida's progress.

More than ever, Florida has given attention to the development of the truck farms, providing the vegetables, tomatoes and green stuff for the northern markets at a time when it brings a good price to the consumer and provides a balanced ration for

*Continued on page 168*



The original Floridians, Seminole Indians, ready to receive guests

men went from seventy to ninety-four hours without sleep in order to accomplish their task.

The citizens alone, however, could not have achieved this feat. The self-sacrificing co-operation of such organizations as the American Legionnaires, the Sea Board Air Line and the Florida East Coast Railway were tremendous factors in this reconstruction speed.

The American Legionnaires performed a deed as thrilling and as worthy of passing into history as Paul Revere's ride. Thirty miles south of West Palm Beach was a spot particularly marked to receive the storm's fury. Here were villages of papery structures which lasted but a few seconds in a wind that snapped off big pines and easily twisted the standards at the gasoline filling stations. A few people escaped in terror and with great difficulty made their way to West Palm Beach. The citizens in this place went to work and with the American Legionnaires organized a relief convoy of twenty-two trucks. In darkness whose blackness was vaguely broken by the still deeper blackness of concrete blocks, branches, broken tiles, twisted iron, portions of roofs and all kinds of other wreck-

was impossible to go on, but when they finally reached Miami, they immediately gave trains for the free transportation of food, doctors, Red Cross supplies, nurses, and for refugees going to relatives outside the state. They also gave the telegraph company work trains to facilitate repairs on the telegraph lines and they furnished both laborers and laborers' transportation to Miami, Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale. These officials met this crisis with tremendous ability, energy and American generosity. Nor was the Sea Board Air Line less helpful in its free transportation of doctors, nurses, food, supplies and refugees. This company also stood by in a way that should make the country proud.

A few hours after the storm the Florida Light and Power Company had 3,000 men on the repairing job. Appreciation of this fact can be realized only when one considers what the conditions were under which these men had to be assembled.

Combining the individual efforts of private citizens and the organized efforts of public utility companies, Florida "came back" with a speed and power undreamed of even in a land of speed and power.

By this it may be seen that Americans

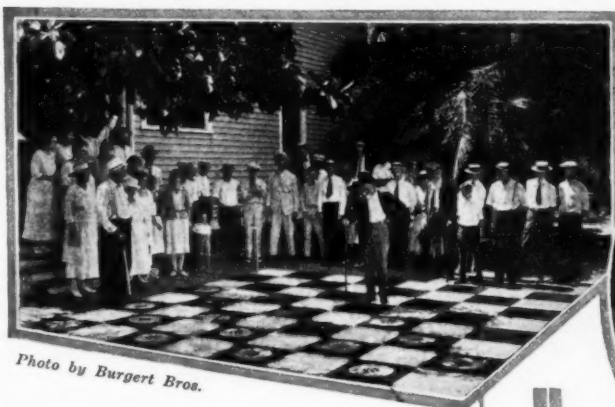
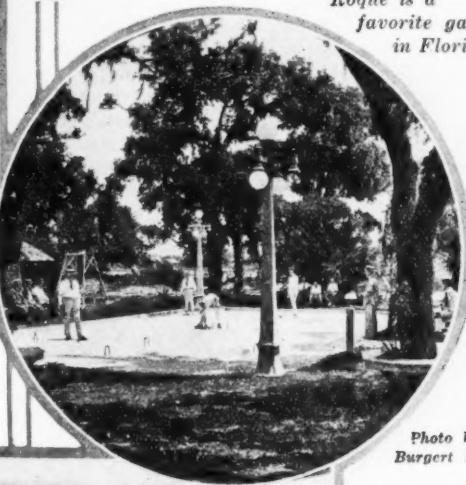


Photo by Burgert Bros.

Largest checkerboard in the world—  
at Clearwater



Roque is a  
favorite game  
in Florida

Photo by  
Burgert Bros.

Midwinter bathing  
at Palm Beach



A day's catch in  
the Gulf Stream

Photo by Fishbaugh



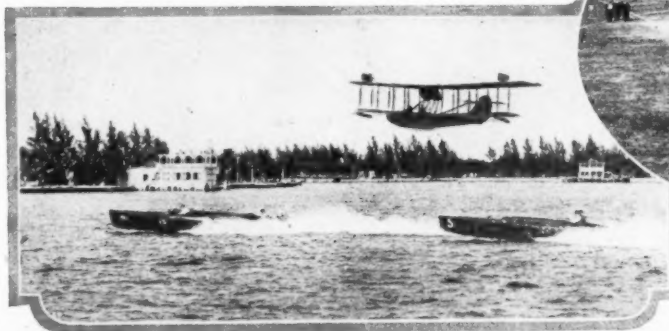
International Photo

Catboat racing in  
Biscayne Bay

World Wide Photo



Race between motor boats and seaplane at Miami Beach



World Wide Photo

Training Quarters of the "Yanks" at  
St. Petersburg

the denizens of the north, enabling them to enjoy the "indoor sport" of having new potatoes in January, green peas in February, and all the vegetables every winter-day with the blizzard howling without. Florida is altogether a heritage of the United States of America, a composite state in which every town, city, village and hamlet is represented in some way by people who have found this sunny room of the United States of America.

The hurricane has only enhanced the in-

terest in Florida and stimulated the spirit of energy and push which is indicated in the tremendous building program. The winter of 1926-1927 will witness busy times within the borders of Florida, the only state in the union named for flowers, which will continue to receive the bouquets of benefits that came with the incomparable semi-tropical climate that enhances the intrinsic value of the land as the population of the United States mounts on toward a hundred and fifty millions, two thirds of whom find

Florida within forty hours travel by rail of the thresholds of their homes in the north and midwest. Everybody is on the reception committee and looking after the guests this winter—in fair and favored Florida.

Everybody at some time or other has a moment of dreaming—of desire for places strange to those he knows. Each individual during his growing days has at least once yearned to hear weird native music, to see huge yellow moons in the velvety



The entrancing view of the popular and renowned regatta in Florida, where motor boat world records are made. "Everyone and his yacht" is in Florida in winter time



skies of some voluptuous clime, to drift among blue lagoons. The South Seas, the coast of Africa, the rivers of China are distant by thousands of miles and many days. Within twenty miles south of Palm Beach are the tropics—the only tropical territory in the United States.

\* \* \*

This region is one hundred and fifty miles farther south than Los Angeles. Here the climate is dependable. Exotic plants are found in lush growth, and the forms of characteristic animal life exist in peaceful ease amid fragrant, colorful vegetation. It is the home of brilliant tropical birds.

It was George Ade, the author of the well-known "Fables in Slang" and particularly the creator of the girl "Who Knew that Columbus Discovered America and Which Massage Cream to Use and Let It Go at That," in speaking of Florida as a winter home, who said: "I have been in California, the West Indies, Egypt, and in fact, everywhere else, but Florida climate cannot be duplicated anywhere on earth." And the well-loved Edgar Guest finds there "an indefinable charm in the blue sky and the warm sun during the winter months. I think, however," he goes on to say, "that above and beyond the riches of climate and sky and ocean is the friendliness of its people. Florida friendship has the ring

of genuine sincerity and good fellowship that makes it a household byword.

Hospitality would seem to be a virtue of leisure. But the Floridians maintain an outstanding degree of that virtue combined with high-powered achievement. Notwithstanding their rapid growth in the establishment of towns, the building of harbors and the extension of railroad service, Florida Agriculture has been progressing with the same degree of speed.

The fruit market recently has presented to the public Florida oranges as large as

grape fruit. The smallest one weighs at least one and a quarter pounds. They are naval oranges and very juicy so that quality has not been sacrificed to size. One of them will serve two people at breakfast and they have been produced so that the price is within reach of everyone.

\* \* \*

This achievement is only one of many and a suggestion of more. It also bears out part of the prophecy made some years ago by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of pure food fame. After making an official investigation of the muck lands of Florida he stated: "There is practically no other body of land in the world which presents such remarkable possibilities of development as the muck lands bordering the southern shores of Lake Okeechobee.

While parents enjoy themselves at the hotels, indulge in the sporting life of the state or take up the more serious work of trade, agriculture or professional life, their children may attend the splendid Miami University.

Already it has an endowment fund close to eight million dollars and a campus of one hundred and sixty acres. The plan for this institution now calls for twenty-two buildings which architecturally will reveal the picturesque Spanish influence blending so well with the climate, the historic background and the exotic beauty of Florida.



## Revival of "Iolanthe," the Fairy Opera—Continued from page 160



Winthrop Ames, the theatrical producer

generation has its fling at a revival. Attuned to the fascination of waltz movement, like "Little Buttercup" and the stirring march in "The Pirates of Penzance" and others, the Sullivan operas have become as perennial as "the flowers that bloom in the spring."

It is welcome news to learn that Mr.

Ames is to continue his revivals, with "The Pirates of Penzance" already scheduled. He has long been a G. and S. "fan," and among others of their operas that he produced at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, along in 1906, was "Iolanthe." Aside from liking it, he perhaps preferred to produce one of the operas with which the public were not so familiar as they are with "The Mikado" and "Pinafore." He is providing a real delight to music lovers and making it possible for one to always be sure that some one good wholesome and charming opera is on the boards in New York. More power to the courageous and far-seeing producer who is bringing young and old together for a mutual appreciation of the work produced in the golden era of comic operas, which, together with the old songs in our "Heart Songs" have furnished many of the musical phrases adapted and syncopated and in some cases stolen outright, in a large proportion of so-called popular song lilts.

What would the galaxy of popular composers do were it not that the score of the early masters still move and have their charm? From these sources come refrains that meet the craving for a music that re-



Statue of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Thames Embankment, London

sponds to the soul of music lovers in generations past and down to the ever-moving present day.

## World Tuning in for a Reign of Radio—Continued from page 157

terested in radio and decided that it had great possibilities in peace times. The more he studied the subject, the more satisfied he was that it was destined to be the biggest thing of the Twentieth Century the moment people had enough time after democratizing the world, to give to its development. While others saw its possibilities, few saw in radio much more than a novelty that captivated the young folk. General Harbord from the start insisted that radio was bound to become a necessary for meeting the cravings of the human soul, for companionship is quite as important as the less aesthetic feeding of the human body.

"Radio is today an essential of modern human existence," declared General Harbord, and words more potent with truth have never been spoken. The radio industry already has taken its place beside the steel and iron industry, is rapidly forging ahead to a position in advance of motion pictures, automobiles and the manufacture of musical instruments, for while these industries have already seen their greatest development, the radio industry is still on the threshold of meeting the demand in a still larger field. Radio is still in its swaddling clothes and is to be guided through the trying years of infancy into the fuller measure of its possibilities as a practical phase of every-day life.

General Harbord has visited nearly every nation in the world and knows radio as not only in America, but in Europe, Asia, Africa and other parts of the earth. He has had the opportunity to observe its effect, not only as a medium of entertainment and instruction, but as a great democratizing agency, breaking down the barriers that are keeping nations and neighborhoods apart. Radio knows no boundaries, and hurdles the chasm of language and environment, for radio is essentially a universal

language—the musical scale that is readily intelligible to everyone.

Interest in radio is a phase of mob psychology indeed! Radio a novelty, to be sure! A member of the editorial staff of a leading newspaper, in reply to a question ten years ago, declared that radio and crossword puzzles were his idea of nothing at all. Today, that same editor is a fan of the first water and receives his dispatches by radio, and knows how to "tune in" for the aftermath of the events. In his home he has at least one set, and he has been seen with a tiny vest-pocket crystal detector of his own construction, rigged up at his desk in the office, listening in on the organ recital from the Metropolitan Theatre, while with his blue pencil he tore the very "vitals" out of reams of verbose copy, decrying modern progress and wailing for the "good old days."

Come with me into the sitting room of millions of American homes today. A snap of the switch and we are ready. Will you have the very latest in dance music; an opera broadcast direct from the Metropolitan; a dissertation upon the fluctuating rate of exchange by an economist of international repute; a bed-time story for the children; the report of the day's doings from the editorial rooms of the "Evening Nap"; quotations of the grain and stock market direct from Chicago; household recipes from the laboratory of the "Women's Weekly Gossip"; the latest developments in the field of radio; a radio play by the ZXX Players of East Overshoe, Nebraska; "Old Glory Glorious," a political leader's keynote address at the Thirty-second Annual Banquet of the International Order of Traffic Eaters at the Waldorf-Astoria; the punch-by-punch description of the epoch-making "K. O. Sullivan-Poison Cohen" battle for the welterweight crown of the world,

put on the air at the ringside by that most popular of all sporting announcers, the perennially blooming Graham Crackers; the daily lesson in safe-cracking, cocktail mixing, motion picture acting, lion taming or spinach eating—say, what shall it be? A tap of the plug, a turn of the dial, an adjustment of the thingumbob and—lo! It is ours!

In ancient days the limits of a city or a nation were prescribed by the number of people who could hear the orators in the public square. Today the voice of President Calvin Coolidge is heard by millions and he has the distinction of being our first radio president.

Is there any wonder that radio has taken its place among the leading industries of the world and may sooner or later lead them all? The university, the theatre, the church, the doctor, the lawyer, the chauffeur, the navigator of the common people, it has made the nation a neighborhood. It has put within the reach of even the humblest, the things that were once available only to the select few, and has brought education closer than ever to the home of the working man.

More power to the radio! More power to those who are making the radio a real function in the life of the community. We have already gone far in the direction in which Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," predicted that we would travel along the road to better things. With the radio, I feel sure that we shall be able to navigate the remaining distance. Already, it is leading the way to a happier, a more complete existence for all the peoples of the earth, for radio is bringing the world closer and closer together, for the voice has been the first and vital factor in all human communication and contact since the world began.

*"He may live without love—what is passion but pining!  
But where is the man who can live without dining?"*—"Lucille," Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton)

## Where Homemakers Meet

*The largest market in the world located at historic Upham's Corner, Boston. Mothers park their babies in the store and do their marketing in the good old fashioned way of "seeing what they are getting." The latest word in retail marketing, provided by Messrs. Cifrino and Cataldo*

**I**N an American newspaper some unknown pen had written:

"Amid the turmoil of modernity and the chasm ever widening between the parents, the solidarity of the Italian family is

ing. Next door to it was the small place where John Cifrino and his partner, M. Cataldo, started their grocery store.

These two young men had been in business in South Boston. They had experimented with various business methods and departments of this kind of merchandising.

On account of the beginning of the World War in 1914, business was more or less shaken up and it was in this year that they closed their small store in South Boston. They came to Upham's Corner and once more set up their goods and started anew. Mr. Cataldo and Mr. Cifrino had discovered an old but vital principle in merchandising. They had learned that by purchasing for cash in large amounts and reselling for cash at a moderate per cent of profit, people would flock to get their materials.

To be sure, the location they had chosen was excellent, but that was by no means the whole story. The goods had to be of high quality also. And the price adjustment had to be fair.

Soon they took in with them Mr. Cifrino's younger brother, Paul, and the three shortly found trade much beyond the capacity of their space.

That was the time they bought the vacant lot adjoining the building. They gave the contract to A. Piotti Co., and selected Willard Bacon for the architect. The building was made over with great success. It was opened in 1920. The business started with ten employees and one cashier. Today there

are four hundred and ten people employed. Therefore it is evident that the ten employees were soon outgrown—much more quickly than one would believe possible. In fact, only three years after the opening of



John Cifrino

a redeeming phenomenon. Loyalty, respect and honor still hold the fort as the priceless ingredients of family harmony in spite of the assaults of modern cynicism."

And all of this would seem to have nothing whatever to do with the Upham's Corner Market, the largest market in the world. This is in Dorchester, Mass., where the original settlement of Puritanical Boston was made.

Yet it is the solidarity of one Italian family and the loyalty, respect and honor of its sons that has built this astounding commercial structure.

On a late Saturday afternoon when the "world and his wife" are picking out the food for the Sunday dinner, one enters this market to the melody of "Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses," or some other gay tune. Perhaps that song itself is the keynote of this establishment. For the dominant characteristic of the immense establishment is cheer, back of which exists faith in and love for one's fellowmen.

This enormous market covers two and a half acres of ground, which does not include the addition, almost one-half as large again, to be opened in three months.—Ye bustling boom towns of Florida and California and the wild and woolly west—all this has come about in seven years—less time than Jacob waited for Rachael.

The building was formerly an office build-



Paul Cifrino

the made-over building, a second one adjoining was added. And in August, 1926, work was begun on the third store.

These buildings have certain outstanding characteristics which, with a multitude of other things, help to make the Upham's Corner Market the astonishing establishment it is.

One feature is the aisle. The aisles are all nine and one-half to twenty feet wide. The colorful counters, around which people stand three or four feet deep to buy anything it is possible to bake, stew, broil, fry or eat raw, seem like islands. And there are no "necks of the bottle" where they join to cause congestion or ill temper among the customers. There is no jostling, stepping on other people's feet, or elbowing one's way through irritable mobs to reach the desired counters. Indeed, mothers with baby carriages mingle with the throngs and nobody resents such action when the parking space is too full to accommodate carriages or to "check" the babies.

For down the broad center aisle is the baby checking department, where carriages are lined up and an attendant is hired to keep the babies happy. To be sure the babies are not concentrated here, for outside the building for what seems like a quarter of a mile on Saturdays one may see baby carriages waiting. Lucky are the youngsters who get inside! Pounds and



Massimino Cataldo

pounds of cookies, one by one, are clutched by tiny hands to avert a tempestuous moment. And many an infant scientist-to-be has been forcibly restrained by the attendant from trying to pick the nice bright spots out of the baby's eyes next to him.

It is in this care for babies and the way it is done that one first gets the feeling of the "solidarity of the Italian family." If these young men had forgotten their home, would they be likely to bother this way with babies? And we instinctively sense that in the background somewhere there must be babies of their own.

Another instance of care for the children is observed when one enters. A Victrola, playing street songs of the day and things that children—and grown-ups—love, is at the door. Immediately the music catches

wrapping paper. One room contains equipment for repairing the machinery of the establishment, from the slightest hitch in a typewriter to refrigerating machinery.

In the basement is the Artesian well, one hundred and fifty feet deep which the Cifrino brothers and Mr. Cataldo had drilled. Also there are rooms varying in degrees of refrigeration. Here also is manufactured the ice used at the soda fountain and in the fish department. Three large refrigerating machines give automatic refrigeration to over twenty-five ice chests and eight hundred running feet of display counters, which means that over two miles of refrigerating coils are used for cooling system.

At the other extreme of the cooling system might be noted the incinerator, which is to be installed in the new building. This

the food for such events from their kitchens.

All of this market to the customer and the casual observer is a magnificent achievement for seven short years. One speaks of the "one hundred thousand square feet of selling space" with a gasp and then proceeds to gasp more when he hears that business the first year amounted to two hundred fifty-five thousand dollars, but is now annually about three million dollars.

The question naturally arises: How is it that it happened? Surely other places have high quality goods, give service and charge reasonable prices, but none have grown to this size—and the Upham's Corner Market is still growing!

The answer may perhaps be found in the human element back of the business.

This human element is evident from the



The largest market in the world, located at Upham's Corner, Boston, Massachusetts

the attention and if one has to wait a moment—and it would be a very short moment at that—for a clerk, the customer never becomes nervous or disagreeable. Somehow, instinctively, the music recurs and if he is not then actually "Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses," he soon manages to do so.

Another interesting thing about the building itself is the balcony, where on every afternoon except Saturday, whist parties are given. Only a nominal admission, to cover the cost of lighting and cleaning up, is charged. Here is a pleasant place to pass an interesting hour before shopping for supper and a spot used by women who live in such different directions that meetings otherwise would be occasional. This idea and the balcony gives another sense of "hominess."

Nor is this atmosphere lost even in the upper stories where are the store rooms and the bakery. They do not seem at all factory-like but have such an informality about them that one feels it must be pleasant to work there. Excellent light and air contribute to this pleasantness.

Above the market are rooms where one sees logs from the forests of Maine and New Hampshire. These are used for curing and smoking hams and shoulders. This is the only retail market in New England manufacturing its own frankfurts, mayonnaise dressing, peanut butter, pies, bread, pastry, all kinds of delicatessen articles and roasting its own coffee. Here are two rooms filled completely with nothing but

will be one of the largest in the city of Boston. This will burn all the refuse and the heat will be used for heating the building and supplying hot water to the different departments, equipped with hot water.

The largest vegetable market in America is in this store. "It is always summer here," explains Mr. Paul Cifrino. "No matter what the temperature outside, we have memories of warm lands inside." And he pointed to a tempting display. Grapes from South America, tomatoes from Mexico, melons from Persia, peaches from South Africa, spinach from Bermuda, the variety seemed endless.

Nor was it less romantic in its suggestion of cargoes from the Seven Seas than were the storerooms upstairs, where one found boxes of spice from the Orient and China teas.

"How can you afford to keep all these imported things regardless of season and sell at reasonable prices?" we asked the clean cut, fine looking "younger brother, Paul."

"We cover the range of foodstuffs," he answered. "Sometimes we are selling one product at cost, or even less. But some other department is making money at that time. Therefore, the two equalize things."

Aside from covering the range of foodstuffs themselves, there are two restaurants in the building, one for the employees and the other for the customers. Both are extensively patronized. In the new building there is to be a large banquet hall which may be hired for special occasions. The three partners will do catering and supply

placing of the Victrola at the door to the signs of good will and cheerfulness tacked around. Another excellent use of signs has been made in regard to the employees. Behind every counter, above the door of every storeroom, wherever necessary, are placards clearly printed, saying something like this: "This counter (or room) is in charge of Mr. ———. He alone is allowed to do thus and so. To him you should go for this or that." The new employee must feel greatly relieved to know exactly "where he stands" in a place where much confusion is possible. The employees also are instructed why they are not permitted to do certain things. For instance, above the door of a storeroom where meats are kept is the sign: "Do not use this ice chest for a short cut passage. Walk around. Your laziness would spoil the meat."

For instance, they show admirable restraint, and a restraint almost unbelievable under conditions of trade today, when they insist on no "long profit." They are content themselves to buy for cash, to sell for cash and to take a reasonable profit, by no means striving to reach the highest selling point of the market. The soundness of their principle has been demonstrated.

Nor is their phenomenal success the sort of thing that absorbs the time of these three partners to such a degree that they are not interested or do not know anything else. A three million dollar a year business, however, would certainly excuse them if they were. The big thing is that they are not. All three take an active interest in Dor-

# Introducing a New American Etcher

*Coming out of the West, Levon West makes his bow as a book illustrator in "Vivid Spain"—Pupil of Pennell and Zuloaga already displays high order of genius—Descendant of Benjamin West—Made two trips to Spain with author to catch the best atmosphere of ancient and modern Espana*

WHILE America has produced many talented artists, her successful etchers, such as Whistler and Pennell, have been few, a condition perhaps attributable to the average artist's distaste for the infinity of detail and the consummate patience required in the practise of this highest branch of the fine arts. For the etcher, while being the true artist, must be able to control his artistic temperament under all conditions. Also he must be endowed with extraordinary powers of visualization, introspective and retrospective, able to predetermine with certainty his ultimate results.

For the execution of an etching is a most laborious undertaking, the subject having to be delineated on a copper plate in reverse, and so dexterously executed that the final print will express in atmosphere and technique even more artistic finesse than the work of the man who labors with pencil and brush.

It is etchings of this high character that are now coming to us from the steel needle of Levon West, a young artist upon whom, in the opinion of many, has fallen the mantle of the late lamented Joseph Pennell, under whose master hand young West received his final tuition.

Levon Fairchild West was born in Centerville, South Dakota, on February 3d, 1900, the son of Rev. A. M. West, a Congregational minister. His mother, by strange coincidence was also a West, being a lineal descendant of the world famous artist, Sir Benjamin, from whom no doubt, young West inherited his extraordinary talents. Certainly, art seems to have been congenital with the subject of this sketch for when he was only two years of age, his mother made the following entry in her diary, "Little Levon is trying to draw pictures on the dining room table."

Perceiving that his son had extraordi-

nary artistic talent, West's father determined to develop it. He was a hard taskmaster, but under such stern direction the boy slowly began to evince promise. Many were the childhood hours when other boys were afield, that young West was compelled to spend in copying the work of the old masters, particularly Rembrandt and Van Dyke. To the boy, then, it was a most distasteful task, but today he realizes that his present success is attributable, in no small measure to the insistence of his father that he should be thoroughly trained in the rudimentary principles of his profession.

Rev. West was a very practical man, and the Wests lived in a practical section of the country, so it is not surprising to find Levon commencing to earn his own pocket money in painting the barns of his neigh-



Even the stray dogs of Spain were curious to see young West work at close range

bors, when less than ten years of age. Two years later, however, he had become an artist *ipso facto*, having graduated into the ranks of the sign painters, and we find him painting a huge signboard for which he received, to him, the then colossal sum of seventeen dollars.

Levon graduated valedictorian of his



Levon West attired is his Basque cap at sea in a characteristic pose

class at his local High School, and having reached the age of eighteen, joined the Navy in the summer of 1918, serving on the Great Lakes until after the Armistice. He later won a scholarship that gave him a four years' course at the University of Minnesota. His father, being of a practical nature, as we had observed, insisted on his son taking a course in economics in place of art, and

being an obedient son, West complied with his parent's mandate, but did not abandon his determination to make art his life career.

Throughout his four years of college life, young West painted assiduously, earning a no inconsiderable competence on the side. A dereliction from the paths of the cloister caused him to be warned frequently by the University authorities.

*Continued on page 178*



# EVEN as SHIPS *Venturing Uncharted*

**C**ENTURIES ago a man of vision and courage defied the accepted belief of the time and started out to reach the East by sailing West. Fool! they called him, as they tapped their heads with finger-tips.

But he sailed fearlessly into an uncharted sea, and found a new world. Proud cities are named after him. Stately monuments now perpetuate the memory of Columbus.

And, then, there were Drake and Magellan. They, too, defied the beliefs and customs of the day. They drove their tiny ships across the trackless seas and explored the thousands of miles of coast line of the new world.

Courageous, fearless, daring men—all!

They gave to the world the golden age of discovery. They left as a heritage to humanity that quality of leadership which has ever held high the light of progress.

And ever since the days of those ancient mariners who steered by the sun by day and by the stars by night, mankind has met the challenge of a new day and carried on.

Today is the age of industry—throbbing, pulsating, inspiring. Huge, complicated, intricate, it has brought into play every human factor. Its history is like unto

the voyages of those ancient craft seeking new lands, for industry has, in truth, had to make its way through uncharted seas in search of a new world of human understanding.

There was an age of boon comradery. That was when business was small; when the owners, like the captains of those tiny ships, knew the men by their first names, and they knew each other as friends and neighbors. With the march of events came a new order.

The executives upon whose shoulders rested responsibility found the line of contact becoming longer and longer as industries grew, until its workmen were counted, not by a mere handful, but by hundreds and then by thousands. And each man in that long line removed a little farther the man who guided the destiny of the industry, and whose task it was to coordinate the efforts of all, working as one, to build a firm foundation of success.

A stupendous task! No longer were the motives of the chief so clear to the men. No longer were they inspired by that man-to-man confidence of former days. No longer did they live as one, see as one, believe as one, act



# Seas

as one. Lack of contact brought lack of understanding, confusion, doubt, suspicion. The restoration of old-time confidence and human understanding was the challenge which modern industry threw to the men at the helm, whose task it was to steer their industrial ships across the uncharted seas.

Here and there gigantic industries have taken form. By day towering stacks herald the story of industrial accomplishment. By night, shafts of lurid flame light the sky as men go about their work. Each stack, each beam of light, signals to the World: Here men are at work — but do men understand men?



Twenty-five years ago, a handful of men broke the sod for the building of an iron and steel plant. That was at Middletown, Ohio. Their plans were modest — their money limited. But their vision was large; and so they hoped for success and growth.

Their leaders believed in men — men that understood men. As between men and management, they believed there must be perfect understanding. Carefully they

**C**enturies ago a man of vision and courage defied the accepted belief of the time and started out to reach the East by sailing West. Fool! they called him, but he sailed fearlessly into an uncharted sea, and found a new world. And ever since the days of those ancient mariners mankind has met the challenge of a new day and carried on.

planned for this one thing. Nothing else was so important.

As the organization grew, definite plans and policies were formulated. Time crystallized them, tested them, proved them. Thus began the charting of the way. Then almost twenty years after that memorable day when the spade was driven into the soil, and that handful of men said, "We will build here," a document of human understanding was formulated by the management and approved by the Board of Directors, in the form of a written declaration of "ARMCO Policies."

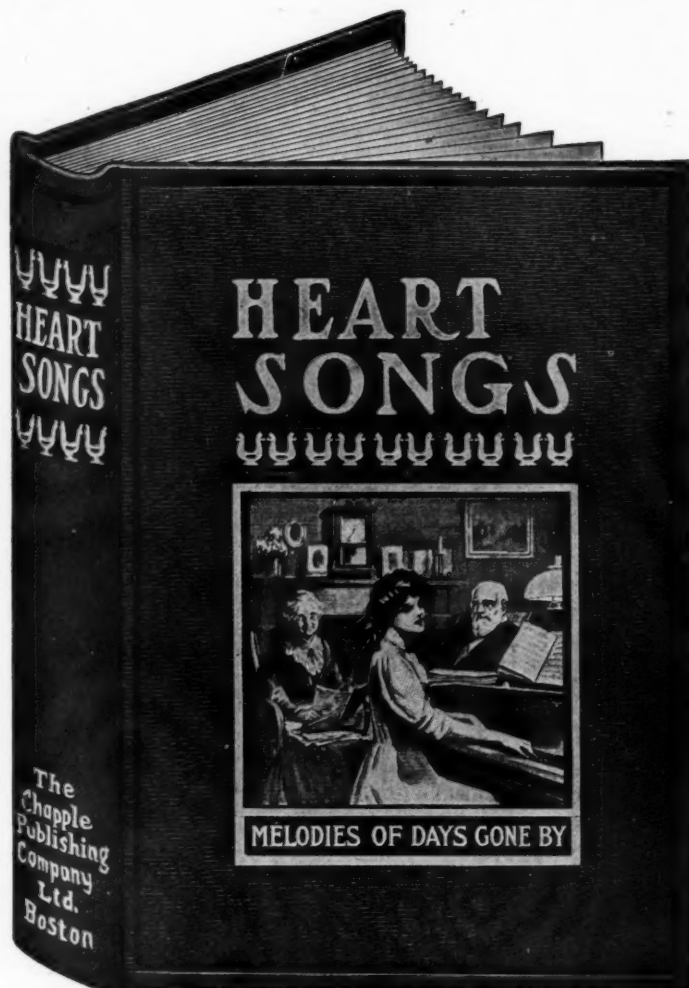
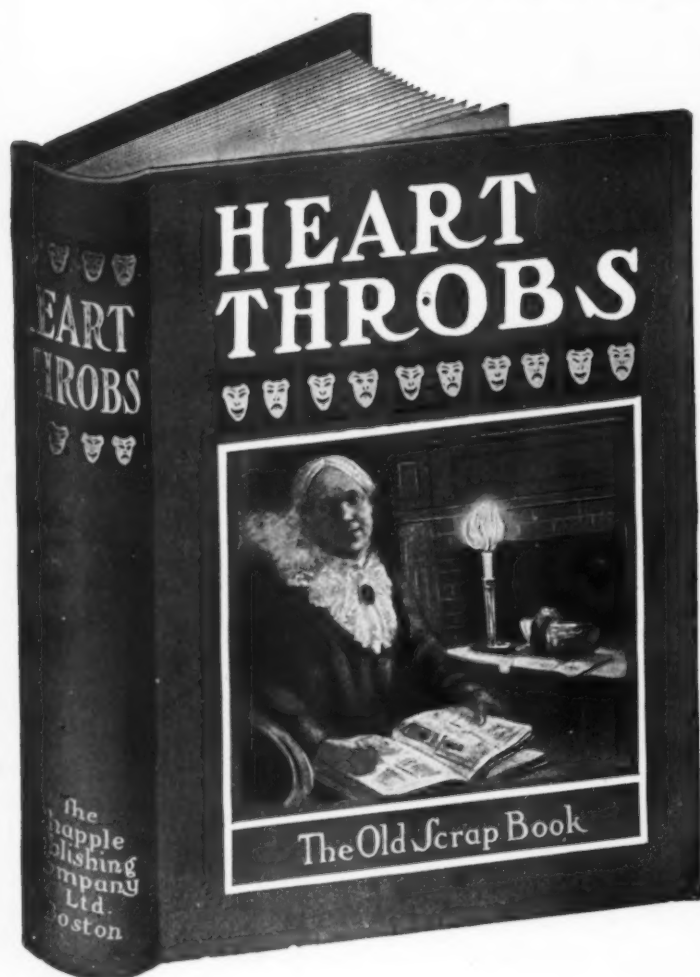
This declaration was the striking of hands in an organization of eight thousand men and women — now grown to be the world's largest manufacturer of special analysis iron and steel sheets. From the beginning, a quarter of a century ago, not one day of labor has been lost on account of misunderstanding.

Those who read this story and wish to know by what chart the course has been laid, may have a copy of "ARMCO Policies" by writing: The American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio.

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## Where Homemakers Meet

*Continued from page 172*

chester affairs and improvements and in the affairs of the day. Frequently, over his modest signature, has been printed in one of our large newspapers, Mr. Paul Cifrino's suggestion in this or that important civic matter.

Forty-eight to fifty thousand customers a day have not swamped the "dauntless three." It almost seems as though such commercial responsibilities had only served to develop their interest in humanity in an ever bigger way.

### *Some Salient Points*

1. None of the three men ever had an opportunity to complete even a grammar school education, but they would be entitled to receive a college degree in the school of humanity, experience, and business.

2. John Cifrino is always called "John, the man with a million friends."

3. The Mayor of historic Boston felt proud that this old city should have the largest market in the world and he personally laid the cornerstone of the latest building.

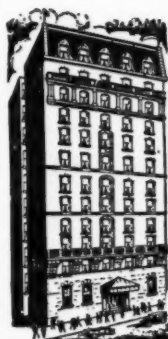
4. The market looks like a "continuous food fair"; it is both a privilege and a pleasure merely to walk around and look at the things.

5. In the life of a large business there arise countless opportunities to pick up good trades and this question is constantly coming up: "Shall we sell this merchandise for what it is worth and keep the extra

profit or shall we sell it according to cost and give our customers the benefit of the good trade?" The policy of the Upham's Corner Market is always to give the customers the advantage. This principle we believe is the gem of wisdom which has made possible the largest market in the world—which is still growing.

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## In The Light of Today

### Religion in Its Relation to Modern Life

THIS book might well have been named "The Handbook of Applied Religion." In its 275 pages the whole question of modern religious belief is fully, freely and frankly discussed from the standpoint of personal experience and observation. Something over a month ago the author of "In the Light of Today" sent a copy of the book to Luther Burbank, the California natural scientist and plant wizard, who has been considerably in the limelight recently as an expounder of religion. His letter of acknowledgment follows:

"I have had within the last few months literally thousands of books sent to me for review and, of course, cannot think of more than glancing at most of them; but yours is so unique, so original, so true, that I have glanced through it and while I am a little more radical than you, this will be a stepping stone to many people for a broader vision. It will possibly do more good than if it were more radical and will have a tremendous influence on the thought of those who really think.

Faithfully yours,

LUTHER BURBANK."

This is not a book written exclusively for any one class of human beings—nor for the proponents of any one particular religious denomination. So broad is its scope, so inclusive is its human appeal, that Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant alike, can read it with profit and understanding.

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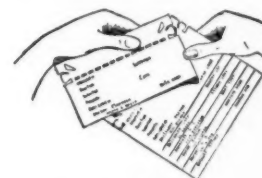
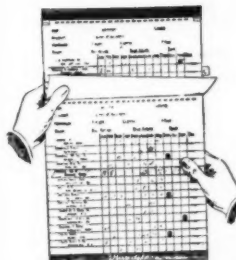
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**Handifax**

## Introducing a New American Etcher

*Continued from page 173*

After leaving the University of Minnesota, Levon West determined to take a post graduate course in Economics at Harvard, and with that intention in view, went East. Fate, however, intervened. Stopping off at New York, he visited the Art Students League and showed some of his drawings to Miss Wilhelmina Weber, its secretary. Miss Weber was highly impressed, and strongly advised young West to offer himself before the board empowered to select students for the class in etching conducted by Joseph Pennell. He was accepted, and happily for him Mr. Pennell took an immediate liking to and interest in him, doing everything in his power to help him develop his talents. He taught him much of the technique that he himself had acquired from Whistler, even going so far as to unlock the door to the secrets that made Pennell the master etcher that he was.

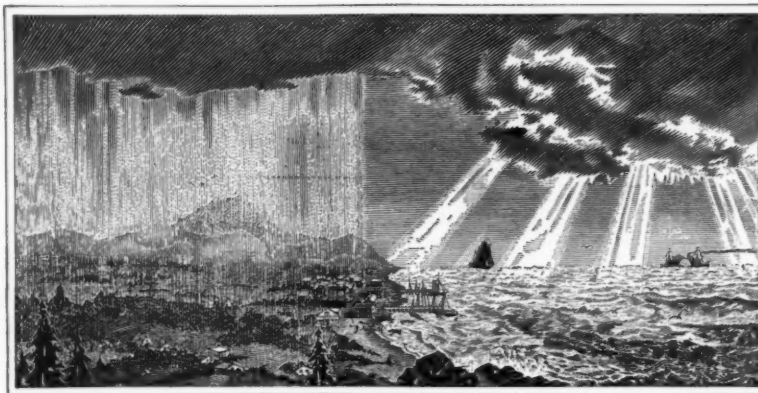
Feeling that he needed old world atmosphere, Levon West went to Spain in the autumn of 1925, having as his traveling companions Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple. While in Spain he was the guest of the great Spanish artist, Ignacio Zuloaga, thought by many to be the world's greatest living painter, of whom subsequently West became a pupil.

On this tour he covered Spain very thoroughly, visiting its chief cities, art galleries, cathedrals and architectural monuments. From Spain he proceeded to France, and then to England, where he was fortunate in being the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton, who entertained him with many personal anecdotes, and later sent him a letter embellished with the slogan that hangs in his office, "There's No Fun Like Work."

This year, young West again accompanied Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple on a trip to Europe, as a delegate to the World Press Congress at Geneva. While there, he sketched many of the notables who attended this convention and also the celebrities of the League of Nations. After the close of the Press Congress he accompanied Mr. Chapple who made another journey to Spain in order to put the finishing touches on his book "Vivid Spain." Mr. West then made some additional etchings and drawings for its illustration.

Wherever West's etchings have been exhibited they have met with universal approval, even from the severest critics. Their strength of character, softness, and mysterious beauty, hard to define, have a character of individuality essentially distinctive. Mr. West has learned to visualize—and to reproduce that visualization with a technique that is little short of marvelous. He uses simple true lines, avoiding the employment of tricks. Every one of his etchings evinces honesty of effort, deliberation, and attention to detail, and an appreciation of the essence of atmosphere that portray the real artist.

His work has been appearing intermittently in the Magazine Section of the *New York Times*, which, in character and technical execution, is perhaps the leading



## Rain and Telephone Calls

THE annual rain fall in the United States would weigh over three and one-half trillions of tons.

This vast weight is drawn up to the clouds by the unseen but effective power of the sun; representing energy equivalent to 300 billion horse-power.

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supplement of any daily newspaper in the world.

Seven of Levon West's etchings have been purchased recently by the Hispanic Society of America for its permanent collection, an unusual distinction, for the work of few living American artists has been perpetuated by this institution.

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## What Is Back of El Jobe-An?

Work is proceeding rapidly in building this unique and wonderful little city on the west coast of Florida, with improvements including a new Spanish type station, and carrying out of the plans for the seven civic centers.

One of the sights that impresses every visitor is the back country surrounding El Jobe-An. This back country in the finest climate and consisting of the most fertile soil in the world will be divided into farms of five acres each. This surrounding area immediately adjoining El Jobe-An proper is not yet ready to cut into farms, but we have already consummated the plans for selling fifty-eight of the five-acre farms in Unit One of the Garden Farms, Inc., of Punta Gorda. This tract of fifty-eight farms situated on the Dixie Highway between Punta Gorda and Fort Ogden is now ready for development.

The price and plan of selling these Garden Farms is as follows: The price is \$300 per acre, or \$1,500 for a five-acre farm; terms, \$300 down and \$25 per month. Under this plan of payment, full ownership is acquired in four years.

These farms will have good roads, proper drainage, and be ready for active farming operations by August, 1927. If you do not wish to begin farming at that time, or if you do not wish to take possession of the farm until it is placed in a high state of cultivation, you may take advantage of the Garden Farms Development Plan.

## Garden Farms Development Plan.

Upon your first payment of \$300 on a farm of five acres, our organization will lease the farm from you for five years, plow it and plant it, and deposit 25 per cent of the net profits in a Punta Gorda Bank to your account, as a nucleus of a building fund to build your own home on your farm in the beautiful El Jobe-An district.

### Now, What Will be the Probable Result of this Arrangement?

At the end of the five-year lease you will have a five-acre farm in a high state of cultivation, and any acre in a high state of cultivation in this section is worth at least \$1,000. Thus, at the end of five years you will be the owner of a five-acre farm valued at \$5,000, and have deposited in the bank a very substantial sum with which to build your home.

Price and terms on Residential, Business, or Waterfront lots in El Jobe-An will be furnished on application.

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Mayor E. C. Romfh of Miami in an official statement made September 24th, six days after the storm, following a thorough inventory of the damage, declared:

"Of the 150 hotels in Miami, Miami Beach and Coral Gables, 75 per cent were not damaged to any great extent. The year around hotels are operating as usual. Of the 1200 apartment houses, 70 per cent received little damage. All hotels and apartment houses will be completely repaired and put in first class condition within 60 days.

"I want to give positive assurance that our friends will find Miami this winter the same enjoyable, hospitable, comfortable vacation city it has always been."

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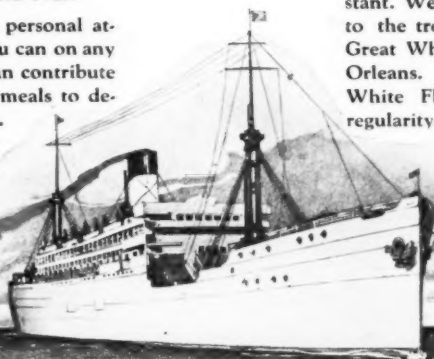
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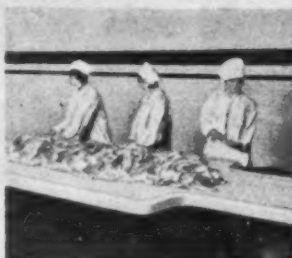
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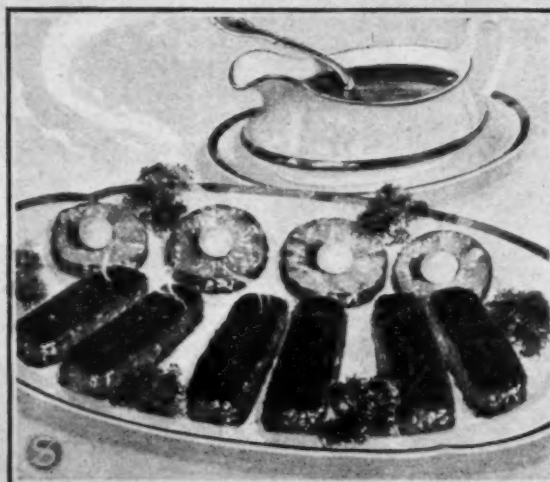


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